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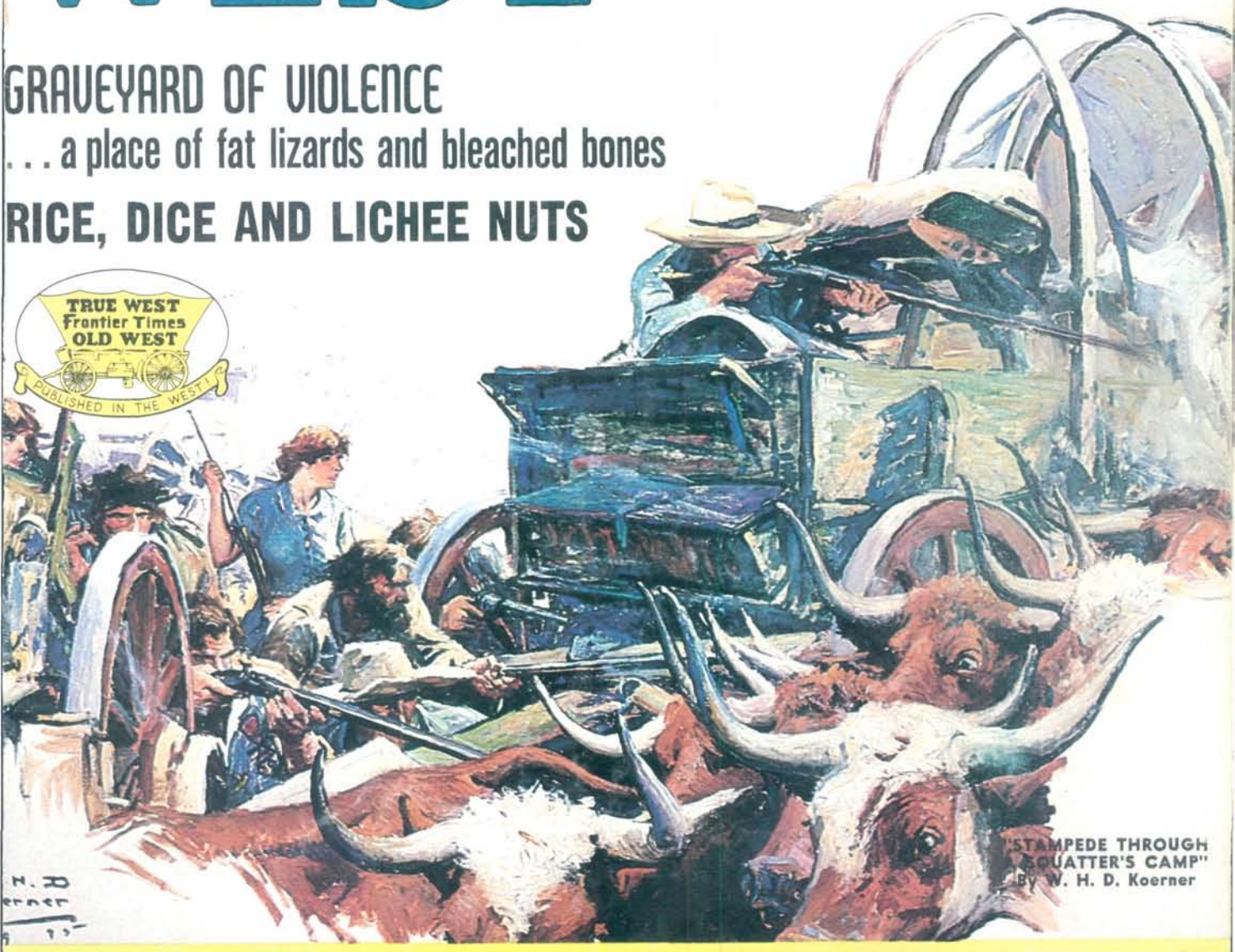

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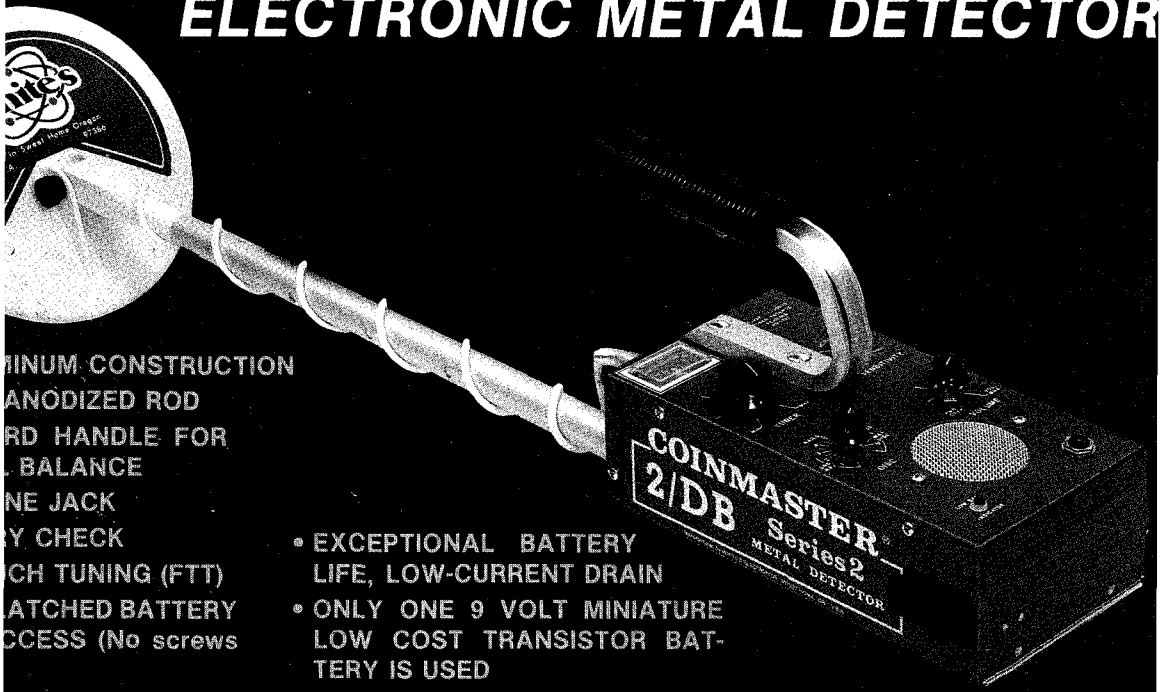

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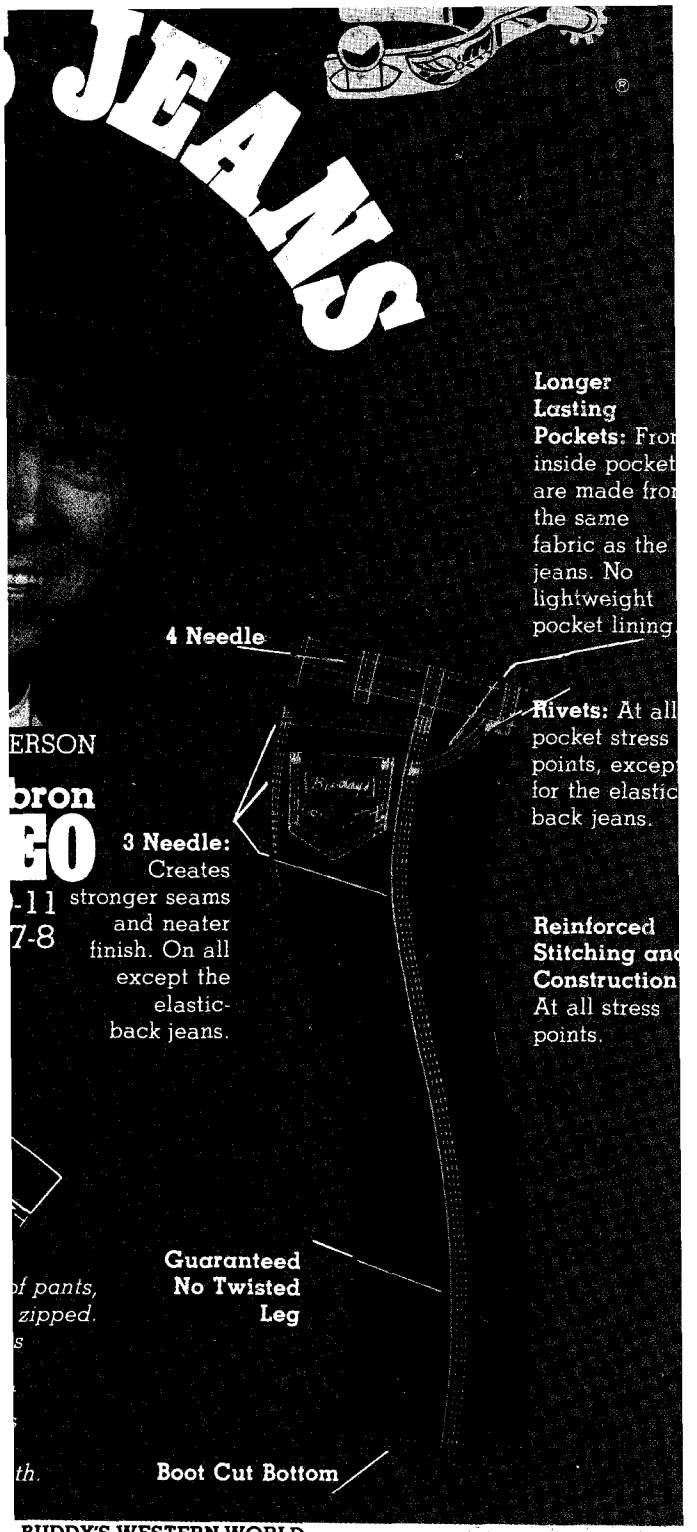

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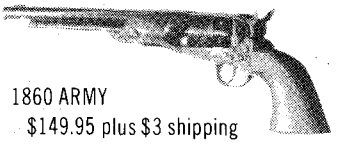

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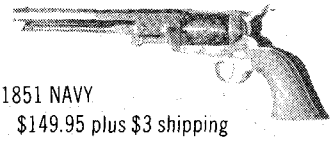

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Vol. 28, No. 7
Whole No. 167

True West

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P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764 — Phone: AC 512/444-3674

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From the Tom Keilman Collection, Austin, Texas

TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990. $1.25 per copy; $8.95 for 12 issues; $15.95 for 24 issues in the United States. Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Second class postage paid at Iola, WI 54945 and at additional mailing offices.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return, with all submissions. Mail to P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

THE PIECE in April *True West* about coyotes, wild dogs running in packs, turning puppies loose on roads, etc. really seemed to hit home since I have been flooded with letters — all favorable except for one man who planned to cancel his subscription, not wanting, he said, to read a magazine that recommended harming any creature. For his sake I hope he's in a business where he never has to make a choice between a tame animal and a wild one; and I hope, too, that he never meets a hungry bear in the road.

I believe that the writing on the wall has finally gotten so big that even our environmentalist friends have read it and seem to be quieting down on the subject of SAVE THE COYOTE! Perhaps they will switch these efforts to SAVE THE NATION, which I think much more appropriate and worthy at this particular time.

Lucien W. Emerson of Groton, Vermont 05046 is quite an historian and is interested in just about anything along those lines. He is even interested in me and Small Talk, which proves my point profusely. At any rate, Lucien sent in the following clipping. Bayard Webster wrote it and I think it is a perfect follow-up to my article in the April issue. Without a mess of quotation marks on each paragraph, let's just start right in with the article and I'll use his name where it ends, so we won't have any trouble on that score.

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The eerie nighttime howls that are being heard more and more often near suburban homes in the eastern United States are signs to wildlife biologists that the coyote, which once freely roamed eastern America in the Pleistocene Epoch and later was driven out, had returned.

But the animal, which began migrating eastward from the western United States some 80 years ago, is now believed to have evolved into a new subspecies, known as the eastern coyote, that is larger and different from its forebears, the common, or western, coyotes. And scientists who have studied the history and habits of the eastern variety think they now know when and how the animals migrated and the routes they followed on their hegira across nearly half the continent.

Although there are no accurate population estimates for the eastern coyote, wildlife experts have noted that in recent years reports of their presence have been received from observers in every state east of the Mississippi. Their numbers have multiplied and spread throughout the eastern states to the extent that they have recently been seen or heard in metropolitan areas in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

Coyotes are shy and wary of humans, but in Mt. Kisco, N.Y., Henry Caracciolo found a coyote last year that had been caught in the trap lines that he had used for snaring muskrat, raccoon and fox. It was the first time Mr. Caracciolo had caught a coyote in 50 years of trapping.

Charles Smith, a hunter in Putnam County, N.Y., says he now sees many coyotes in the woods and fields surrounding his home and has occasionally been able to observe their activities.

One day, while out hunting, Mr. Smith recalls that he saw a coyote that was hunting, too.

"I stood and watched the coyotes on the lower end of the field hunting mice while sheep were on the other end of the field. They just ignored each other," he reported.

Another time he was out in the woods with a chainsaw and he felt that somebody was watching him. He then saw a coyote about 50 or 60 feet away. The coyote watched him for about five minutes and seemed as curious about Mr. Smith as he was about the animal.

Coyotes are close cousins of the wolf and dog. The eastern variety is generally believed to be a cross between the small Algonquin wolf and the common wolf and the common western coyote. The eastern animals look like small German shepherds, with relatively small fox-like heads and jaws, and with very small paws. They are about one-fourth larger than the western coyote. Scientists now believe that the larger eastern coyote subspecies evolved during their eastward migration over the last 80 years.

John L. George, professor of wildlife

(Continued on page 72)

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Truly Western

Ed Echols

I am sending a picture of Ed Echols' monument in Evergreen Cemetery in Tucson, Arizona. Mr. Echols was a lawman, world champion rodeo performer and rancher who died in 1969. He was elected sheriff of Pima County five times. During Tucson's Fiesta de Los Vaqueros, which is held every February, he rode at the head of the rodeo parade.

I was the engraver at the Tucson Marble and Granite Company for many years. Mr. Echols came to the shop and asked me if I could make a monument with a picture of him in the saddle. I told him to bring a picture of himself but he never came back. After his death some of his friends came to buy his monument and I told them what he and I had talked about. I told them I thought the horse and empty saddle would be appropriate. This was one of the last jobs I did, at seventy-four years of age. My eyes went bad from cataracts so I retired. I am eighty-five years old now and my eyesight is poor but I still read a little and receive *True West* and *Frontier Times* which I enjoy very much. — Claude Mathews, 101 E. Delano, Tucson, Arizona 85705.

A story about Ed Echols appeared in the February 1978 *True West*. He was a great character. So is Claude Mathews.

Garrett and Miller

I read "Garrett's Death — Conspiracy or Doublecross?" by Herman B. Weisner in the December 1979 issue. I agree with him that all of the facts were never known and most likely Brazel did not do the dirty work.

A little over twenty years ago I visited Dee Harkey in Carlsbad, New Mexico before he died. He autographed his book *Mean as Hell* for me at that time and also spun several yarns for me while I was there. Dee stated that one day the true killer of Pat Garrett would be known. He said that the deal was to be after ten years of certain folks' death, it could be made public. He indicated that it shouldn't be very long, as we were in that ten-years period at the time.

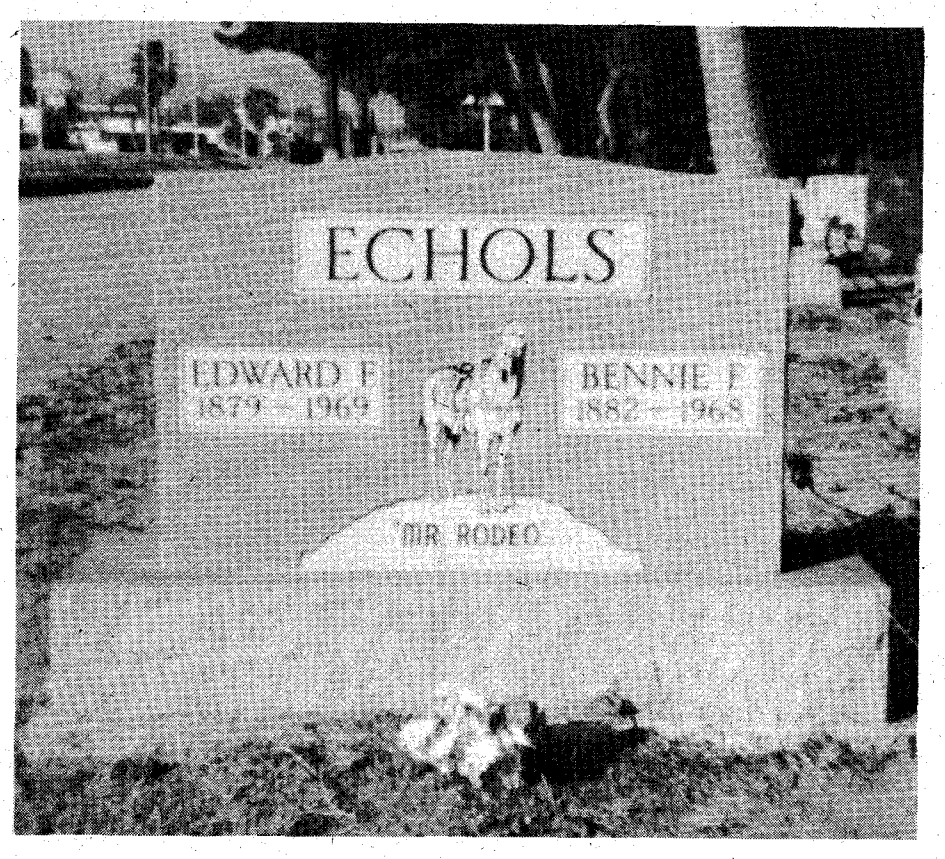
Sure enough, just four or five years later a large article was printed in the Amarillo, Texas *News* to the effect that this condition existed, and that now since the ten years was over, the true killer of Garrett could be made known. The article stated it was Jim Miller, and that is exactly what Dee Harkey had told me in person.

As the story goes, related by Harkey, at the time he lived in what was then "Eddy" which was later changed to Carlsbad. Dee had been sheriff and the best they ever had. Dee owned a ranch about thirty miles west of Eddy and one morning he went out there only to find that his best horse, of excellent blood, was lying on the ground and dying. He asked his foreman what had happened and the foreman told him he wouldn't believe it. He said that Jim Miller came the day before and took this horse (which he didn't dare refuse) and brought him back only an hour or so before Dee appeared and made the following statement: "Mr. 'Foreman,' you can testify that I took this horse yesterday, right? Yessir! And you can testify that I brought him back this morning, right? Yessir!

"You see, Mr. 'Foreman,' no one will believe that I have been west of Organ and back in such a short time. No one will believe it is possible for any human to do. I want you to be able to swear to this if need be, for I have just killed Pat Garrett."

Dee said that the normal swift news of Garrett's death would take from one to two days in those times to reach Eddy, and it hadn't reached Eddy yet. But his foreman knew it within twelve hours. So Dee was convinced that Jim Miller did the killing, as no one could ever believe a man could ride over from west of Eddy to Organ and back in twenty-four hours.

Dee said only *his* horse could have made it and he was killed in the long and fast ride. Dee told me at the same



Ed Echols' monument in Evergreen Cemetery in Tucson, Arizona.

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time that he had enough material to write several more books but too many of the characters were still alive, so he was putting it off. I hope someday his heirs come out with the books while I'm still alive.

Compliment Herman Weisner for his contribution. His is closer than any other account I have read. — Mel C. Kruse, P.O. Box 1066, Amarillo, Texas 79105.

Scotty and Lalla

The following obituary is sent as a follow up to "Lovelock's Mysterious Assayer" which ran in the December 1979 *True West.*

"Saturday, January 17, 1981; special to the *Nevada State Journal.* A graveside funeral is scheduled for 2 p.m. today in Lovelock at the Lone Mountain Cemetery for Lalla M. Scott, 87, who died Wednesday in a Lovelock hospital.

"She was born January 25, 1893 in Collins, Mississippi and was a graduate of Curry College in Massachusetts. She lived in Nevada for more than 50 years and taught school in Sparks before moving to Lovelock. Mrs. Scott wrote a book titled *Karnee.* She was a member of the Lovelock Methodist Church, the Lovelock Study Club, the American Legion Auxiliary and the American Association of Pen Women. There are no known survivors."

My wife and I rented from Lalla in Lovelock in 1941-'42 (mid-winter). The two-story duplex is still there. A novel arrangement was the hot water system. A few pipes ran around the inside of the heating stove and then to the hot water tank. We kept the little heater hot with coal in attempting to survive the cold winter and always had a head of steam worked up in the system. We had to let the water in the bath tub run constantly to relieve the pressure.

Lalla lived out back in a smaller cottage and used to visit with my wife on the long cold winter afternoons. They drank various flavored exotic teas and ate popcorn and raisins, one of Lalla's favorite staples.

We never saw Scotty and her references to him were seldom and vague. As I had known other people from the desert that were much the same, it wasn't anything we pursued. Lalla was involved in her writing about Indians; we weren't. — M.L. Coverston, 1258 High Street, Auburn, California 95603.

From the author: I cannot express my shock upon receiving the notice of the death of Lalla Scott on January 14, 1981. As you and the readers of *True West,* December 1979 know, I reported in my write-up about "Scotty" that Lalla was dead. Therefore I must submit my apologies to you, the readers of Western Publications, and especially to a newsman in Carson City who challenged my statement earlier. This person was connected with the Lovelock newspaper and knew the Scotts very well. I answered his letter giving what evidence I had to base and support my statement. As this has now turned out, I feel I am entitled to offer publicly the evidence, although perhaps circumstantial — also my lack of evidence to prove I am telling the truth.

On this special occasion I was doing what Lalla had asked, writing the story of her husband with her collaboration. This was accomplished through the mails and we corresponded very frequently. I had sent a letter to her home in Lovelock. Several weeks passed without an answer. One day I received an envelope from Lovelock addressed in an unfamiliar hand. (Lalla always typed her letters.) Upon opening it I found the unsealed letter I had written to Lalla and a note stating in effect that the writer was looking after Lalla's house and mail; that several weeks previous Lalla had become very sick and was taken to the hospital where she had recently "passed on."

There was nothing I could do, so I wrote no more and neither did I receive any more messages.

Further, when Western Publications decided to publish my article I wanted some pictures pertaining to the Scotts. (This was several years later.) I phoned a long-time friend in Lovelock and asked him to try to find pictures, as Lalla Scott was dead, and that she had left numerous things to the historical society, or so she told Mrs. Steiner and me she was going to do with Scotty's things. He agreed to do this. I never had any reaction to my statement about Mrs. Scott, but also I never heard from him.

It occurs to me that there must be some lesson in this situation. I feel that I have not told enough. I'd like to review some of the association with Lalla.

After Scotty's death she decided to write his biography. She wrote me and asked if I would contribute some of my experiences with Scotty. I agreed and submitted what I thought would please her. I received letters telling about her problems with her writing. At last she wrote she had availed herself of the offer of a typist. Months went by and I received regular letters telling of her progress or troubles. Also, Mrs. Steiner and I made several

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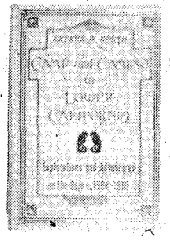

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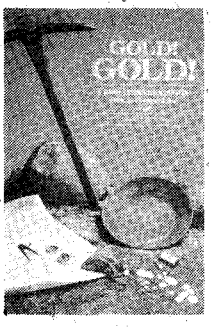

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visits to her home to rehash Scotty's activities.

At last Lalla's manuscript was finished. Lalla went to Reno to see about the publishing. The next letter was most depressing. Lalla seemed to have bottomed her resources, as we read with despair and dismay that she had lost her manuscript! Could we come up immediately? We again drove to Lovelock, arriving early in the evening. Lalla poured out her heart, then brought out a folder which she said contained all her work on Scotty. This she insisted I take and because she could not face the task of rewriting, would I please start at once with my version.

It was getting dark. We invited her to have dinner with us. She accepted immediately and retired into another room in her house. We had expected to see her refreshed, because she had been wearing her "every-day" house dress. We were quite surprised when she appeared in a few minutes, having merely added a top coat! (We were going to one of Lovelock's best restaurants.)

We ordered and ate, and listened to Lalla again rehearse her girlhood, her ambition to become a P.E. instructor, and her miserable life with Scotty. It was nine o'clock and dark when I stood in line at the cash register. The waitress talked to my wife. We went to the car and started for Lalla's home. When within a couple of blocks from the house, she asked me to stop the car and let her out. Why? She said she just wanted to walk for a while — she just couldn't face her empty house.

I looked at Lalla as I opened the car door. Gone was the spirit, the primness, and the enthusiasm of the Lalla I had known. So we watched as she, a very lonely, very depressed, old lady, walked up the dark street.

In the motel, Ethel and I reviewed the situation. Ethel told me what the waitress had to say. She wanted to know if we were old friends of the Scotts. Ethel replied that I had known them for many years but that she barely knew Mrs. Scott. The waitress then said that she and Mrs. Scott had visited the same hairdresser for many years and became well acquainted. Mrs. Scott was always very neat and prim, she said, but this night she hardly recognized her.

A few days later I received a letter from Lalla in which she thanked us for the dinner, adding, "The visit and the banquet dinner at the Jax's was the red-letter day of the year 1974. I shall never forget you two wonderful people." But this was only May 31, 1974; the year not half gone!

There were many letters. I wanted to get a tape recording of conversations because there were discrepancies here and there. Then the letters stopped, and mine was returned with the note. Why did she suddenly lose interest in this project? It was her idea from the start.

Lalla was only a few years older than we were. We could see the down trend in the typing and the repetition of subjects she wanted in the biography, but each with some change, either in date or place. After the note from the stranger telling us that she had "passed on" I dropped the matter.

Then we made two moves, each time discarding "all that stuff and papers that no one in the world would look at, should we die." This included a jacket file on Scotty.

I have no information on Lalla's last days. People exhibit many facets. At times they are brilliant and gain posture; at other times they arouse jealousy and anger. Seldom do they "bare their soul," but carry their hurts, disappointments and hopes within themselves. I am sure that there was much turmoil, disappointment and inner struggle for Lalla, since I knew her Scotty so well. I know also that there was much good in them both. — Howard F. Steiner.

Postscript to our Story

I wonder if any of your readers would be interested in an article I found in the *Smithsonian Magazine* of February 1981. On page 119 there is a story by Donald G. Schueler called "The Strange Quest of the Man Who Walked Through Time."

It is the story of Colin Fletcher, who while hiking through the Nevada desert discovered a trunk and many other artifacts belonging to a man who lived for a period in a cave in that area. Tracing the identity of that man who had left the articles there fifty years before, became almost an obsession for Fletcher. Although not 100% positive, he feels that the man in question was Bill Simmons, and Fletcher has spent many hours researching the man's life. He has written a book about him called *The Man From the Cave,* published by Alfred A. Knopf.

All of this sounded familiar, particularly the picture of the empty trunk. I am way behind in my reading of *True West* and *Frontier Times* because I have so many things to do. But I remembered that picture in one of your magazines I had read not too long ago. I dug them all out and found the story and picture. It is "The Trunkman Mystery" and was written by Colin Fletcher himself. This was in the June 1972 issue of *True West.*

If any of your readers can come up with the February issue of *Smithsonian Magazine* they will find the story of Colin Fletcher's life very interesting. I know I did. — Peter W. Mueller, 663 W. Lockwood Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri 63119.

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SPECIFICATIONS:

rojected delivery is January, 1981.

arrel
ength 41½"
Width 15/16"
aliber .50 -6 lands, 6 grooves - 1x56" twist - .008 rifling.
Finish Brown.

Lock
Length 4¾"
Width 7/8"
Finish Brown.
Style Early Schultz -Flint or Percussion w/vent plug or drum & nipple. Tumbler has fly.

Stock
Wood Cherry
Length 56" overall.
Finish Oil.
Style Kentucky - with cheekpiece & grease hole. Furniture Browned steel.

Triggers
Double set - double action.

Sights
Front Brass dovetail with silver blad
Rear Steel Buckhorn -open-browned

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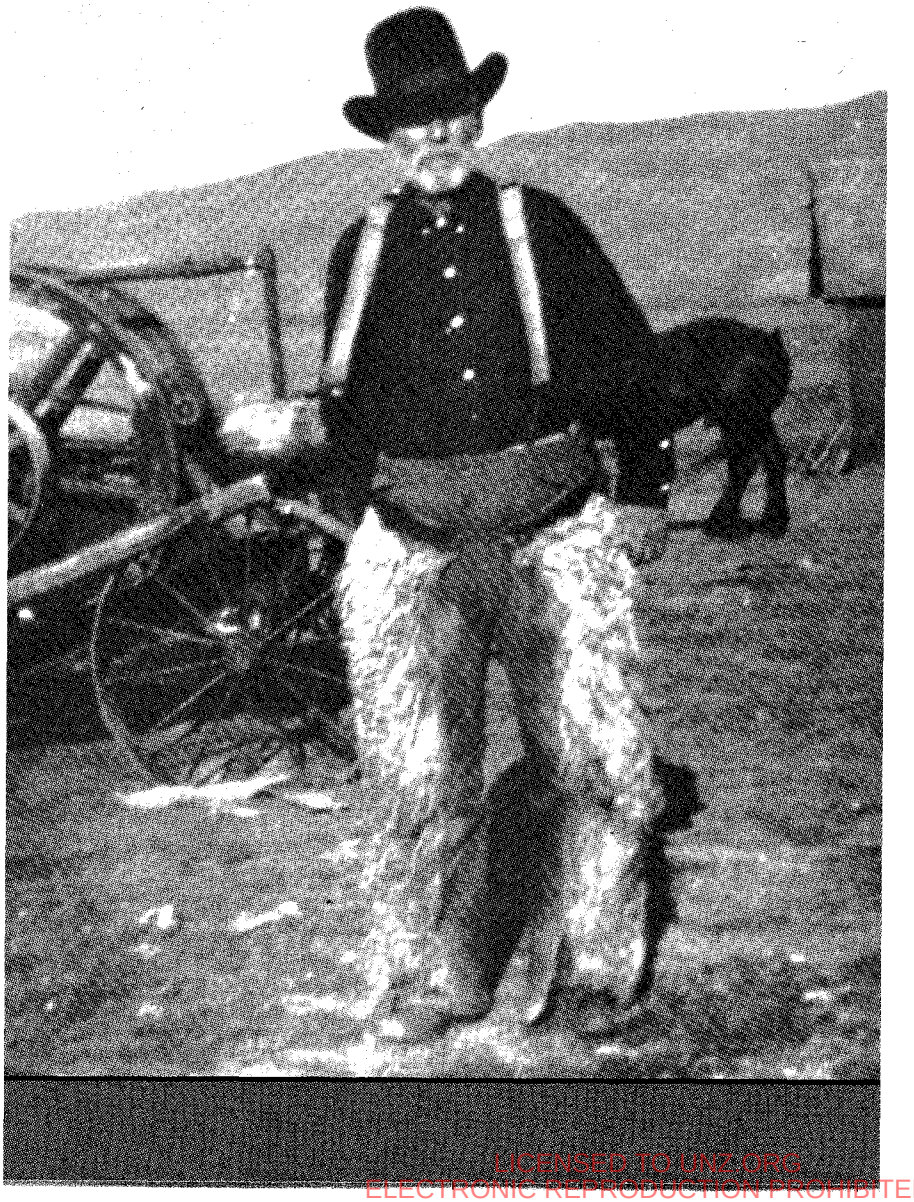
he never had a middle name or
middle road. Folks said Joe
had two gods when it
came to living



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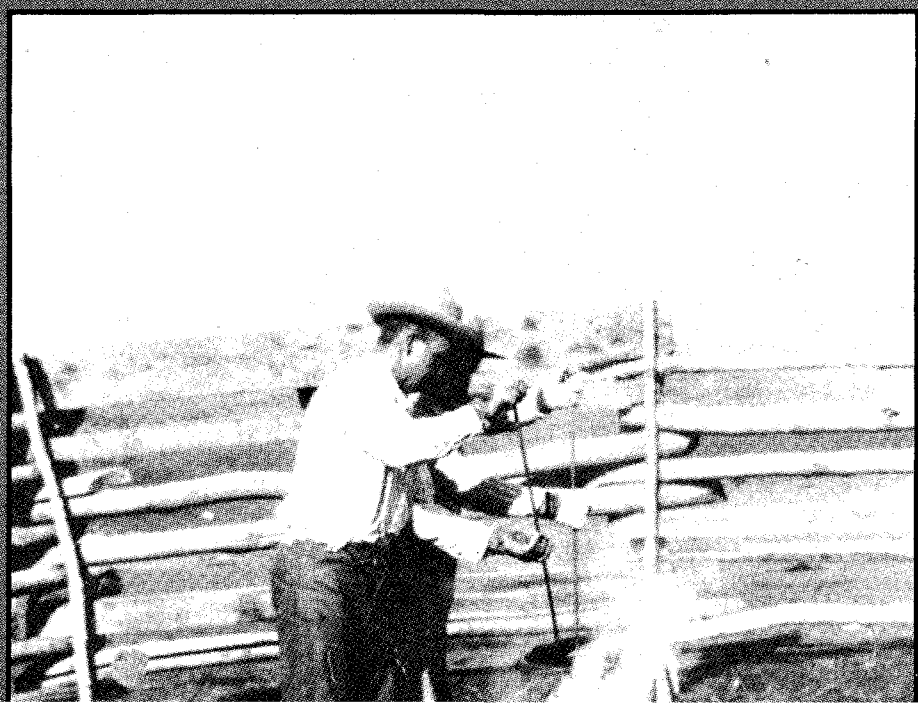
Above: Roundup outfit on the range. At right: Branding being done by Joe's oldest son Frank.



ley's first contact with real gumbo mud.

West of Omaha the prairies were well covered with game. Wolves followed the caravan at times and at night prowled around the camps. Each bullwhacker took turns herding the oxen at night. The Mormon Trail followed the north side of the Platte River and at places was so close to the Oregon Trail on the south side that Joe and others could shout across to the drivers.

Thousands of graves lined both trails. Disease and Indians had taken their toll. Only a handful of the graves had been marked. When Joe's wagon-train hit Wyoming Territory the train swung northwest to hit the old Bozeman Trail. This route into Montana Territory was in some places so steep that it was necessary to station ox

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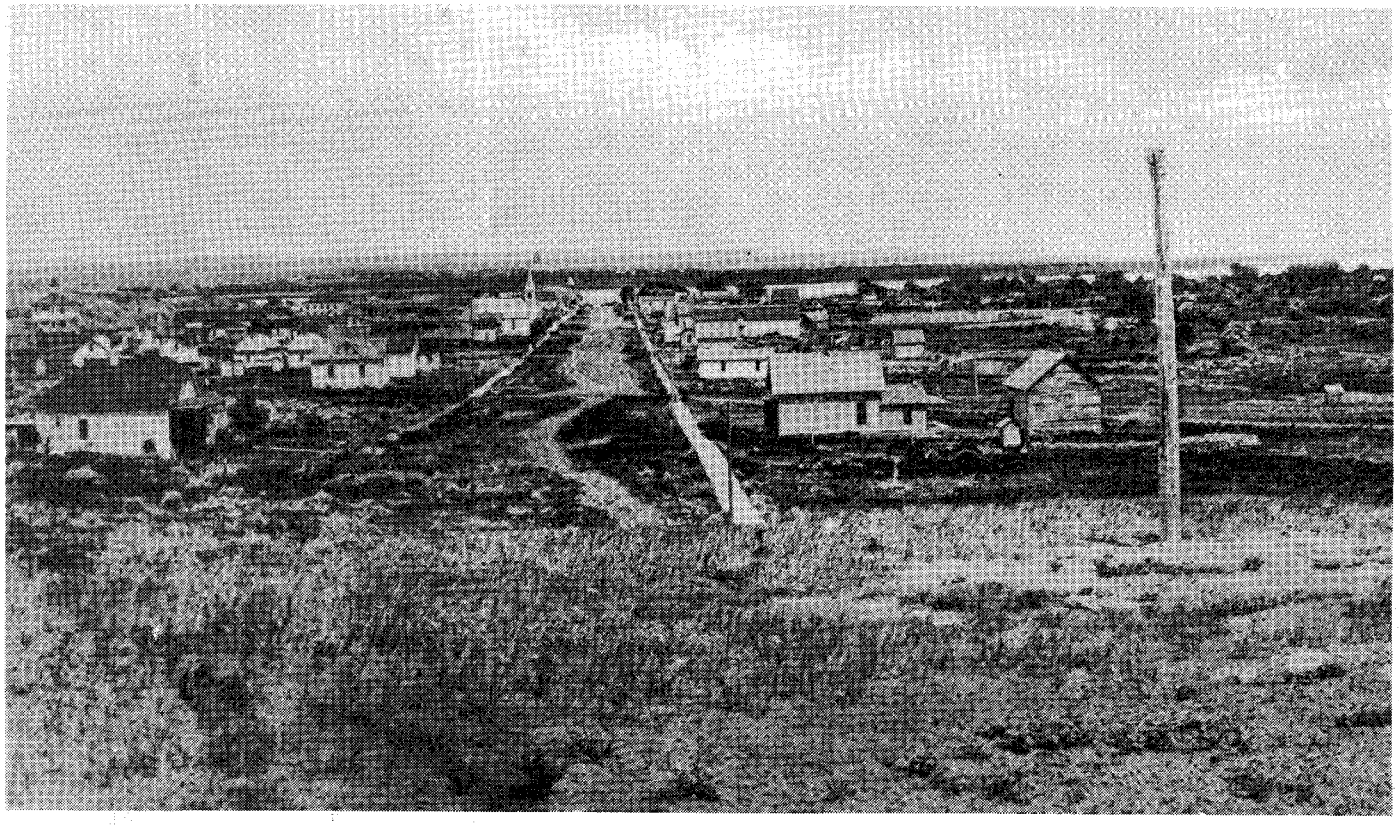

Above: Ft. Pierre, South Dakota around 1905. In the left background a ferryboat crossed the Missouri River from Ft. Pierre to Kirley's Landing in Mattoe. At left: Joe at his log house on the south bank of the Cheyenne River. He received the shotgun as a bonus in the Kirley's Landing sale.

into a circle when wildly riding Indians appeared.

Joe Kirley left his wagontrain friends at Bozeman and hiked to Helena where he had heard it was easy to find work. He at once was employed by a road construction outfit that was building a toll road through Prickly Pear Canyon. Joe was slightly taller than the average man of that day, hard-muscled and tireless. Two or three months later, as winter approached, the job shut down.

The train was pretty well spooked and close guard was kept because of the relentless guerrilla warfare between the U.S. military and the Plains Indians. The Powder River hunting grounds were at stake. The Sioux had signed nine treaties the previous year (1865) in a futile attempt to ward off invasion by the whites.

On one side were the regiments of General Connor and Colonel Carrington. Against them were arrayed Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe forces led by Indians such as Red Cloud, Hump, Crazy Horse, Roman Nose, Dull Knife, Sorrel Horse, and Black Bear who were additionally incensed by Colonel Chivington's massacre of the Cheyennes at Sand Creek. The Bozeman Trail angled right across the center of this battleground, and Joe Kirley, bullwhacker, was fast learning the codes of that part of the frontier.

Joe then joined a mule train and rode to old Fort Benton, Montana Territory. A group of men were organizing a flatboat trip down the Missouri River. The flatboat was sixty feet long and twenty feet wide. It had four pairs of oars. There were thirty men on the boat and each took his turn at rowing. There was no cabin or windbreak to protect them against the elements.

In addition to rowing, each man had

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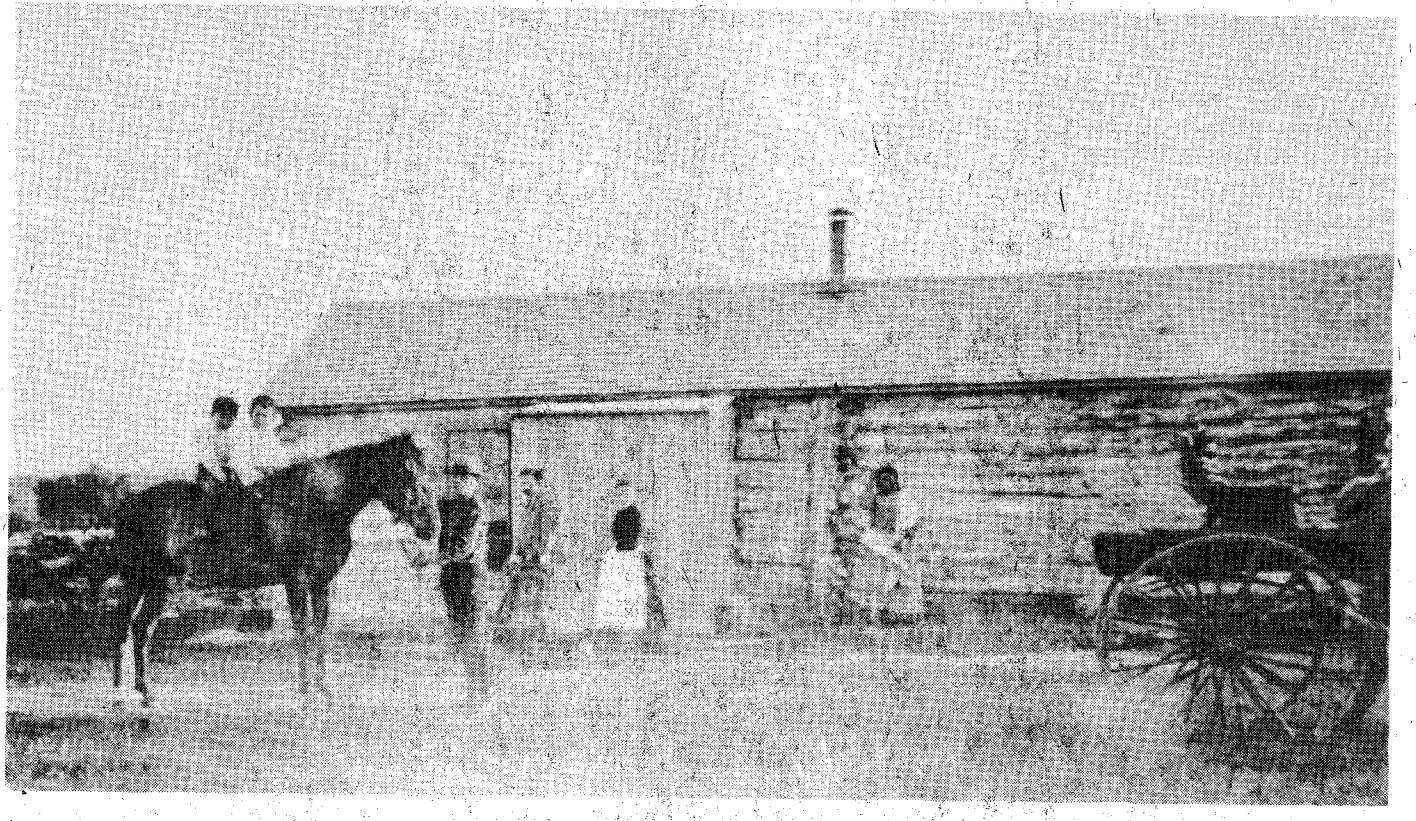
to pay the owner twenty dollars for the ride and furnished his own food. Joe Kirley paid his twenty dollars, pulled the flatboat oar in his turn, and shivered at night with the rest of them. No fires were ever lit except a small one to cook with during daylight, on account of possible Indian attack.

Far worse than the Indians were the body lice. One of the crew was literally crawling with lice. He excused his condition thusly, "I bin livin' up thar in them Montana mountings and thar just warn't no use of changin'. When I gits ter the States I lowas how to burn this stuff an' git inter some bran span new duds."

Joe and the rest tried to isolate the "mounting man" but ninety percent of the men were infested with body lice before the flatboat reached Fort Randall, Dakota Territory.

There was activity around Fort Randall. Twelve hundred soldiers under General Harney had been previously stationed at Fort Pierre which the flatboat had passed some 150 miles back. Hostilities had ended one year before, in 1865, with the treaty signed at Fort Pierre, but another war was brewing

Below: Settlers' cabin on the Oahe riverbottom land on the Missouri River near Mattoe. Above: Photo from *Nothing But Prairie and Sky* shows Two Kettle and Minneconjou Sioux crossing Kirley land on their way to Fort Bennett to draw rations, 1899.



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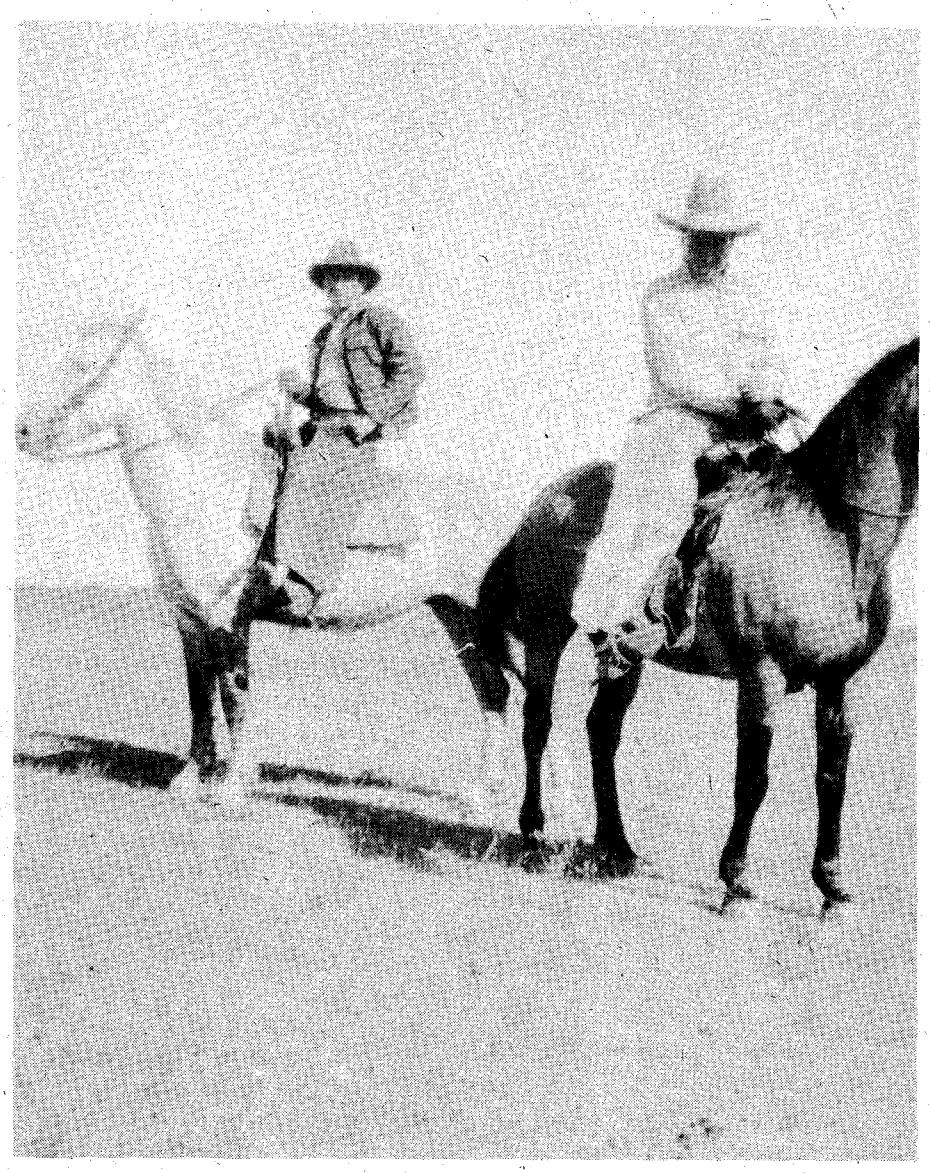
by 1866.

The Montana gold fields were attracting hordes of gold-hungry whites. Their uproar concerning lack of adequate road facilities into the gold area had caused the U.S. Government to order a road built through the Powder River country. This was striking fire from the Bad Face Ogalalas under Red Cloud, for this was sacred treaty land granted to the Indians. The Brule Sioux under the peaceful Spotted Tail were also becoming highly irritated.

Joe Kirley's first problem when he left the louse-infested flatboat was finding clean, adequate clothing and a good scrubdown. Joe found the quartermaster sergeant at the fort and, standing at a distance, explained his predicament. The sergeant had a good laugh and provided him with hot water, soap, and a set of government issue clothing. The friendship between the sergeant and Joe extended over many years.

Joe next located Louis La Plante, a French-squawman who operated a wood contracting outfit which provided fuel for the river steamboats. Some 150 craft of this type went upriver to Fort Benton each year. Joe worked for La Plante until he had built up a small grubstake so he could operate independently.

With John and George Smith, two young fellows about his age, Joe Kirley began cutting timber for a contractor and freighter on Big Cedar Island some forty miles upriver. One day while Joe was chopping timber a big Indian stepped out of the brush, clapped him on the shoulder, and handed him a chunk of venison. Joe soon found out that this imposing Indian was Chief Spotted Tail, chief of the Brule Sioux. Joe was to meet Chief Red Cloud of the Bad Face band of the Ogalala Sioux sometime later.



Bill Kirley on gray horse and Joe's son John on the buckskin.

MEANWHILE Joe Kirley was learning the language and culture of these people. In a short time he could talk Sioux like a full-blood. In 1867 when thirty-five of the leading chiefs of the Sioux Nation from Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota Territories were sent to the treaty conference in Washington, D.C., relative to the great Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, Joe was involved. He helped transport the thirty-five chiefs in seven wagons to the railhead at Denison, Iowa. He said one Yanktonian Sioux was so fat he couldn't walk. He weighed more than four hundred pounds.

This immediate treaty promised that each Sioux over four years of age would receive from the U.S. Government each year: one suit of clothes; ten dollars in cash; and rations at the rate of one pound of meat and one pound of flour daily. Each Indian farmer would receive one cow, one yoke of oxen, and twenty dollars in money. The new road through the Powder River hunting ground was to be closed and the soldiers withdrawn. The Sioux were to be allowed to hunt on the Platte and Republican Rivers as long as the buffalo existed. Schools were to be provided for Sioux children.

In return the Sioux Nation agreed to stop fighting the white man and to permit the Union Pacific Railroad to continue extending its tracks westward. By this treaty Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were placated. A council was to guide the Sioux Nation, rather than the war-chiefs. For more than the next forty years the Sioux regarded this treaty as their charter of rights.

Twenty-five powerful English Barons had forced King John to sign the Magna Carta and to uphold it — but when white men forced thirty-five illiterate Indians to sign the Great Fort Laramie Treaty, that treaty wasn't worth the paper it was written on. Joe Kirley later had very mixed feelings concerning this betrayal. His own Irish ancestors had been dealt with in somewhat similar fashion.

Joe Kirley was twenty-one when he was employed by the Dakota Lower Brule Indian Agency as general assistant. It was on this small reservation on the Missouri River some distance below the small frontier river village of Mattoe, that Chief Spotted Tail and his band of Brule Sioux had been isolated by the Federal Government.

Issuing cattle to the Brules for their meat ration was Joe's main duty. The Brules didn't appreciate anyone else killing their beef.

As the Indians were called by name, Joe would swing the chute gate open. A Longhorn steer would race toward the hills, and the young bucks on their racing ponies would shoot the steer down with bows and arrows. Joe also operated the trading post when Simon Eisman and Jack Kelly, the managers,

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were absent.

The cow business was of particular interest to Joe, so in 1869 he was employed by Paxton and Morrow, government beef contractors, and started riding for their outfit near Oahe Indian Mission. Their business was trailing Longhorn herds out of Texas to Dakota, holding the herds in the Oahe area, and then dispersing the Longhorns to various Indian Agencies.

It was in 1870 that Paxton and Morrow appointed Joe trail-boss. Joe was twenty-three when he began ramrodding trail herds from Texas to Dakota Territory. The fact that he was given a job of this responsibility spoke for the guts and resourcefulness of the young Irishman. With a trail outfit of rough men he began pushing herds of Longhorns north over the Chisholm Trails through such places as Abilene, Wichita, Caldwell, and Fort Dodge.

Paxton and Morrow's contract with the Government terminated in 1872. They had nearly a thousand head of cattle remaining unsold so they decided to have the cattle trailed to Denison, Iowa and shipped by rail from there to Chicago. Joe chose nine cowboys to help make the drive. Though this was a cattle trail new to Joe he had been over portions of the same area when he had helped haul the thirty-five Sioux chiefs to Denison enroute to Washington, D.C.

I can remember hearing the names of only two of the cowpunchers my grandfather hired for his "Texas" cattle-drives. Joe Kirley was a taciturn man of the old school and didn't waste his time discussing his previous experiences except with special people — and I as a flap-eared kid wasn't one of them. Joe Reed was one puncher he hired on those drives. Reed had a special talent for keeping tally books and figuring accounts. He was a shrewd businessman. Eventually he owned and operated a large hotel in the city of Pierre which had evolved from the small village of Mattoe. Scot Cook was the other rider. Once, about 1926, Scot came to visit my grandfather at his ranch on the Cheyenne. The old ex-trailhand talked with my grandfather far into the night. I remember old Scot sang a ballad which he and other "Joe Kirley trailhands" had composed long ago. It seems I can remember the words "ride with old Joe Kirley" and there the memory fades out. I never did see or hear of Scot Cook again.

The trail drive east from Oahe to the shipping point was comparatively uneventful. When they arrived at the eastern border of Dakota Territory, they pushed across the Big Sioux River some twenty miles below the present townsite of Sioux Falls and headed the herd toward Cherokee, Iowa.

On one occasion the Longhorns stampeded into a settler's cornfield, so Joe settled with the irate farmer with cash for damage. As the herd neared Denison, word went out that Texas Longhorns were approaching and a large crowd of settlers and townspeople assembled near the shipping pens. The Longhorns had never been exposed to such two-legged tomfoolery and broke for the open country. Joe bellowed "Circle 'em!" as he spurred for the lead. The cowboys finally got the steers racing in a steadily diminishing circle. As they closed upon each other they piled into a huge bellowing heap. The stampede was over, but as the steers disentangled themselves it was found that about one-third of them were minus one or two horns. Most of the steers were splashed with blood.

When Bill Paxton tallied the herd at the Denison Stockyards he grinned

Below: The homestead shack of William Webster at Mission Ridge, South Dakota. It was formerly called Orton.

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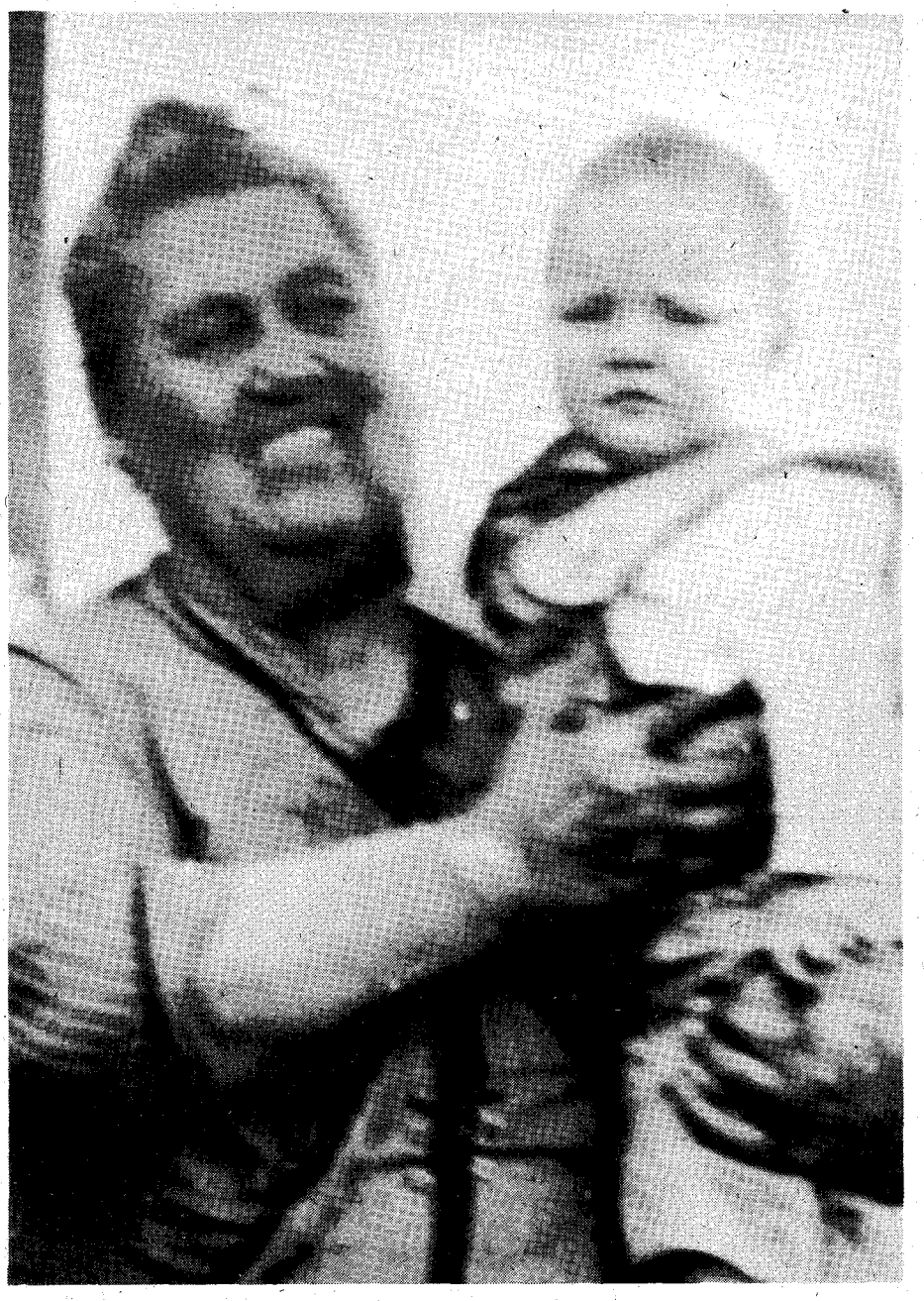

At left: Mrs. Joe Kirley, age seventy-five, with one of her grandchildren.

and said, "If I didn't know you cowboys I sure wouldn't know these steers." Joe was just glad that no stock or cowboys had been killed. He had seen horses and their riders fall in front of a frenzied herd of Longhorns and helped pick up the pieces.

When the herd was unloaded at Chicago the cowboys were paid off at one dollar per day. Joe's foreman wage was seventy-five dollars per month. This trip had taken two months.

JOE KIRLEY next bought a couple of covered wagons and ox teams and ran a private freight line between Yankton and Fort Sully which was not far from Mattoe and Oahe. He hauled flour, sugar, potatoes, pork, etc., west and hauled passengers on the return trip. Later he bought mule teams and became a mule skinner. Oxen were stronger but mules were faster. Next he started freighting from Fort Pierre west to Deadwood and back. Meanwhile Joe had been speculating about settling at the camp named Mattoe, across the river from Fort Pierre.

In 1875, the year before Custer's downfall at Little Big Horn, Joe had married Alice Seaman whose relatives had narrowly escaped from the New Ulm, Minnesota Massacre in 1862. They ran an ox team nearly to death before they reached safety. Alice's brother Isaac had escaped by swimming under water in the river while Sioux shot arrows at his head every time he came up for air. Her parents had managed to flee by hitching a single horse to a two-horse carriage and compelling the horse to pull it. The only reason any of the Seamans had escaped was that an Indian friend of the family had warned them that the massacre was going to take place that same day.

And now Joe Kirley, age thirty, with a family coming on, was becoming more aware that trail-driving and mule-skinning were not the best occupations for a married man.

As Joe's freighting days came to a close, one of his last jobs was to assist in moving Chief Spotted Tail and the Brules to the Dakota Indian Agency at Rosebud. Later he was sad to hear that Spotted Tail had stolen another Brule's wife and had been killed by Crow Dog, a friend of the woman's husband, by a shot in the back.

Joe calculated that tiny Mattoe would someday become a booming crossroads town for land-travel east and west, as well as river travel north and south. He could see the great need for a ferry operation, for the Missouri River was often impossible to cross with anything but a good riverboat. So it was at Mattoe that he searched for land. He still entertained dreams of owning his own cow outfit; his days of cowboying for Paxton and Morrow and ramrodding trail herds from Texas to Dakota Territory had been very satisfying, but the time was not yet right. The "ranch" could wait.

Joe Kirley witnessed one cold-blooded murder at the Mattoe camp in 1877. Rumors of gold were luring many people toward the Black Hills. Several covered wagons and their oxen were bunched up at Mattoe. Two card-sharks had joined the encampment. A group of seven men needed to buy a fresh pair of oxen for their wagon. One card-shark told them he had a pair to sell (actually the card-shark owned no oxen). Then the two gamblers started to buck heads playing poker. The one who claimed to own some oxen lost all his money. Then he turned to the leader of the seven wagon men and borrowed $160. The man lent the gambler the money thinking that it would apply against the price of the ox team which the gambler was supposed to own.

But this gambler lost all his money to his gambling pardner. Then he smugly told the seven wagon men that he owned no oxen and that they were stuck for the $160. The seven men obtained their rifles from their wagon and started toward the card-shark, who in turn grabbed a six-gun from his partner. Six of the wagon-riflemen fled like quail. The only one of the group of seven who didn't flee from the gambler's gun sat silently on the wagon tongue with his rifle across his knees. The card-shark said to him, "I can make you lay down your rifle." The

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quiet fellow answered, "I don't know whether you can or not." The card-shark then shot him squarely between the eyes.

The card-shark escaped on another outlaw's horse. He was arrested some time later in Yankton, Dakota Territory, but none of the witnesses had guts enough to testify against him. Joe had gone on a freighting trip in the Black Hills and heard about the "trial" when he returned.

The first formal law came to the Mattoe-Fort Pierre area when G.P. Waldron, U.S. Court Commissioner from Yankton assumed the position of Court Commissioner in 1877. Fort Pierre in 1832 had taken its name from a French fur trader named Pierre Chouteau, Jr. Prior to that it had been named Fort Tecumseh. Even earlier (1818-1822) it had been called Fort Teton ("Teton" with reference to the western portion of the Sioux tribes).

In 1878 Joe Kirley dealt for the squatter's rights of French-Canadian John Robideau. (Squatter's rights were in effect before the Homestead Act.) The tract of land dealt from Robideau lay on the east side of the Missouri River almost directly across from the present town of Fort Pierre at the frontier camp named Mattoe or Mahtoe. Mahtoe means "Barrier" in the language of the Ogalala Sioux. The place was named in honor of Mahtoe, the younger brother of old Yellow Hawk whom I remember seeing many times when I was a youth.

Yellow Hawk was tall and lean, and drove a pair of little Indian ponies to a light buckboard. His friend Prairie Chicken also drove a light buckboard, but he weighed about three hundred pounds or more and filled his buckboard seat from one side to the other.

THE RIVER-BOTTOM land Joe Kirley purchased for five hundred dollars is today the southwestern portion of the capital city of Pierre, South Dakota. It is shown on old-time maps as Kirley's Landing. Joe set up a post and stage-station, and together with French-Canadian Napoleon Duchineaux established a horse-powered ferryboat service in 1878 and plied the Missouri River between Mattoe (now Pierre) and Fort Pierre. Their ferryboat was sixty feet long and twelve feet wide. It was towed upstream by horses and allowed to drift back to the opposite landing. The ferry contained space for four wagons and ten head of livestock. The price for crossing a wagon was four dollars; commodities three dollars per hundred pounds; and fifty cents per passenger.

The house Joe built at Kirley's Landing in Mattoe was a long log structure, the interior of which was partially finished with sawn lumber. A smaller log room was attached to the original and was used as a bunkhouse by stage drivers and travelers who stopped for the night. There were two other houses in Mattoe in 1878. One belonged to a squawman named Lafferty and the other belonged to Wade Faucett and William Corvan who ran a few livestock on the land where the south half of Pierre is now located. Old Fort Sully was a few miles from Mattoe; the Oahe Mission was some fifteen miles up river.

Other French and French-Canadians in addition to Napoleon Duchineaux who were close friends of my grandparents were the Paradis, Rousseaus, and Narcelles. Narciss Narcelle, a half-breed, had served as a scout with the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Narciss lived to be nearly one hundred years old. When Narciss died my grandfather went to Narciss' cabin and stayed with him until the end.

It was during the 1870s that an enterprising young fellow named Powell followed the Sioux custom and paid six head of his finest horses for an attractive Two Kettle Sioux maiden. One of their sons, Billy Powell, we knew as Sheriff in Fort Pierre in the early 1930s.

Among the more famous of the old-timers who occasionally lodged overnight at Joe Kirley's and his wife's stage-station were the original Deadwood Dick (Pony Express rider and Indian fighter whose name was R.W. Clark); Calamity Jane; and Jim Bridger with his two Indian wives whom he called "Blast Yore Hide" and "Dang Yore Eyes." Joe had met both Bill Hickok and Bill Cody during freighting trips to Deadwood. He respected both men, or so it seemed.

At right: One of Joe's younger sons, ready for ranch work.

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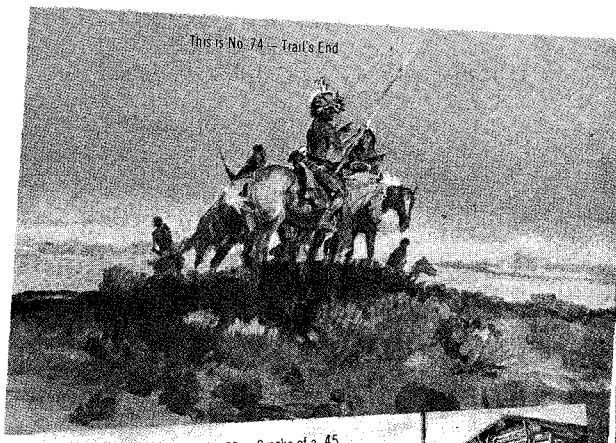
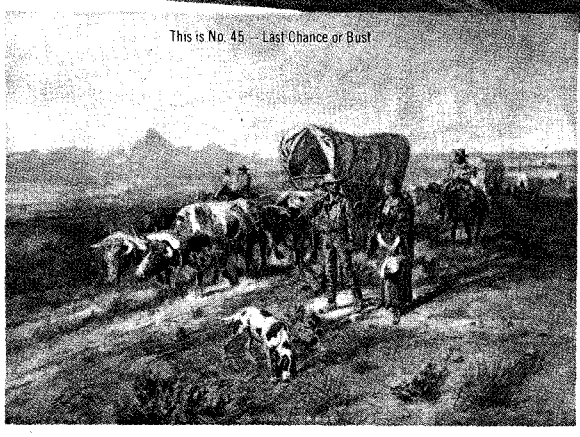

This is No. 74 — Trail's End

This is No. 109 — In Without Knocking

"118 Different Selections"

This is No. 68 — Smoke of a .45

This is No. 41 — When Red Man Talks War


This is No. 45 — Last Chance or Bust

——PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH——

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hint (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hint (arrows), 12½x8½ (watercolor)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 11x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8x11 (watercolor)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous ripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (watercolor)
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear? 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat? 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x10½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (watercolor)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
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101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 13½x9½
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½
115—Buffalo on the Move, 13½x9
116—Red Skin Raiders, 13½x9
117—Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½x9½
118—Breaking Camp (Indian Women) 13½x9½
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Probably the most "infamous" of the outlaws and rustlers in the immediate Mattoe locale was Jack Sully who was finally shot from his horse as he fled from a livestock inspector. He was dead when he hit the ground. Sully was said to have been an "honest" cow thief. He stole only from the big cow outfits, never from the small.

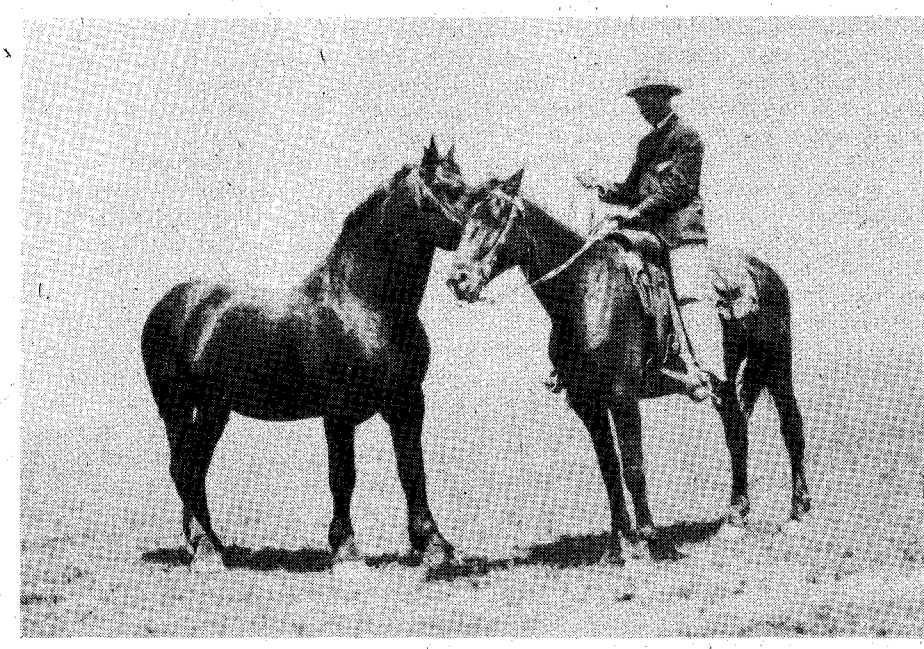
Another outlaw of some note was Jim Somers whom Joe Kirley had known personally in the 1860s when Somers had fought with the marshal of the little frontier town of Yankton, Dakota Territory. Somers had shot the marshal's legs out from under him. Somers was jailed but he immediately broke out, and his reputation was such that no one else ever dared to arrest him again. Frontier politicians made use of Somers' somewhat awesome reputation and installed him as a Sergeant-at-Arms-of-the-House. On one occasion Somers grabbed Speaker-of-the-House Pinney and hurled Pinney out through a saloon window.

Later, when Joe Kirley and a partner had been cutting wood along the Missouri River for sale to steam riverboats Jim Somers had tried unsuccessfully to bluff them out of several hundred dollars worth of cut logs. However, the forced early sale did cost them.

Joe Kirley heard no more about Somers until the Sioux country around Chamberlain was opened for homesteading. Jim Somers' brother had filed a good claim and with his twenty-year-old son set up a homestead shack. Jim Somers tore down the shack and hauled it away. The brother and the twenty-year-old boy at once started hauling logs to build a second claim shack. Jim Somers met them in the road. He was packing his six-gun.

An eye-witness said that at first Somers tried to intimidate his brother by bellowing and by beating his brother's team of horses over the head. Then when he went for his gun, his young nephew whipped out a six-gun and they fired simultaneously. Both Jim Somers and his nephew fell dead. Two cogent maxims for staying alive during that era were: "Safety depends on minding your own business," and "Skill on the draw."

WESTERN Dakota Territory was opening up and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad planned to bridge the Missouri River from Mattoe on the east bank to Fort Pierre on the west bank. In 1879 my grandparents accepted $1,500 in paper certificates called "Sioux Indian Script" as the purchase price for their land at Kirley's Landing, Mattoe. I don't know how much value they received out of the questionable paper. The



Above: John Kirley holding a registered Percheron herd stud.

Northwestern Railroad Company did give Joe Kirley a "bonus" after the sale. It was an engraved double-barreled breech-loading twelve-gauge shotgun of the newest model.

That historic old gun hangs today, its origin unknown except to a few of us older Joe Kirley descendants, in the State Capital Museum at Pierre. No card or plaque makes mention of the past it played in the history of South Dakota. I haven't seen the old gun since 1940 but if any visitor to Pierre should wish to identify the shotgun, I think the top half-inch of one trigger hammer was broken off long ago, and there used to be a russet leather gun case.

The Northwestern Railroad Company's track construction reached Mattoe in October 1880. A shopkeeper named Hilger moved his clothing store of goods from Fort Pierre to Mattoe. On a box of freight he shipped across the Missouri he wrote "To J.D. Hilger, across the river from Ft. Pierre." Below that was one large printed word "Pierre." From that date forward officials began to drop the name Mattoe and began using the name "Pierre" (to be incorporated as such in 1882-83).

The winter of 1880-81 covered the prairies with three feet of frozen snow and sub-zero weather. Many settlers and much livestock perished. Most livestock which survived subsisted solely on willows and tree branches which were cut so the livestock could reach them.

Ice on the Missouri was as much as four feet thick. To Joe Kirley this had all the makings of a huge ice jam and a flood when the ice broke. The surveyor for the railroad company forecast a rise of only some six or eight feet of water, but Joe had seen ice-jams and previous floods. He wasted no time in building a small shack up on the edge of the foothills and driving his livestock up on that higher land. He rented a boat for eighteen dollars a day and tied it to the corner of his log house below. As the ice began to break and jam he hitched his team and spent the entire day of March 26, 1881 moving hay, furniture, food, and machinery as swiftly as he could. He managed to haul five wagonloads up to the new shack on high ground. Some cautious people were doing the same; others were not.

By sundown the only thing of material value that remained to be moved from Joe's log cabin was a player organ which he and Alice had received as a wedding present. It was Saturday night. They had two small children and the emergency foothills shack was not as warm as the log cabin, so they decided to stay that night and complete the moving the next morning.

Early Sunday Joe heard the roar of rushing water. Before he and Alice could get their children out the door, flood-water was rushing into the cabin. There was some desperate scrambling but they finally got up onto dry land. Alice lamented the loss of the player organ so Joe bucked the flood water again and rescued it single-handed.

As the Kirleys reached higher land they looked back and saw a huge chunk of ice ram into their log cabin and stage-station and carry the wreckage downstream. Many were the catastrophes of the flood of 1881.

One settler, Lew Albright, had moved a large pile of lumber to higher land. When he went to check on it, a hard-nosed character named Scarface Joe waved a six-gun and demanded that Albright pay him twenty dollars

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per thousand feet for his own lumber!

Albright then checked with the other storekeepers and found that eleven men and one woman, all heavily armed, had taken over most all of the saleable merchandise in Mattoe-Pierre. The weakling sheriff refused to help Albright and his friends.

Twenty-six businessmen, Joe Kirley included, held a conference. Next morning, guns in hand, they rounded up the eleven men and the one woman, took their guns away from them, and shoved them into a boat with the order, "Git gone and don't come back!" One man, Kelly by name, refused to enter the boat. The bigilante group dropped a loop over his head preparatory to stretching Kelly's neck before he finally decided he wanted to leave town. They shoved him into the departing boat. An indictment was brought against the vigilante group but the judge ruled for the twenty-six.

PIERRE had become a booming town of about 5,000 people by 1890, what with soldiers, Indians, travelers, and settlers. It was becoming too crowded for Joe.

There was some talk of another Indian outbreak. Some of the Sioux were doing the Ghost Dance. Old Chief Hump and his band camped near Fort Bennett were talking "warpath" because the Government treaty rations for the Sioux were sometimes cut off or were late in arriving. One old scout told of a mutilated white man he had seen staked down on an ant hill.

Joe Kirley was to be one of the first if not the first white man to set up a cow and horse outfit in the Minneconjou Creek Ogalala Sioux country. The Minneconjou band of Sioux is best known to the casual reader by the photograph of their one-time chief, Big Foot, as he lies, bullet ridden and frozen stiff on the so-called "battleground" after the massacre at Wounded Knee, the scene of one of the most infamous military acts in our history.

The section of land upon which Joe Kirley was to build his X Bar 3 ranch headquarters include a major burial ground and summer camp area with its special corn-planting ground of the Minneconjou Sioux.

In 1893 Joe Kirley's trip of ranch-hunting exploration took him fifty miles northwest of Fort Pierre into the newly opened west-river prairieland of the Two Kettle Sioux and the Minneconjou. It was there he met old Tex Hemphill whom he had known previously. Tex was a reputed gunman and ex-bullwhacker.

Tex had anticipated the opening of this west-river area and had made a private contract with a Minneconjou Sioux named Eagle Feather for about one section of land on the south side of the Cheyenne River. Tex was living in a dugout in the Cheyenne riverbank just above the mouth of Minneconjou Creek.

Joe Kirley made a deal with Tex for approximately a section of land at a trifle over four dollars per acre. Tex still owed Eagle Feather on the land so Joe Kirley paid off Eagle Feather as part of the deal.

My grandparents' first white neighbor and close friend on the Cheyenne was Father Riggs, a devoted and highly skilled missionary who became famous for his work with the Ogalala Sioux. Father Riggs let Joe and Alice Kirley and their children camp in his Indian Mission until Joe could finish building a good log cabin in 1893 or 1894.

Other neighbors were Tobacco Sack, Fine Weather, High Elk, Walking Hunter, Old Leaf, Old Corn, Dennis Buck, Black Shield, Black Bird, and William Two Crow.

William Two Crow was said to be all man with a "capital M." He had spent a few years at Carlisle or some other school. He was better educated than most of the white men who invaded the Two Kettle and Minneconjou Territory. Years later he rode as a top-hand for Art Wightman, one of Joe Kirley's son-in-laws.

Another neighbor was Fred Dupree, a French-Canadian who had come to Dakota in 1838 with the Northwest Fur Company. He lived just north of the Cheyenne and ran about 5,000 head of horses and cows. One of his sons had a small bunch of buffalo he sold to Scotty Philip who with a bunch of cowboys had captured a bunch of buffalo calves from the last remnant herd of wild buffalo that ranged west of Fort Pierre. One of Scotty's cowboys had been Bunk White, the only black cowboy in central Dakota. He was said to have been a first-class cowboy.

About the same year (1893) that Joe Kirley moved to the Cheyenne River country in what was to become Stanley County, a rancher named Henry Angel put up a trading post some thirty miles west near the junction of Snake and Plum Creeks at a camp called Cheyenne City. Angel claimed twenty miles of Cheyenne riverfront and southwest to the Black Hills, some seven or eight hundred square miles. He was very cantankerous toward the settlers who later came into the country.

His son Edgar died a terrible death some years later as the result of a cabin fire. Ralph Wightman, a son-in-law of Joe Kirley, helped haul the dying Edgar Angel some sixty miles to the Pierre hospital. The burnt flesh was falling from Angel's bones.

Concurrently in the 1890s Joe Kirley was still ramrodding cattle drives. He made a deal with Will Stearns, a relative of my grandmother, to trail 2,200 head of cattle to Dakota from a place in Wyoming and run them on shares. The long ride across country and the cattle drive itself took most of the hot summer. Waterholes were few and far between. A few cattle were trampled to death or drowned in waterhole stampedes.

Joe Kirley was also the bookkeeper on this Wyoming drive. Still intact in his handwriting is an excerpt from his records:

W.H. Stearns, dr.

butter for roundup wagon	1.00
cash paid to Stearns, meals	7.15
cash to Murphy	2.00
cash to Dumond	.50
Harry Christenson	1.75
Lindsay groceries	8.00
7 months and 25 days	470.00
paid out by Kirley for Stearns trip to Junction	$137.75

W.H. Stearns, cr.

cash received for meals

Rudy	5.20
Geo. Moss	6.00
Buck	.80
Murray	.50
Elliot	4.00
G.L. Millette	2.00
C. Foster	2.40
--	2.50
McGoogh	6.00
Tobacco and blanket	1.25
groceries	2.75
Let Merrington	15.00
Tex Hemphill	4.00
Labrecque	4.40
Raymond Herbert	5.60
Order to Murphy	10.00
	$72.30 total.

The $137.75 may represent the cost of foodstuff purchased along the way, for probably fifteen or twenty cowboys made the trip.

A FEW SHEEPMEN started to come into the country west of Fort Pierre about 1900. Wolves, coyotes, and blizzards soon cleaned most of them out. One old gunsel on Frozen Man Creek followed a practice of hiring floaters who happened by. After they had herded sheep for him sometimes nearly a year he would kill them to avoid paying them their wages. A friend of one of the murdered men became suspicious and alerted the sheriff. The murderer got scared and was trying to move one of the bodies and was caught. He finally escaped and disappeared.

Another sheepman lived with his wife and several small children in a dugout west of Fort Pierre. They ran out of food during a blizzard. The man fought his way through the storm to Fort Pierre to get groceries. Upon his

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return the sheepmen found that heavy snows had caved in the roof of the dugout and killed his family.

Up until the early 1900s the entire west river strip of the newly opened reservation country was unfenced. Livestock had free range and often were likely to drift 100 miles in most any direction, but especially west and south. A Longhorn steer could travel as far and nearly as fast as a bunch of stray geldings. This inclination of livestock to drift made necessary the semi-annual roundups which became the ranchers' cooperative institution. Big and little cow and horse outfits were widely scattered. To facilitate the major spring roundup the routes to be covered were printed in all the newspapers before May 25 each year. Two of the newspapers which carried the lead-out routes were the *Fort Pierre Fairplay* and the *Sioux Stock Journal.* The general routes of the Stanley County roundup wagon were predetermined by Joe Kirley and other ranchers. This enabled all interested cowmen to meet at Fort Pierre and "join up."

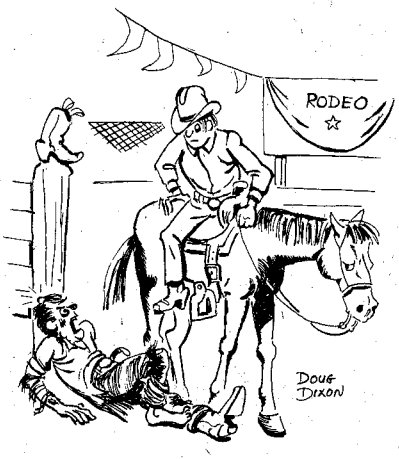
The first pool roundups in South Dakota had begun on a small scale in 1880. In 1892 the large scale roundup which covered some 10,000 square miles was organized. The roundup of 1897 was under the guidance of Ed Lemmon from Lemmon, South Dakota. This roundup involved over 500,000 cattle scattered from west of Fort Pierre south to the Nebraska sandhills and north to the North Dakota line, the South Dakota Badlands included.

In 1902 Joe Kirley's son Frank was repping for the X Bar 3. This time he was with the throw-back wagon which ranged south to near the Nebraska line. Their main job was to pick up the northern cattle and throw them back toward their own range. Henry Hudson was the General Manager of those wagons. Henry was the father of Phillip Hudson who later worked for the Diamond A. Some of the other roundup bosses were Jess Knight, Tom Jones, Sam Williams, George Jackson, Jim Douglas, Ed Delahan, Ed Swan, Carl Blassingame, George Holly, and Gib McGarraugh.

Ed Delahan was said to be fairly handy with a six-gun and a shade outspoken. He later got into a hassle with a half-breed Cherokee cowboy who settled Ed Delahan down rather suddenlike. It was said in Fort Pierre "the eldest men" were those who had been quiet and quick.

Wagons used during the roundup were given numbers. Some had nicknames attached also. Wagon Number Three might, among the cowboys, be called the White River Wagon, etc. Each chuckwagon had its own boss, and there was a general roundup boss who had authority over all wagons. Thirty-five hands to a wagon was about average.

Each cook drove his own chuckwagon. The first chuckwagons used open fires and Dutch Ovens. In later years the cowboys constructed sheet-iron stoves erected on two-wheeled carts hitched to the back end of the mess-wagons with a wagon tongue. In bad weather they'd pitch a tent over the stove-cart. The cook's bellow "Come and get it" meant a cowboy stampede for the chuckwagon. There were strict rules of etiquette laid down and enforced by the cook and by the cowboys as a group. No one — cowboy, visitor, or whatever — was allowed to throw his dirty dinnerplate into the cook's dishpan without first scraping all leavings off that dinnerplate.



"What do you mean I get a reride? I don't want no danged reride!"

Another rule strictly enforced pertained to the exact number of paces a person must walk away from the campsite before he could relieve himself. Any rider who broke that rule was in for a hard chapping (beating with a pair of leather chaps while the culprit bent over touching his knees) by every cowboy in that group, the cook and the wrangler included. Old-timers have never told me of more than two or three such incidents.

A cowboy or visitor could also get jerked up real short if he ground-tied his saddlehorse close to the roundup wagon, and especially if he tied or ground-tied close to the cook's domain. "Horse manure and flies taught the cowboys how to walk in high heeled boots (from where they tied their horses a good distance from camp or cabin)." Joe Kirley enforced these rules until his last day on the ranch.

A pilot, a cook, a cook's helper, and two horse wranglers usually made up the non-cowpuncher staff. The pilot's duties were to ride ahead and select the route to be traveled relevant to terrain, concentration of livestock, and available water. He also helped break camp and pitch camp.

The cook, of course, was the "big wheel" of the chuckwagon and food-related activities. He was the only man who had the right to cuss the roundup boss. And within fifty feet of his wagon was hallowed ground. If he had some helper it was usually some button kid or some old or part-crippled puncher who had gotten into a jackpot with a recalcitrant horse or bovine.

The day wrangler was responsible for moving, watering, and herding the cavvy or saddle strings, and this was no small job. Each cowboy had from seven to ten saddle mounts. A cowboy might ride one horse all day or he might change horses once or even twice each day, depending on his work.

An average cavvy might number from 125 head of saddle mounts up to more than 425 head. The day wrangler also constructed a rope corral at each campsite so that riders could catch their horses at first dawn and be traveling. Anytime the cowboys didn't eat, catch their horses, and be riding out of camp before the sun had fully risen above the horizon meant something was badly wrong. The riders usually left camp at a running-walk or jog-trot. When they returned to camp in the afternoon or evening they usually rode at high gallop for the last quarter of a mile to the chuckwagon if their horses weren't too tired.

JOE KIRLEY was especially finicky about the care and use of his or anyone else's saddle string. This was a carry-over from his earlier frontier days when all productive large-scale movement depended on horses and/or oxen to the point of life or death. He would not let one of his hands ride a soreback horse, or uselessly run a horse to exhaustion. That was an absolute. He always made sure he and his men "stayed mounted."

The night wrangler's day was upside down. He spent his days in his bedroll and spent his nights in the saddle. He needed the ears and the eyes of an owl. In each cowboy's saddle string one would be wearing a small bell on a strap round his throat. Each particular saddle string usually ran together. Where the leader went the others followed. If a saddle string tried to slip away in the night the jingle of the bell aided the wrangler in foiling their escape. Some horses would rather travel at night than not. If they drifted too far and the night wrangler couldn't lo-

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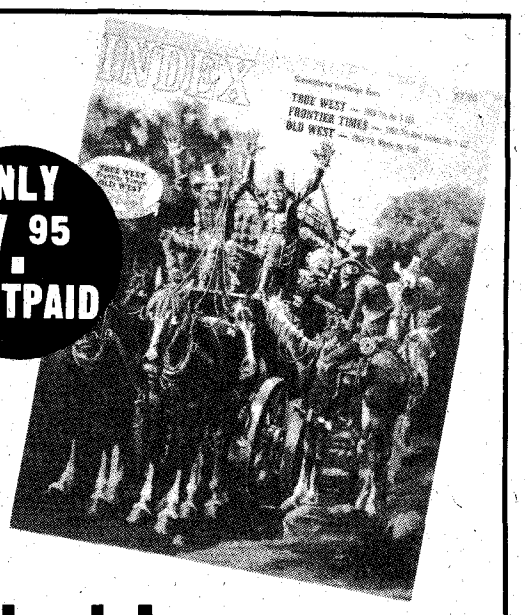

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cate them and get them corraled by early daybreak, that night wrangler was in for big trouble from a crowd of raunchy cowpunchers who were r'aring to hit the saddle and get moving.

Roundup wagon outfits varied in size and procedure all over the West as time went on. Eighty years ago some roundup cooks ruled their camps by putting the fear of God in the cowboys, fear mostly that they wouldn't feed them.

Joe Kirley once told about what he called the strangest thing he had ever seen. He and a cowboy were moving a bunch of cattle one rainy night in Stanley County. Suddenly as they pushed the cattle over a ridge they saw a cloud of light moving up the slope. The cattle paid no attention to this strange event. They walked right through the cloud. He said as they rode into the cloud all was like daylight around them. The cattle moved on out of the cloud of light which drifted over the hill and disappeared. Joe said he had seen will of wisps, and light sparking off the steers' horns at night — but this was one electrical phenomenon he would never forget.

One other event he told about was when he had been moving another bunch of cattle. He had rolled out in his bedroll. Next morning before daylight he started to roll out, and a rattlesnake struck him in one hand. He used his jackknife and sucked the wound, but his hand and arm swelled up like a club for some time.

The last time Joe Kirley was inclined to use his six-gun on somebody concerned two young ranchers, McGarraugh and Hutchinson, who set up a ranch down the Cheyenne a few miles. It seems the young fellows were casting moon-eyes at one of Joe Kirley's daughters and another young woman. The foursome were to meet somewhere near the Riggs Mission. Joe Kirley got wind of it, loaded his gun, saddled his horse and rode out to break up the rendezvous. My own father was about sixteen at that time. He was just able to dissuade his father from putting a bullet-hole in at least one of the young ranchers, both of whom later became very successful in the business world. One became a bank president at Philip, South Dakota.

Joe Kirley had decided early that he wasn't going to have all of his sons get killed off or crippled messing with spoilt horses. So he made a habit of breaking out all his own cow-horses until he was plumb white-headed. My aunts and my uncles said his two top horses, Baldy and Nig, kept him in shape. Either one was apt to buck like a scalded dog whenever Joe Kirley stepped aboard for a day's ride. Nig

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also had the unpleasant habit of rearing over backward every now and then until one day Grandfather cold-cocked him with the butt end of a shot-loaded quirt.

But the Baldy horse finally made a believer out of Joe. He was bellering and bucking straight at a ten foot cutbank along Minneconjou Creek. At the last jump he sunfished. Joe Kirley shot upward and hurtled out of sight over the cutbank. He was sixty-five years old at the time. After that little fracus they said Joe left the rough horses for other people to ride.

When Joe Kirley talked about Indians one would have thought he hated Indians. As a youth plodding along on the Mormon and Bozeman Trails, and later in Montana and Dakota Territories, he had been chilled by tales of massacre and bloodshed. He spoke of the "gut eaters" and "savages" but even as he talked roughly concerning Indians I as a boy could tell from the tones of nostalgia that many Indians had been and were persons he respected. When he spoke of such Sioux as Walking Hunter, Fine Weather, Two Crow, Spotted Tail, Dave Yellowhawk and others there was admiration in his voice.

During my boyhood I knew practically nothing about Joe Kirley's former life and the parts he had played in helping settle South Dakota. Oldtimers whom I would overhear speaking of him or to him invariably spoke with a respect I could not fully appreciate. An occasional individual didn't like him personally but all respected him.

When the capital city of Pierre held its first celebration (1931) of the Days of '81, officials attempted to feat Joe Kirley with special recognition but he declined. He did, however, drive the lead covered wagon in the parade. He was not one to "put on show."

Joe Kirley was not loquacious. He had no time for trivial conversation. It irritated him to hear men spill big windy stories about their past accomplishments. The only persons he respected were the persons who did their jobs well, or at least tried to do them well.

Many of the things he undertook he never could have completed nearly as well had it not been for the help and moral assistance given by his wife Alice, my grandmother. There were months when Joe Kirley would be gone on prolonged cattle drives, roundups, or freighting trips. During these times Alice was virtually raising their small herd of children single-handed. She sometimes had no help other than some Indian woman when a child was born (she herself could not speak Sioux).

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For recreation she often roamed the hills afoot searching for colorful rocks and lost Indian artifacts like arrowheads, etc. And she read every book she could obtain. There were many many months when she didn't see another woman who could speak English. For most of her adult life she lived fifty miles from town. Roads were impassible half of the time except by saddle horse. When it rained on the Dakota gumbo it might take more than two weeks to make the trip in a buckboard or wagon. If she got to Fort Pierre once every few years she felt fortunate. Joe Kirley might go to town once a year on business.

Joe's children said, "Mother was always at home. She could be depended upon." She kept that log cabin with the gumbo roof clean and neat inside. I never heard her scold anyone. I never heard her speak to Joe Kirley except in a kindly manner, although when one of their relatives would come visiting he might sputter and fuss at her on occasion.

When they were married in 1875 it was said his hair was as blazing red as hers was jet black. His turned white at an early age. But her long, straight black hair had very few white hairs showing when she was sixty-five. Her complexion was very swarthy. She was as dark as many full-blood Indians. I am sure she had an Indian ancestor. On one occasion she admitted as much to one grandchild. On another occasion one of her daughters implied this was so. Otherwise the subject was never broached. Joe Kirley had come from a time and place where the term "squawman" had negative connotations.

Probably the greatest fright my grandmother ever experienced was one time when Joe Kirley and their two oldest sons had gone somewhere moving cattle. She was alone in the cabin with a couple of her adolescent daughters. There wasn't a white man or woman within twenty miles as far as she knew. Suddenly she saw three cowboys riding hell for leather toward the cabin. She could tell they were drunk and she and her frightened daughters at once locked both doors and barricaded the windows.

A known outlaw, Kid Rich, was one of the riders. The other two were strangers. All three were roaring drunk. They pounded on the doors, yelling and swearing. The three women were nearly paralyzed with fright. Finally the drunken cowboys decided they needed more to drink and took off howling on their racing saddle horses. Joe Kirley was said to be somewhat unhappy about these shenanigans.

About six years later Kid Rich was found shot to death somewhere along the Cheyenne River. It was never determined who had caught up with him. Rich had been something of a gunman. It was rumored that a big cowman had brought him into the country to kill someone and that after his job was completed the cowman had figured out a way to put Rich out of the picture. It was also said that cattle-detective Tom Horn had come to Dakota at one

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time and had tried to hire Kid Rich to work with him in a Wyoming range war. The Kid had declined, probably because he figured he was the "big rooster" along the Cheyenne River and "had found a home."

Joe Kirley spent the final part of his ranching life, 1893-1934, raising white-faced cattle and grade draft horses at his outfit on the Cheyenne River. He used the original X Bar 3 brand on his cattle until he purchased all Four H cows from some outfit up near Standing Butte. (The brand was a combination 4 H connected.) He then turned the X Bar 3 brand over to his son Charlie and used only the Four H. He always branded his horses with a small simple K low down on the left hip.

His livestock ranged over the Sanzarc Creek and Minneconjou Creek country and along the Cheyenne River bottomlands for the most part. Sometimes they would cross the Cheyenne and stray onto the reservation. The Joe Kirley outfit was often employed throwing strays back across the river. Before the country became cross-fenced during homestead days, his livestock strayed far to the south and west which made it necessary for him and/or one of his older sons, Frank or young Joe, my father, to take a bedroll and a string of saddle horses and go ride with one of the local pool roundup wagons. The DZ, the Mississippi outfit, and the Turkey Track were three of the biggest local spreads in the early days. Later it was the Diamond A run by Cap Mossman of Arizona Ranger fame.

Most of the Minneconjou and Sanzarc country was open free range although Joe Kirley did maintain a few leases on particular areas he felt he must hold. He survived the flood of homesteaders that hit Western Dakota until most of them were driven from Stanley County by summer drouth and winter blizzard.

Providing fresh graze and hay for winter-feeding cattle kept Joe and his five young sons from wasting too much time. Early cattlemen tried to winter cows and steers without putting up winter-feed to get them through till spring. Some years half or more of a man's cattle would winter-kill. Bankers and ranchers both suffered.

Free range was becoming more and more crowded and working cowmen finally reached the conclusion that they needed about a ton of hay or other roughage per cow to insure that she get through an occasional extra bad winter with enough strength so that she could raise a decent calf. And a ton and one-half of hay was better.

The original X Bar 3 cattle were predominantly Longhorn and were prone to stray long distances. Later when Joe Kirley felt the Longhorn-Hereford crossbreeds weren't furnishing enough milk to produce big prime calves he once used a shorthorn bull to cross on them. But in later years he used the best Hereford bulls he could afford. The beef-type Shorthorn is not to be confused with the more gangly, slab-sided "milking shorthorn" against which there was and is "prejudice on the open range." The quickest way to get a "milking type" bull castrated was to turn him loose on the open range, especially on Minneconjou and Sanzarc Creeks in Stanley County.

Range horses on the other hand could winter (or summer) where a cow would starve to death. A range mare can stay back up in the hills on good grass ten miles from a river and go to water once or twice a week. When that grass is covered over with frozen snow and ice in the winter the range horse will just paw through the snow and reach the grass. Cows aren't equipped to survive in this manner. So although sucking colts or yearlings might only sell for ten dollars apiece, very little labor was involved.

Joe Kirley built up two or three stud bunches and raised draft horses as a sideline. For a while he maintained a line-camp at a horse-camp called Angus, used imported studs and corral-bred, never turning the studs out on the range. Thus handled and grain fed, these horses could service more mares than range studs although much more range riding for Joe and his sons was required.

Joe Kirley faced the expense of sending his five daughters away to school, and to the best of his ability he helped his five sons to get set up in ranching.

Finally, after bucking blizzards, occasional drouth, fluctuating cattle markets, and high interest rates, Joe Kirley was on the verge of closing out a full life as a successful rancher when the Depression of 1930 hit full force.

Simultaneously one of the worst drouths South Dakota ever experienced began in full swing. Next, the dreaded disease, anthrax, killed off a couple carloads of his best cattle.

About three years later he was compelled by debts to sell half his cattle to the U.S. Government emergency program for from $12 to $20 per head. But Joe Kirley was a hard man brought up in a hard school. He knew two gods, Hard Work and Honesty.

When people dealt with Joe Kirley they didn't need a lawyer. All they needed was his word. And he didn't know the meaning of the word "quit." In his last notes in his diary Joe Kirley wrote words to the effect, "I think it may rain — and cattle prices will be better."

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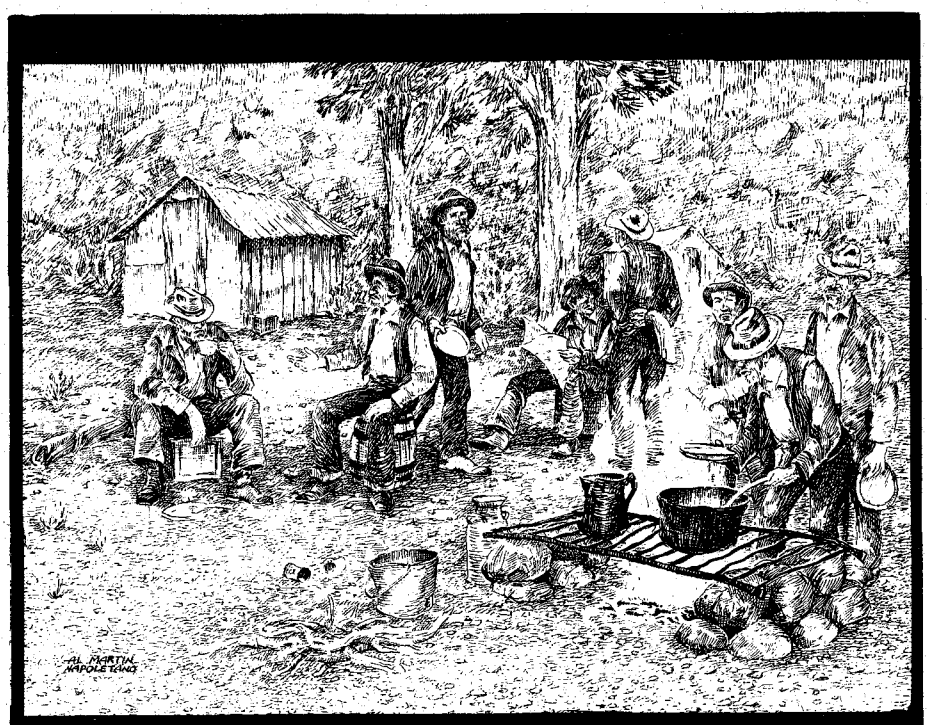

RIDING THE RAILS
WITH HOOD RIVER BLACKIE

OLD JOE BENNETT

I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER the first time I met Old Joe Bennett, but I think it was the fall of 1940 or the spring of '41, and he was always Old Joe, for he was old even then.

It sticks in my mind that he was jungled at Red Wilson's shack near Willcox, Arizona the spring of '41 but I don't recall if he had been there the fall before when me and Tex Medders got in from the apple harvest. I do know that he went north on the same freight train that me and Tex grabbed when we headed for the northern California town of Winters in late March of that year.

The little town of Winters was a great gathering place at that time for wanderers from all over the West who came there about the first of April each year to get jobs thinning in the apricot orchards that surrounded the town. Hoboes, prospectors, sheepherders, cowboys and all sorts of wanderers would be camped all up and down the little stream that ran close beside the town.

Once when Tex and I tried to count how many men were jungled up there we figured over three hundred. There must have been a couple hundred more camped on nearby ranches waiting for the work to start.

You could find just about any kind of character you wanted to find there: an old cowboy fresh off a ranch job somewhere deep in Texas, a sheepherder out of Montana's Judith Basin or a desert prospector out of the Death Valley country getting ready to put together a stake for another look into the wild country in search of some lost mine. There would always be a couple boomer breakmen, some Ex-Gandy dancers, a few hardrock miners, with here and there an educated man like Prince John who had once been a college professor somewhere back East. Painter Bill would be there with his paint kit trying to make a few dollars redoing some of the signs on the businesses in town. Even today there are a couple of faded old signs in Winters that still bear his signature.

Around the jungle fires at night it was storytelling time and ancient vagabonds swapped tales far into the night, tales of the rails and cinder trains and things from long ago. Famous bad bulls would be discussed like Jeff Carr at Cheyenne; Maryland Red at Altoona, Pennsylvania; the famous black bull at Galesburg, Illinois; and many more. Old graybeards would relive their adventures on the rails, many of which took place before the turn of the century, for the group of wanderers that came to Winters were the real old-timers who had spent their lifetimes roaming the West.

Old Joe Bennett was there every year at thinning time. Then, like a lot of the rest of us, he would head for the peach thinning around Oswald, California. After that was over he'd grab a freight for the Pacific Northwest where the apple thinning started about the first of June.

One of his favorite places to work was the Star Ranch near Pateros, Washington. Here along a branch line of the Great Northern railroad was a bunch of small cabins maintained for the hoboes and wanderers who came to thin the apples each year. More years ago then I care to remember, when steam was still king, the daily train that ran up the valley from Wenatchee to Oroville on the Canadian line would stop at the Star Ranch long enough for hoboes to get off. Also if you wanted to leave, all you had to do was go out and stand by the tracks with your bedroll and packsack and the train would stop and pick you up. The old Star Ranch is gone now, so are the steam locomotives and the hoboes who rode behind them. Ah, America, how you've changed.

After the apple thinning was over about the first of July it was usually time to get serious about the business of being a hobo. With money in our pocket, a good bedroll, and a packsack full of groceries, we scattered throughout the West. Me and Tex Medders liked to go out over the Big "G" camp for a few days at Essex, Montana;

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maybe stop a day or two at Minot, North Dakota to visit some old retired hobo pal, or as we did a couple of times, ride clear into Chicago just to watch some of the characters who hung around Bughouse Square. Besides the usual street bums and painted ladies there would be several fire-and-brimstone preachers and at least half a dozen Eastern bums who claimed to be "King of the Hoboes."

On our way back West we would nearly always run into Old Joe and his road partner Amboy Fats either jungled up at the coal tipple at Essex or on the banks of Calahan Creek at Troy which brings me around to what I wanted to tell you about all along.

IT WAS AFTER the apple thinning one year and Tex, who was nearing ninety, didn't feel well and had decided to lay up a couple of weeks in one of cabins at the old Star Ranch. Amboy Fats had gone to Everett, Washington to visit his sister as he usually did each summer about that time so me and Old Joe decided to take a trip over into Montana together.

We grabbed the branch line into Wenatchee, caught the main line Great Northern out of the apple yards there, spent one night jungled up at the Hillard yards at Spokane, nailed a manifest from there up through Idaho and into Whitefish, Montana where we stocked up on groceries. One of the items I bought was a large can of peaches and Old Joe for some reason or another bought a huge can of black pepper along with some other staples. Why he bought such a big can of black pepper I don't remember.

We grabbed another freight and rode on to Essex where we jungled up right across the tracks from the coal tipple. The hobo jungle at Essex is a beautiful spot. Even to this day it's one of the last jungles left in America that looks pretty much as it did in the thirties with skillets and pots hanging from the trees and waiting for the next user.

We spent a quiet evening around our jungle fire, cooking and eating supper and swapping tales. Little did we know that the peace and quiet was not going to last all night. I awoke sometime during the night to the sound of something grunting like a hog and crashing around in the brush nearby. Old Joe was already up on one elbow listening. The creature, whatever it was, was obviously getting closer. All at once Old Joe jumped and started to run toward the coal tipple. "Run, Blackie," he said, "that's a bear!"

Now at the time of my story Old Joe was past seventy-five but I want to tell you he could move for an old man, having over the past sixty years been trained to run by yard bulls all over the country. We ran over to the coal tipple and climbed about twenty feet up on it and sat there helplessly listening while the bear raided our camp. We could hear him tearing papers and eating our bacon. What happened next we reconstructed from the evidence he left after the raid. That bear apparently knew about cans and what came in them for he bit into the can of peaches and licked up the syrup as it ran out of them. He couldn't get the peaches themselves out of the can but we could hear his big tongue working that can over until all the juice was out of it.

The next thing he got hold of was the big can of black pepper, and putting two and two together he must have figured that all cans contained peach juice. I want to mention here that the bear was breathing hard at the time, whether from his efforts to get through the brush or sheer excitement at finding such a treasure, I don't know. Maybe he was old, maybe he had emphysema or asthma. But whatever it was, he was puffing like a steam engine. Anyway he bit hard into the can of black pepper and as we later figured his heavy breathing had caused him to suck some of it into his mouth and throat, possibly even into his lungs. After he made the bite all was deathly quiet for at least five seconds. I guess he was either choking or couldn't believe what was happening to him.

All at once he let out the most unearthly squall I ever heard and started running, rolling, and tumbling all through the underbrush. He had been back in the shadows where we couldn't see him but all at once he appeared in the moonlight running backwards and falling down about every third jump. He reared up on his hind legs and backed into a sapling. Apparently thinking the sapling had something to do with his plight, he turned and attacked it with everything he had. All the while he was roaring, bawling, trying to sneeze and choking all at the same time. I had never heard anything like it before and the only thing I've heard since then that sounded like it was some of the rock groups I've heard on the radio.

All at once he seemed to come to the decision that this little camp along the railroad tracks was no place for a bear to be. He shifted into high gear and headed for New Orleans, and I mean to tell you he wasn't about to let anything stop him. We could hear him getting farther away, running into trees, each of which he apparently took for an enemy. The last we heard of him he was perhaps three hundred yards away and his enthusiasm for screaming bloody murder and making tracks had not waned a bit. You can rest assured he never came back.

I'll never forget what poor Old Joe said when he surveyed the damage done to our camp. We were both laughing hard by this time. And Old Joe looked at me and said, "Blackie, I hope to God that bear never figures out that it was my black pepper he got into." Well I guess it wouldn't matter if the bear had, for not long after that Old Joe Bennett fell off a moving freight near Pigeon Creek out of Everett, Washington along the Great Northern. He sleeps now in the tiny little cemetery near there beside his old pal Amboy Fats.

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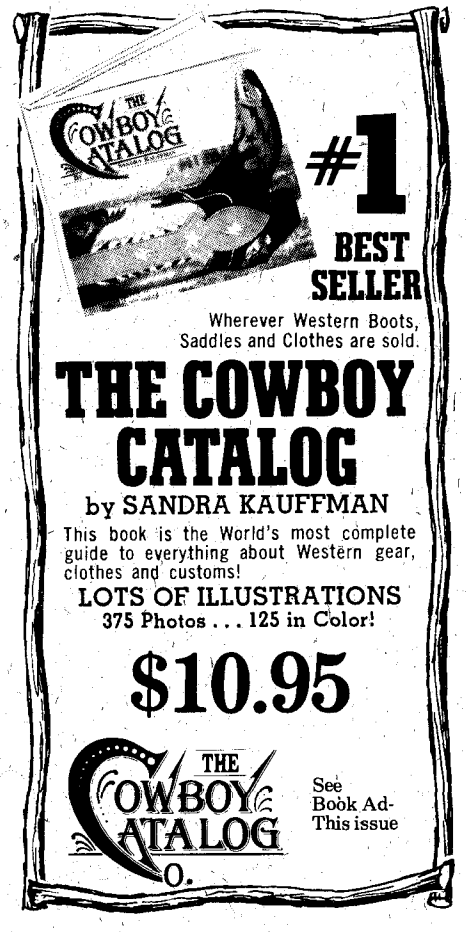

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THE FIRST COLORADO MOUNTAIN MAN

Jim Pursley left Kentucky with a hankering for new hills, new pelts and more coin . . .

By
MICHAEL McNIERNEY

DESOLATE and windswept in winter, South Park is a broad, high altitude valley between the Mosquito Range and Front Range, squarely in the center of present-day Colorado. South Platte River rises in the mountains at the northwest corner of the park and angles southeast through the sagebrush and broken ground of the valley floor. On December 15, 1806 Lieutenant Zebulon Pike led a ragged detachment of troops up the frozen river along a faint trace, or trail, left by a band of Indians or a Spanish patrol from New Mexico.

"The middle of nowhere" has seldom had a more literal meaning. St. Louis, the westernmost town in the United States, lay 850 miles to the east. Had the explorers pushed on to the west, they would have had to cross nearly a thousand miles of mountains and deserts before reaching Spanish settlements on the California coast. They could have ridden due north to the Pole without encountering a white settlement larger than a trading post. To the south, somewhat over 300 miles away, lay Santa Fe, the capital of New Spain's northern province of New Mexico.

Colorado east of the Continental Divide was claimed by President Thomas Jefferson as part of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. No one had anything but the vaguest idea of the extent and nature of the newly acquired territory. The commissioners in Paris had boldly bought a pig in a poke, though it was a fat pig as it turned out. The official purpose of Pike's exploration was to find out as much as possible about the southern reaches of the new Louisiana Territory.

The borders between Louisiana and New Spain would be vague and disputed for years to come. The Spanish differed with Jefferson and claimed the land from the Arkansas River south, treating it as a buffer zone between their northern towns of Santa Fe and Taos and the dangerous, land-hungry United States.

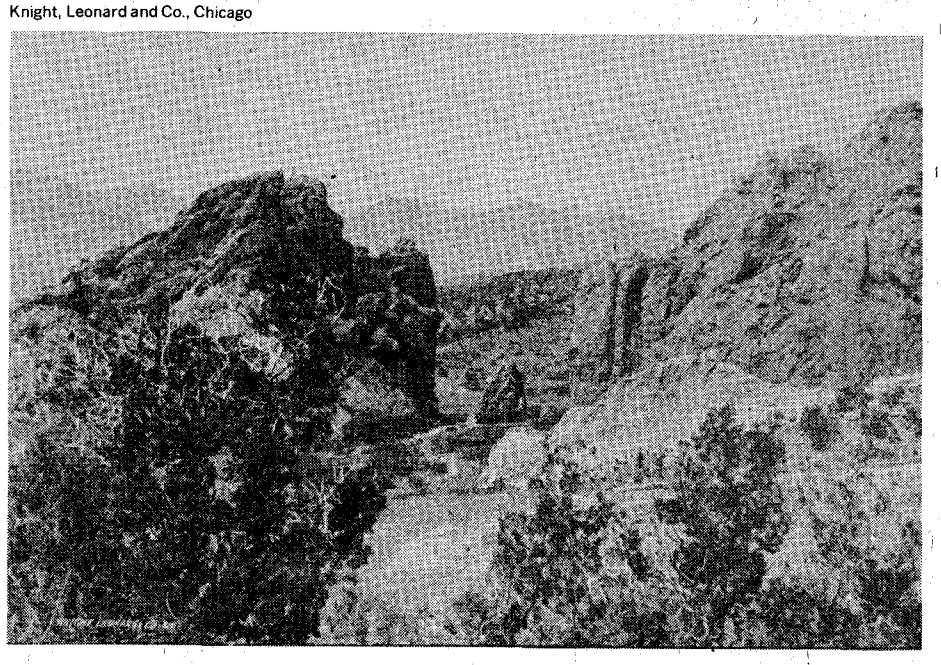
Southern Colorado would remain a kind of no man's land for years, patrolled periodically by Spanish cavalry and traversed by a few traders from New Mexico. The American mountain men who would come up the Arkansas from the States to trap beaver and trade with the Indians in the mountains at its source wouldn't know for sure whose land they were on. The Spanish seldom gave them trouble unless they insisted on penetrating south toward New Mexico. But this is exactly what they usually did.

Spanish dominions held a mythical attraction for Americans in the early nineteenth century. Little concrete information was available, but rumor held out the possibility of making a killing in trade with the New Mexicans. Few mountain men came to the southern Rockies without at least the hope of making it to Santa Fe and finding out for themselves. The grass is always greener on the other side of the border. A mountain man's true country was where the beaver thrived and he could get away with their pelts — and his own skin.

Lieutenant Pike, as the leader of the first official exploration into this part of Louisiana, was naturally interested in gathering information about the foreigners, and possible enemies, to the south. He may have been under secret orders to penetrate New Mexico.

And heading south to a warmer climate and civilization must have had a more personal appeal. The expedition had been out since the middle of July. The men had embarked in their thin

Knight, Leonard and Co., Chicago



At right: View of Pikes Peak from the Garden of the Gods.

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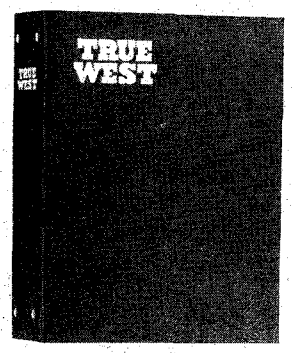

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summer uniforms. By November, when they sighted the first mountain "like a small blue cloud" on the horizon, they were shivering in the cold air of eastern Colorado. In South Park the compassionate Pike wrote in his journal, "My poor fellows suffered extremely with the cold, being almost naked."

But there couldn't have been much snow on the ground because Pike noted repeated signs of a large Indian encampment, calculating that it would have taken a thousand horses some months to leave all the droppings they found.

On Tuesday the 16th, after shooting a buffalo for breakfast, the men split up to better cover the area. They had lost the trail and had no luck in picking it up again. But one of the parties found the remains of yet another abandoned camp, occupied by, Pike estimated, at least three thousand Indians. And in this one was a strange sight. Lonely and isolated in the midst of tipi rings and scattered ashes stood a large wooden cross. Was it a grave? Apparently not, for Pike doesn't mention the possibility. Wonderingly, he asks his journal, "Are these people Catholics?"

Several weeks later, after finally finding a Spanish patrol, or rather being found by it, and accompanying the troopers to Santa Fe under gentlemanly arrest, Pike got an answer to the question of the mysterious cross. It was erected by the first Colorado mountain man on record.

JAMES PURSLEY had been living in New Mexico for ten months when Pike met him, probably on the third or fourth of March 1807. He was working as a carpenter and made a good living since the isolated province desperately needed skilled craftsmen. He told Pike that he avoided working for army officers, however — they wouldn't pay their bills. The young lieutenant liked Pursley immediately, describing him in his report of the expedition as "a man of strong natural sense and dauntless intrepidity."

By the time Pursley arrived in New Mexico he had had enough adventures and narrow scrapes with Indians on the plains and in the mountains to show a marked lack of respect for the sedentary New Mexicans. He told Pike that he was sure that given his rifle and a two-hour start, not all the people in New Mexico could stop him from leaving.

But he found life there amenable enough in spite of at least one close call with the authorities. Once he had nonchalantly made a few pounds of gunpowder as he used to do back home in Kentucky, then found himself arrested and nearly hanged. He discovered that manufacturing gunpowder was a capital offense in New Mexico.

Pursley and the curious Pike spent hours talking during their brief acquaintance, and the officer passed on some of what he learned in his report. The rest of what is known about Pursley has been pieced together from Spanish and American records.

Jim Pursley moved from Kentucky to the French town of St. Louis in 1799. Settling down had little appeal for him; records do not show him owning any land. Somewhere along the line he picked up the valuable trade of carpentry, though he must have come West to make his fortune, or at least a living, by hunting and trading with the Indians.

In 1802 Jim and two companions struck out from St. Louis for the head of the Osage River to trade. They planned to market their furs in New Orleans, but they had a mishap that was to become common in the history of the fur trade.

A band of Kansas Indians stole their horses one night. As Pursley tells it, he cached his furs and tracked the thieves to their village to demand the return of his property, but the Indians refused. Jim then noticed a man riding one of his horses and, outraged, rushed up and disemboweled the animal with his knife, then chased the terrified rider through the village into a lodge full of women and children.

The chiefs naturally concluded that he was as crazy as a rabid skunk and, respecting insanity as a sign of power, returned the horses immediately. This sounds like a tall tale and is no doubt embroidered, but similar acts, minus the butchery, were later reported of several other mountain men, including the great Tom Fitzpatrick, "Broken Hand."

But Jim Pursley's troubles were just beginning. In attempting to return to St. Louis with his furs, his horses were stolen again but this time not recovered. Then the canoe he built as a re-

"Well, that's one more thing we know about that ol' horse — he won't ride double!"

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placement overturned, and the fruit of a year's labor washed down the Osage into the Missouri.

The three men met a trader, Regis Loisel, ascending the Missouri in a barge for the Mandan villages, and Pursley threw in with him; his companions had had enough and returned to St. Louis. Jim spent the winter with Loisel at the Frenchman's fort on a cedar-covered island in the Missouri below the mouth of the Bad River in present South Dakota.

IN THE SPRING of 1804 Loisel sent Pursley and two of his own French traders southwest with some bands of Kiowas and Kiowa-Apaches to trade and trap, probably in what is now eastern Colorado. After two or three months, attacks by the ferocious Sioux forced Pursley and his Indian friends off the plains and into the mountains. They camped for a while in South Park where the American erected the cross that Pike found a year and a half later.

Then, in Pike's words, "the Indians, knowing they were approximating New Mexico, determined to send Pursley, with his companions and two of their body, into Santa Fe, to know of the Spaniards if they would receive them friendly and enter into trade with them." The lonely Kentuckian jumped at the chance because, as he told Pike, he had despaired of ever reaching civilization again.

In fact, he had become so pessimistic about his chances of returning to white society that, although he found gold at the head of the South Platte, he threw it away after carrying it about in his shot pouch for several months. He had lost "in his mind all the ideal value which mankind have stamped on that metal." If this story is true, Jim Pursley has the honor of being the first Anglo-American to discover gold in Colorado.

On June 4, 1804 he reached Santa Fe. After receiving a favorable reply to the Indians' request, he and the two Frenchmen decided to remain in the South. Though he told Pike that he could have a passport to leave anytime he wanted, it is more likely that he was retained. It was rare for a foreigner to be allowed to remain at liberty in the northern province, so close to the international border, because of the potential for becoming involved in illegal trade. But Pursley had a skill which was needed there and which could support him without recourse to breaking the law.

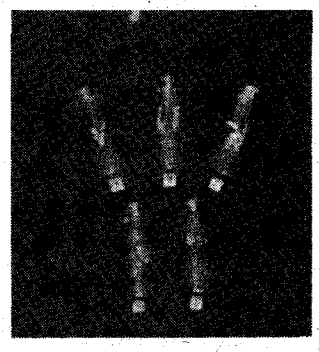
The Indians returned to their people with gifts of clothing, food, and tobacco — and measles. Jim also caught the disease and had to live on loans from the Mexicans until September. By the time Pike arrived the next year he had earned enough money to buy tools and pay off the debts for his convalescence and was making a comfortable living as a carpenter.

After 1821 when Mexico won her independence and restrictions on travel were lifted, he took part in the lucrative trade between Missouri and Santa Fe. In 1826 he received a license as a Mexican citizen to trade in Sonora and Chihuahua. He also had a license to trap beaver in Mexico but sold or lent it to an American citizen. Jim apparently preferred the merchant trade to the more risky business of trapping.

Pursley's subsequent years are shadowy. He settled down as a respected citizen with a Mexican wife. His son was killed by Apaches in 1848. Stephen Foster said in an interview in the 1880s that he had known Jim in 1849 in Oposura, Sonora, and had enjoyed taking his morning chocolate with the handsome old man, dressed in the Mexican style. Foster thought that Jim died around 1850.

Jim Pursley retired from the fur trade at the time it was just getting under way in the West. The trade had a short but glorious future, and the mountain men would live their few decades of fame, then pass into legend. Though little is known about him, Jim Pursley deserves to be remembered as one of the first of that "reckless breed of men."

A-Arrowhead B-Eagle
C-Horsehead D-Cochina
E-Tomahawk



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the BAKING SODA BOOK

by
EILEEN CHARBO
Photos provided by author

Meet a little lady who was a natural "gossip columnist" but didn't know it!

WRAPPED in a salt sack and stored in a drawer of a flimsy attic chiffonier, lay an old baking soda book. My grandmother saved it thirty years from her own mother's things. When it got down to me it was falling to pieces. But it was right at 100 years old, and in the handwriting of my great-grandmother, Mrs. Henry (Luisa Blackmarr) Benedict. This was her egg and chicken account ledger, and a now-and-then diary. She began January 1880 and ran out of pages April 12, 1913.

Entries crowded blank pages and filled borders and margins around the accounts. Luisa's closely written hieroglyphics, initials, abbreviations and omitted verbs — once translated — reveal all the bumps in what we now consider "the even tenor" of her times. Her mild aggravation with a young, liberated sister-in-law threads through the entries. Rizpe was a years-younger sister-in-law. The family Bible shows her the third wife of Henry's oft-widowed brother John, who never waited a decent interval to remarry, according to Luisa.

I was in high school the spring that Luisa died. I filled in details from talks with my grandparents (her daughter and son-in-law). She recorded a drowning, an unsolved murder; a Spiritualist camp meeting; death of the village midwife.

A ragged letter from her cousin Pringle stuck between the pages related the death of his hired man by suicide. Right at calf weaning time when he was most needed. Luisa noted disapproval of unladylike behavior of the mayor's twelve-year-old daughter who hung her feet off the back of a hayrack And again of Pr[esident] Gr[over] Cl[eveland] for desecrating a sacred holiday by sitting on the ground at a 4th of July public picnic.

Most libraries have a thick reference book titled *Union List of Serials.* In it are listed nearly all the newspapers ever published in this country, and where they are on file. To check Luisa's statements I read microfilm of *Saline County Journal; Ottawa County Herald; Unterrified Democrat;* and the *Chicago Inter-Ocean.* The opening entry in the Baking Soda Book, January 1880, deals with death. The final entry in 1913 says the President has promised World Peace.

LUISA made short mention of Art Tronsier's puzzling disappearance and his alleged murder, but my grandfather, a Commander of the village Knights of Pythias Lodge, told me an accurate version of Denny Hathaway's "confessions" that shocked the little community. The story unfolded from Luisa's entry "D[enny] Hath[away] delirious on db [deathbed] Confessed murder."

Jan. 1880 "Chester, Plymouth Rock rooster dead when Henry unlocked henhouse. 5 yrs. 3 mos. Rizpe says all eggs look alike. Not true. Ch's get different and superior in all ways. He paid for new bonnet and for my frivolity cherry-pitter."

Chester was a chanticleer who lifted Luisa's flocks' setting-egg production to fame and high places, known to every egg packer in her county, which was a dairy and poultry center.

June 17, 1880 "Never borrow. Never lend. Wicked to say when my mourning bonnet has been — and will be — lent all over the county. Any woman may wear it to go decent to a funeral if she has none at hand. But I want it promptly returned. I walked a long, hot walk almost across our twnp., to recover mine. Loaned last Apr. to the Coopers for their cousin Maidi's service over to Delphos. I need it for Aid mtg next week as am in black for infant Elnora [Luisa's daughter] lost in May."

The local paper noted this baby's passing. The schoolteacher let the class out early to cut across the pasture and file by the house to pay respect to the tiny white casket of the infant sister of Lu and Clare Jones, their schoolmates.

Luisa's mourning bonnet was indeed an institution much worn around the neighborhood. She mentions retrimming it every few years; a new length of black tulle. A small curled black

Below: Salina, Kansas in 1870.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

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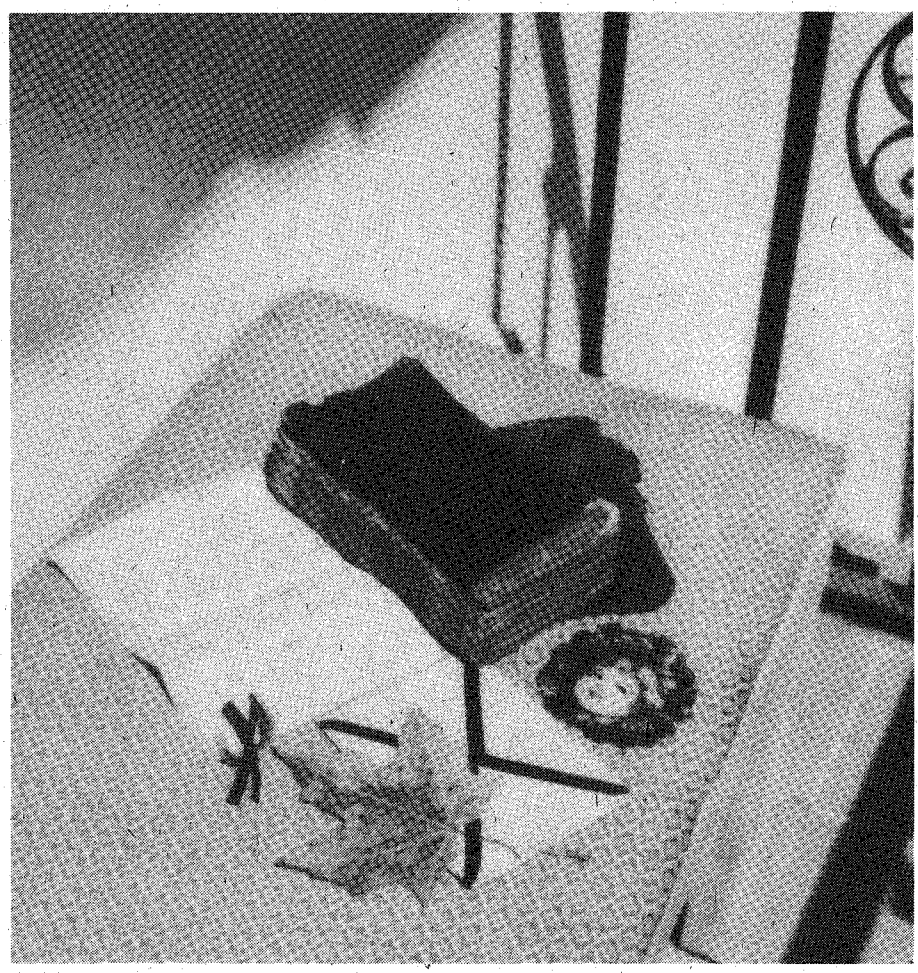

Above: Close-up of Luisa's book and contents: a maple leaf, Pharos' letter, a small valentine, black-bordered envelope and a lock of hair tied with black ribbon.

feather; jet buttons for the weeds of her own widowhood. Clare remembered Luisa as beautiful, sitting in church in her tatted collars and the bonnet with its new black silk daisies circling her white hair.

August 5, 1883 "Female sentenced for horse stealing! IC[Inter-Ocean] says this evil woman Belle Starr, sentenced to one year in Detroit House of Correction and will be reformed, weaving cane chair seats there."

Oct. 3, 1883 "Mary brought Purple Plant today. Calla campa, I think. Looks like buckbush. Planted on north side. Turned half gal. fruit jar over it so won't wilt. Beautiful."

June 5, 1884 "Mittie, I and Mrs. Skear did our deed. Mr. Schmerchek [Bohemian farmer neighbor] struck by lightning. His girls hadn't dresses fit for father's funeral. Only gaudiest colors — their custom. We dyed their everyday things; stirred them in Mittie's outdoor kettle. Strchd and ironed them. The many daughters walked in twos in their nice black, behind the coffin. The two smallest have hair like thread gold. LR sweet on eldest."

7 July 1884 "Out of bed to say prayers when word came (9 in the night) the Andrews boy drowned below the sawmill falls. Henry helped drag the river by lantern light. Body near where he went down. Blessing his folks have three others to heal this wound. Fried two chix and deviled 3 doz. eggs for lunch after cemetery."

9 Aug. 1884 "Rizpe borrowed my Risen Battercake receipt last month. I gave her nice starter. She knows I use a dish to measure, as it holds exactly one cup measure. In front of everyone at Aid, she read the receipt and said, 'Luisa, I can't imagine you putting in half dishwater and half milk. But the cakes tasted fine.' I told her the receipt said half-dish each of water and milk. If she cares to feed her family dishwater, far be it from me to interfere.'

Sunday, Sept. 1887 "Youngest Harness girl married after meeting today. Watered down the keg of apple cider to make it stretch. Nice presents. Rizpe's and us ordered a Stereoptican Viewer. I wanted the Yellowstone set, or Queen Victoria's Golden Anniversary. But Pa and John said the boy should have the views of Agriculture Exhibit at the Phila. Centennial. Views are wonderful. What will they think of next?"

—1887 "Delphia's baby red and broken out with egsuma. Made batch of plantain leaf and mutton tallow salve. The thanks I got was 'Makes the baby worse red. Anything with sheep or wool fat bothers her skin'. Ha."

October 1887 "Terrible thing last Monday. 12-yr. old orphan Tommy Riley working since Aug. at the sawmill, had his head cut off. Leaned over cutaway to watch the twisting blade going down to skin bark off saplings. The one coming down from above, got him. Poor child. Undertaker said he'd put the head in the casket beside body. Henry and others there to help, said he'd do nothing of the kind. One gave a fine white silk kerchief that covered the poor little neck, chest to chin. Never saw more tears at a funeral. All wish we'd taken him in. He'd be here today."

Decoration Day 1890 "Bx lnch Reunion at Mt. Hope [Bennington, Kansas] today. Kin from everywhere tended their graves. My 8 doz. pink pineys [peonies?] much larger than Rizpe's white ones. Pa bent wires and we made nice evergreen wreaths. Charlie C., the sexton, has joke on self. Teacher asked him to round up oldest man in county to speak on Early Times at Exercise Day. 'Well,' he says, 'there's old Jeff Patterson. Hell, I'm older'n him. There's the Heiser brothers just one year younger'n God. Hell, I'm older'n both of them.' What a vile tongue he has in his head. It took him down a notch to realize he's oldest, active man in county. Everything neat in cem. Arborviteys trimmed to balls, and mowed grass ricked up for some deserving needy to carry home. I have more friends there than anywhere, I think.

"Rizpe was there with her fork-ed tongue. 'Well,' says she, 'look who's got the biggest stone in the graveyard. And him the town drunkard. One time I played over to their house and Sary said to play quiet and not open the bedroom door because Papa had a headache. I bet he did.'

"Sary's monument over her husband's grave is beautiful. An angel holds out her arm like she's dropping a wreath, crowning an invisible person. The angel stands on her bare toes like she's running, atop the tall marble block carved with drape and tassels on one side, and the crossed flags of the Potomac Cavalry he served with (and got the Evil Habit trying to keep from freezing those winters).

"Pa ate so much fried chicken says he'll fit his burying suit, sure, and I may have to set in a gusset.[Sometime in late '80s or early 90s Luisa coaxed Henry into buying a fine black broadcloth suit for his burying.] Pa and I

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This picture of Luisa and Henry Benedict and family members was probably taken in 1869 in Ohio. Standing, left to right: Luisa, Mrs. Levi (Esther) Cowgill and Mrs. John Kellum (Susan) Benedict. Seated, left to right: Annis Benedict, Mrs. Joseph (Phebe) Mott, Henry, Sarah ("Aunt Sat"), and John Kellum Benedict.

getting on. Must be prepared. I finished tatting white collar and cuffs for new black maline. Will keep all in clothespress and we'll wear occasionally to church and grand events to keep them in condition."

AT SIXTY, Henry was a tall, robust man. But he faded away. Years rolled along and he rocked more on the front stoop; watched Luisa's garden grow; read *Capper's Weekly* from cover to cover; wore out the backs of his Bible. At noon dinner, he'd say "Don't put so much on my plate. I haven't been plowing since sunup, you know. Things just don't seem to set so well as they used to. Wish I had some pears from the old home place, in Ohio."

His shrinking away worried Luisa. She'd gather a handful of the new suit in front and say how fine the back fit. Then gather another in the back, and say how perfect the front looked.

Death called unexpectedly for Henry when they were off at a family reunion with Ohio Quaker kin. The train ride surely qualified for a "Grand Event" and probably they wore their burying clothes. Luisa wrote, "I used to laugh at Ma's concern over the habiliments of the Future but now that I'm that age myself, it is not funny."

Spring Aid Mtg. 1899 "Nice devotional and lots of good talk at Aid around quilt frames. Mary served crumb cake and strong tea. We worked on the all-white BRL [burial?] quilt to be used over coffins in church aisle. Almost ready to come out of frames and just beautiful. Pine box or expensiviest bronzed casket will be equal under our quilted Princess Feather swirls. I made Henry promise to screw down the lid of my coffin and have this quilt draped over it. I don't want Rizpe a-looking into my dead face and criticizing or cracking jokes.

"Myra and I stayed with Mary after others gone and formulated set of quilting rules while we ripped out-----'s terrible stitches. And redid it. Myra puts it, 'She's young. Maybe that's why she quilts like a heathen Chinee. Sews with a spike. Never wears a thimble. Uses thread lengths that will give her rheumatism-elbow, sure. You could throw a cat through her stitches.'

"Here are the rules we made: Take fine stitches, very even. Use big-eyed, strong, short needle. Use quilt twist in short lengths. Sew it the way it comes off the spool to avoid knotting. Keep hands very clean. If any work requires re-doing, get one trusted friend to help pick it out. Re-do poor work and never tell a soul.

"Pharos Eliza [child of her deceased daughter who paid a five year visit to her grandmother] goes everywhere with me. Little angel so like her angel mamma. Hard to say the dead don't live again."

Jan. 4, 1900 "New Century! Henry had us celebrate by spending day with John and his easy going Rizpe and his kids, her kids, and their kids. When arrived, she reading newspaper, holding her baby and rocking over clothes pin for excitement, she said.

"We drove over after Sunday meeting as Prince was in sleigh shafts. I wanted to take pair of dressed chix, but Pa said that might offend Rizpe's feelings. Ha. So I sacked up flour; 2 doz hardcooked eggs; and big pumpkin pudding. Henry carried along his hunt-

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Above: 1899 photo of granddaughter Pharos standing next to Luisa's elephant-ear plant.

ing gun. Sport on the Sabbath! He said it might be smart to shoot a couple rabbits along the way and we'd dress them there for dinner. And well he did. Dorcas [John's 11-year-old by previous wife] was churning. Izzie B. [Rizpe's four-year-old son by former marriage] feeding dogs right there in the kitchen. He is a pretty child, but a Little Beast. Filled Henry's whipsocket with mud and snow that will have to be dug out, come spring. Every smidgen of rabbit, eggs, biscuit, gravy and pudding was licked up.

"Rizpe is cheerful but sloven — even to naming animals and children. Calls their Shepherd dog that brings up the cows, just Dog. Calls her baby Mousie and the other child Girlena. And Izzie B!

"The men say wonderful things will come this new century. Indians may get The Vote. If women ever should, I'd like to see Miss Frances D. Willard president. But she's dead these past two years.

"John complained horses likely will be replaced with a machine, and his business ruined. Ha. More likely the sun and moon would be replaced.

"H and J built big bonfire out back of the manure pile to celebrate, and threw in a few powder caps for the children's excitement."

The following May Luisa returned home from the Ohio Reunion alone.

May 15, 1900 "I must quit looking for dear Pa to come through that kitchen door. So peaceful and young there with his snowy beard against his broadcloth coat. Like when I first saw him. Never one vile thing in that man's nature. He is buried in his home cemetery Peru, Ohio. Quaker custom lays its dead side by side, according to date of death. So I won't sleep beside dear Pa till the Trump of Doom, for I might be a block away when my time comes. I best see about a lot in Mt. Hope beside Elnora's baby."

Jan. 1902 "Gramma Rasher [village midwife?] gone to Long Home. Many a Newborn got first spank from her tender hands. A saint on earth, if ever I knew one. My name was on her receipt for prune cake. Will make for Aid when my turn comes. Last fall, I visited her. In the road, out front, were ripples of music so heavenly I cannot describe it. Rushed out without our shawls. It was Mover People [Gypsies?] headed south in ragged covered wagon. A dark, curly man stood on tailgate running fingers over golden harp high as himself. Gramma R. said she thought she'd died and gone to heaven, so beautiful the rippling music.

"I had but two nickels in my belt reticule and after the dark man extended his hand and got those, he was disinclined to play more although I meant them as advance on another tune. He laid the harp back on a litter of frowsy quilts and waved his hand to the teamster to move along. John says there won't be a chicken safe in the county till these people go on through. Their harp music is worth a chicken or two.

"Gramma R's funeral a fine turnout considering she's way past 80 and the weather is freezing cold; and no kin. Wherebouts of her wayward granddaughter is anybody's guess. And after all Gramma did for her. Gramma's daughter Bertha was fallen very young. A baby in the crib and no man in the bed. But Gramma stood by Bertha and her baby and held up their heads. Then Bertha ran off with the barber and Gramma raised this dainty grandchild, doing without for herself.

"Dolly was 16 when she left a loving farewell note for Gramma and was never heard from again. In her last sickness, Gramma took to her bed in Dolly's room and discovered 'Dolly Rasher' written over and over on the roof support slanting above her bed. 'Luisa,' she said, 'Don't you think Dolly wrote that for me to find, because she knew how much I loved her?'"

June 12, 1902 "Warm and windy. Wht. showing nice. Dear Pa always noted weather and measured rain in fruit jar out past the pump. And snow depth east of barn. But I am not going to write of weather. Rather, the Events of my life. Letter from Cousin Pringle today. [This letter was folded between the pages.] Lost my hired man by a hard-to-understand act. Nobody knows what agony of heart or poverty of home larder, lonesomeness, might drive a man to stick a gun into his mouth and pull the trigger. [Cousin Pringle lived in a large German Catholic settlement near Alma.] The Priest, according to his Papist tenets, said he could not bury a suicide in hallowed ground. The bell of our Congregational Church tolled us Protestants to service right after noon dinner Wed., two weeks past. Preacher Kincaid stood up in his sweaty overalls and said, 'I cain't speak for the Lord on what He does when His children go unbidden into His presence. But I do know this. We ain't here to judge. We're here to help. We can do just that, and haven't no time to lose in this hot weather. We better make up our minds here and now to give Judge Pringle's hired man

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Charlot a decent burial and get back to the haying. We can make a place for him in the corner of our cemetery.'

"'Sam Smith — a blowhard since we were boys, said it was a good chance to show Congregational Grace over the Papist Persuasion. Preacher Kincaid had a good answer. 'Sam,' he says, 'they's lots of remarks a person thinks that don't need sayin' out loud.' Charlot was buried in the clothes he wore — his poor best. He had slicked back his hair before he did this Terrible Thing. No body knew much about him, but Preacher Kincaid gave him a nice send-off and gets a star in his crown (if he has already won that). 'Our brother Charlot was a good hired man. The Judge says so. We none of us understood him very well due to his accent. But he was a good neighbor. Right there to help bind wheat for Clem Cary after he had his stroke. Charlot was a clean man. Washed his own overalls and they were on Mrs. Pringle's clothesline every two weeks.'

"The sexton made a little cross over the grave, of box braces from the mercantile. He carved deep into the wood CHARLOT and below that PORKAY? (because the school professor says that in French that means Why?). It is a poor time to lose Charlot right now with the haying and calf-weaning time."

LUISA'S record has brief entries about a murder that shocked the Bennington-Asherville area.

June 8, 1906 "D[enny] Hath[away] delirious on db (deathbed). Confessed murder. Claims he is murderer of Art Tronsier."

"Lodge Brothers sit up with D H He told where he hid body."

"D H bur. this afternoon. Immense funeral."

"Miss S[impson] has Orange Blossom silver with address of Mattie T. in Cal."

"Kn. of Pythias clear DH of sin."

This mystery rocked the rural community. I knew the story from my grandfather who sat with the dying Denny. Fifty years later, visiting 91-year-old Roy Moxley, who lived as a youth around Bennington, I asked what he knew of the Tronsier-Hathaway mystery. He repeated the same story I'd had from my grandfather.

What strange turn of mind makes men confess to crimes they never committed? Do their souls yearn to be where the Big Action is? "Is this all there is?" must assail their souls. At the end, do they feel cheated by uneventful, grubbing existences and turn some long-forgotten fleeting fancy to reality? Here are the facts surrounding Luisa's diary entries:

You couldn't say exactly that old Art Tronsier was unemployed — he just never worked. Sat on the Guaranty Bank wooden bench and moved around the corner to the shady side, after he ate noon dinner up at the cottage of his strapping daughters. When chill autumn wind blew noisy, brittle leaves around his big work-shoes, he sat in the cottage in front of the baseburner till spring. For his pair of go-getter daughters now in their early thirties, he credited his German wife. He bragged on how good his girls were to him. They kept his overalls and jumper clean and mended: his beard barbered and his shoes shined for Sunday.

They surprised everybody by answering an ad inserted in the paper by a widower with a flock of young ones. He planned to go by wagon to California and wanted a woman to go along to cook and mind his children. Lena Tronsier said she'd jump at this good money offer and Mattie would go along to chaperone her. At first, the man did not want to feed two. He got over that when Lena offered to help with the team and Mattie with the cow. The girls never came back.

Art made fun of their letters that said California was second only to the Garden of Eden. They got jobs soon after their arrival there, burning smudge fires all night long in a great orange grove. This kept frost from ruining the crop. Lena drew a picture of the smudge — a long length of stovepipe standing in a can of oil that burned gently through the night, keeping ahead of the nippy air that damaged blossom and tender fruit just setting on. Then, first thing you knew, Mattie wrote that the aged owner of the grove had married Lena, and the girls ran the fruit farm. Art must come out and live with them. He'd like this son-in-law who was his age.

Art said no telling what the girls might accomplish. Summer came and with it a letter from Mattie enclosing a hundred dollars and lots of directions on how to get to Los Angeles. Art showed the bill around town. It didn't look so much. Just a picture Mr. Benjamin Franklin on one side and Independence Hall on the other. Art said he didn't favor sitting around drinking orange juice all day, but the bit about warm sunshine while December snow howled around home, did get to him and he set a date.

The girls said he was to have someone drive him over to Salina where he'd catch the train to Kansas City. During the KC layover, he was to fill in blanks on a stamped postal card with the train number, exact time he'd leave KC, and the day and hour of arrival in Los Angeles. He was to mail the card at the railroad post office, inside the station.

The Knights of Pythias Lodge gave Art a send-off party and his lodge brother Denny Hathaway, who owned the livery barn, offered to drive him over to Salina and get him aboard the train headed for Kansas City. The Aid ladies made a nice, big fried chicken lunch packed in two shoeboxes that should last an ordinary eater four days. After that Art would have to resort to train-butch stuff if the trip outlasted their final packet of cheese and crackers.

Homefolks supposed they'd hear from old Art, but no one did. They quit wondering about him. A war swept over. "REMEMBER THE MAINE" was painted atop the water standpipe. A new century with great hopes was rung in. A couple of hard winters went by, then a few mild ones. There were lots of caterpillars and wheat rust to worry about. A horseless carriage roared up Main Street scaring every team and horse and mule and many of the people, most to death. Luisa had an entry in late spring 1906: "Art T. did not get to Calif. D H confessed to lodge brothers."

Here is where the mystery deepened. Denny confessed to one after another of his lodge brothers sitting up with him, that he murdered old Art on their way to Salina. He said he stole Art's hundred-dollar bill. The shocked night-sitters beside his deathbed got together to talk among themselves, and found Denny confessed to every changing shift of listeners. The same sorry story. He begged pitifully for forgiveness. He wanted it off his conscience, to die relieved of this burden of guilt.

June 28, 1906 " 'Denny H is tormented,' John told Rizpe and me. 'His eyes ain't glassy and he ain't feverish. Just kind of out of his head,' says J.

"Everyone puzzled over this and sat up and listened close to Denny's mumblings. He told them exactly where he'd buried Art's body, shortly after dark the day they started for Salina. He had a fire shovel in the buggy boot for that express purpose. The creek bank was very soft to dig, along that little stream about 200 yards below the Solomon bridge. He stole Art's hundred-dollar bill and ate a lot of the lunch.

"How had he killed Art" Hit him over the head with that loaded whipstock I keep around the livery barn. Just like a lead pipe,' he said.

"The men told all this to Constable Marshall who went right over and took

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a turn sitting, questioning Denny officially. Denny varied the story some. Said he killed Art with 'that old balpeen hammer I carried for loose shoes. Didn't take much of a blow to kill an old man.'

"The Constable said it was a wild goose chase, but he picked an eager gang, handy with pick and spade, and they went to the spot Denny described. They lined up with the burr oak tree and dug till their first zeal turned to doubt, then disgust. The weakening Denny was queried carefully and another team dug and used rods in the soft soil. Never a button, bone, suit scrap, shoe leather or shred of evidence for any dead man did they turn up. They almost dug up the whole creek and field before they quit. Denny Hathaway died, begging forgiveness. Mystery — unproved murder — gave him a funeral overwhelming in size and interest. It would have pleased him to see what a stir he caused in the village where he had lived out his life. Every vehicle in his livery barn was rented.

June 30 "Town Meeting called. "Everybody put in his 2¢ worth. Upshot of town opinion is that Denny was delirious," wrote Luisa.

The unsullied reputation of the little town was at stake. People were repelled by thoughts of a murderer in their midst. It just didn't hold water. Somebody pointed out that William Quantrill, dead these many years, still had old men claiming they rode with him in his border escapades and nobody believed one word of it. And in that gruesome crime in Fall River, Massachusetts where a daughter gave each of her parents forty whacks with an axe, people were still confessing to that, long after the daughter was acquitted. It now was not a matter of whether Art had been murdered. Denny didn't do it.

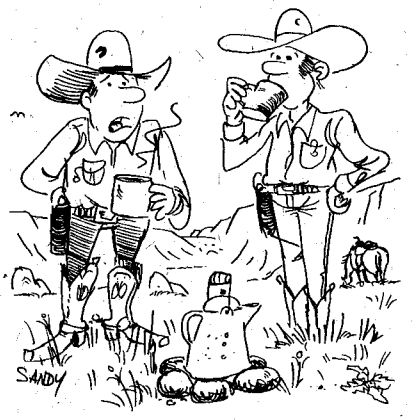
Denny couldn't have had Art's hundred-dollar bill. Whatever would he have done with all that money? He never once acted like a rich man. A tiny insurance policy had buried him. For years he'd paid ten cents a week on that. Still and all, Art never wrote any letters back home. By hindsight, that seemed odd, though at the time it hadn't seemed so.

The constable's wife said a letter must go right now to Mattie and Lena. She recollected that the Half Mile District schoolteacher probably had the Orange Grove address because of an offer the sisters' orange grove had made. Any bride who mailed to them 300 of the tissue wrappers from oranges packed at their grove (plus ten cents postage) would receive a beautiful set of six William Rogers plated orange-blossom-pattern knives and forks. The grove address was printed in green ink on every wrapper.

Miss Simpson had the silverware and produced the address on a wrapper still imprinted with tines of a fork. She recalled what a time she had getting 300 wrappers, begging schoolchildren to bring theirs in from the Christmas treat. And she had to buy five dozen, herself.

Nearing fifty, and independent as always, Mattie Tronsier appeared one day unexpectedly. She rented a buggy in Salina and drove herself over. She had talked with agents in Kansas City and Salina stations but hadn't learned anything helpful.

The puzzling thing, she said, was that she and Lena had received the card postmarked in Kansas City Station, with their dad's writing. They had met train after train on the strength of that. They decided he must have dropped off at some sunny stop



"The extent of my travel is walking around a coffee pot looking for the handle."

en route that took his fancy and he might show up later. Letters written back to Kansas to him were returned marked "Gone to California." That, and the conflicting tales that Denny had told let him off the hook of suspicion.

"When we were little kids," Mattie recalled, "Denny loaned Papa a horse to plow with. I can't believe he killed him." Others recalled the stream of tramps Denny allowed to sleep in his livery barnloft on cold nights. He used to invite Spence White, only colored man in town, and who served as barber, to eat supper with him on Christmas, as both were lonely.

"No," Mattie said, "Denny didn't do such a thing. He never made any fuss when I helped those ornery Kemp twins put one of his rent buggies on top of the standpipe. Denny didn't do anything to Papa." Everyone came to agree Art must have dropped off, somewhere along the way.

So the Knights of Pythias drew up a resolution to be spread on the Minutes and in the Newspaper, exonerating Dennis Hathaway of Old Art Tronsier's disappearance. (This clip was in Luisa's book.)

SPIRITUALISTS have had a summer camp in a grove near Wells, Kansas from back in the early '80s — and still have it, so far as I know. It was going strong the last time my husband and I passed along that road returning from a Colorado vacation in 1960.

Luisa in her generation, had visited this very camp, because she noted it in her diary in an undated entry about 1910. Years before, she had lost a son in a logging accident near Salt Lake, Utah, and never ceased to grieve that he had died so far from family and friends and love and care.

"Elnora and I drove top buggy over to Wells for Spir. Seance, Friday, sundown. I was so excited as I stepped into dark tent, all but fainted. E. sensibly said, 'Don't, or you will miss what you came for.' I got used to dimness of hot, crowded tent and could barely see Medium, half reclining in canvas folding chair. She kind of dozed off. A tiny, gold, toy trumpet seemed to flip and glide around, and it clicked against my glasses frames. Petrified me.

"Medium began to deliver her message in singsong. I was stiff with fear. 'I see a beautiful young man....he speaks...to a mother — or a sister. He is well. He is happy. He does not want you to grieve...the vision fades away...'

"I was overcome then and all the way home in the buggy. But here in my own kitchen, the words seem to fit anyone. If I could just be sure I had a contact with Frederick. I was shooken."

June, 1910 "Pharos Eliza graduated from 6th grade. Her papa and stepmamma here. They think her very smart." The handwriting had become shaky and the final entries were a little difficult to read.

Groundhog day, 1913. [February 2 was Luisa's birthday.] "Really an old lady today. Groundhog saw his shadow so can count on my rheumatism 6 more weeks. I've worked hard all my days, and have earned the right to do fancywork and tatting. And now I cannot see well enough to do it. Pa called it 'added bonuses of age.'

Apr. 13, 1913. "Pages in my old soda book have run out, and so have I. This day, and this year, are said to be bad luck. But the Pres. promises never another War in this world, so I am thankful. Living with Elnora now and she and Al are my angels. But miss old home and old times. Neither chick nor child to do for. L. B."

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RICE, DICE AND LICHEE NUTS

America the "promised land"? Not for those who crossed the wrong ocean to get here . . .

By
GENEVIEVE H. MILLER
Photos provided by author

REMEMBER the term, the Yellow Peril? It became a national issue, but I will speak only of my own small area. By the middle 1800s scores of Chinese had migrated to Washington Territory. China's dense population had so reduced farmland in that country that those who could afford transportation simply had to find living room elsewhere. One possibility was the Pacific Northwest.

The Chinese's frugal living, submissiveness and cheap labor (for a "handful of rice" a few settlers bragged) affected our workers, so in 1868 a treaty was signed with China to decrease their influx into this country. When it continued, Congress in 1892 added further restrictions which led inevitably to smuggling.

At first they went to British Columbia, but when jobs there were filled they seeped into the States, usually smuggled into the Olympic Peninsula by landing on the beaches along the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Discovery Bay was a popular landing place, as many could hide in the thick forests until accomplices took them over the mountains to Puget Sound cities to work on the railroad. A number, though, remained on the Peninsula where settlers were too busy to be very concerned over the infiltration of Chinese aliens.

Besides, the Chinese laborers, willing to work at any job regardless of danger or long hours or poor pay, were valuable to settlers with little cash but much land to be cleared.

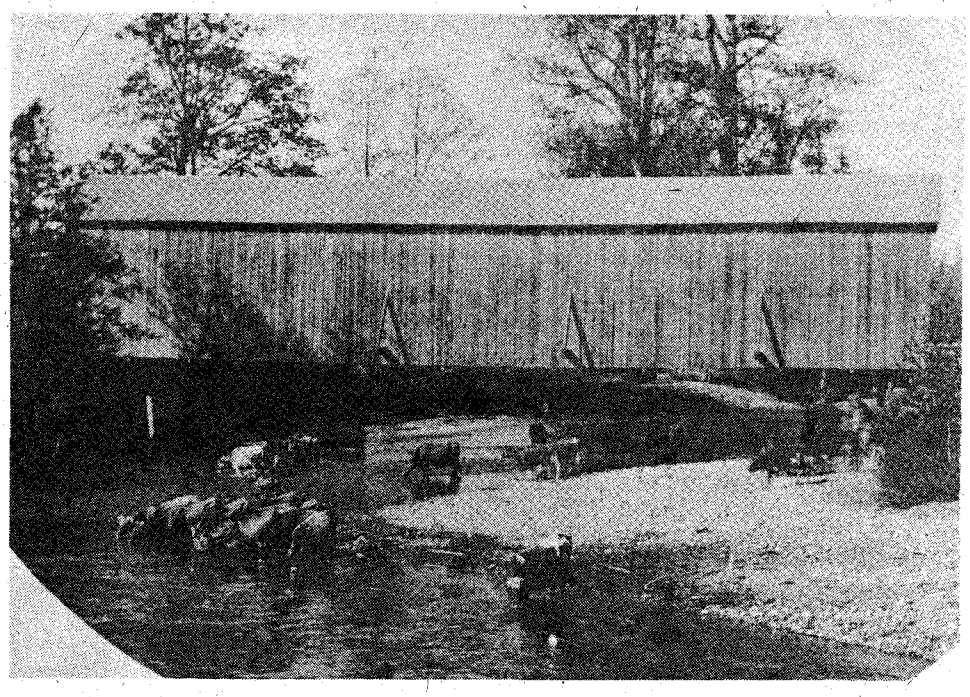
Many tales were told of ships from Victoria, B.C. carrying Chinese in chains, or bound, though that is questionable as there was little possibility of escape. Some speculated that ship owners were more concerned about the opium on board than their human cargo.

The smugglers' ships came across the Straits in the dark of night, often aided by fog. They anchored offshore while awaiting men in small boats who rowed the Chinese to shore for an established price per head.

At least once, according to published accounts of pioneers, a ship anchored out a few miles from Port Angeles, then saw the lights of what they feared was the revenue cutter, *Oliver Wolcott*, approaching. Fearing the penalty for smuggling, they dumped their illegal "cargo" into the sea where all perished.

In the early 1900s Clint Thompson, who had settled east of Port Angeles, hired a number of newly arrived Chinese to drain a shallow lake on his land. For many days the Chinese toiled at digging a long ditch some called "the tunnel" to the cliff above the bay. One old-timer described it as "the width of a fair-sized room and about 300 feet long."

One day when the ditch was extended nearly to the steep cliff the waterlogged earth on each side collapsed. The force of rushing water washed the laborers — a couple clinging to their wheelbarrows — into the sea. Stories vary; some settlers thought a few made it to shore; others, including the family of Annie Nerbovig, early Happy Valley pioneers, believed all



At right: The Dungeness Valley bridge.

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Two workers from the Dungeness area: Hang (left) and Bow Shee.

perished. Today the hole in the cliff — just a short distance from a residential area — can be seen by beachcombers. The site of the tragedy is still called "Lake Farm."

THE DIFFICULTIES of their countrymen did not deter others from attempting to enter illegally, some hoping to reach the Sound cities, many hoping to stay in Clallam County. Peninsula Chinese often became respected farmers and businessmen. Around 1915 Lum Sue was a well known and liked farmer. His shiny Model T Ford — usually filled with sacks of onions and potatoes and pigtailed, immaculately dressed little girls — was a common sight around Port Angeles. The hard-working Lum Sue saved enough money to build a large apartment house on the edge of a valley in the city, where a daughter and her husband still live.

The late Madge Nailor, whose family arrived in Port Angeles in the late 1800s, recalled the integrity of Lum Sue and other local Chinese such as Ling Toy who operated a bazaar selling rice, Chinese art and silks and satins, until he left Port Angeles shortly after 1910, possibly to return to China.

Madge Nailor told of a tragedy concerning a Chinese she knew only by name, and a white man she knew quite well. When the quiet little Chinese came from Victoria where he had been working with his countrymen who were cooks or gardeners for wealthy residents, he volunteered little information except that he wished to operate a hand laundry.

He bought lumber and built a small shack on the beach alongside some Indian tents and a few squatters' houses. Soon he was running a laundry where wives took their finest damask tablecloths and businessmen brought their finest white shirts to be washed, blued, starched and ironed. Madge laughingly wondered if this laundryman dampened his clothes by the popular Chinese method of filling the mouth with clear water then spraying it on the wrinkles, but Madge admitted that the finished product was snowy white and smooth as glass. Everyone liked the little man with the long queue and inscrutable face, and he ran a flourishing business. Then a man arrived from the East and in time founded a real estate business which was not flourishing. To maintain his dapper appearance he frequently took his shirts to the beach laundry but he didn't pay his bill. One day the laundryman said, "No money, no shirts back." Later, associates recalled the customer's black looks and surliness.

Early one morning, the laundryman's neighbors, observing no smoke coming from the tin chimney, pushed through the flimsy door and found him, still in his nightshirt, strangled. Madge Nailor said that to her knowledge no effort was made to apprehend the murderer. The white-shirted real estate man eventually became

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wealthy, married a beautiful young woman, and built an elegant home — one with no view of the beach.

Twenty-some years ago an Oriental newspaper reporter became intrigued with the unsolved murders around Port Angeles. A friend of his, an American woman, offered to help investigate and called on a Chinese family who lived in a narrow, long house on the city's outskirts. After entering a dark hallway a Chinese man led her through heavy black velvet curtains, through another dark hallway to a windowless, airless room. A perfect place to hide someone, she thought.

A very ill Chinese woman was lying on a couch. With typical impassiveness, both members of the family refused to talk, so the reporter's helper left, glad to breathe in some sunshine again.

After two weeks' sleuthing for stories, three of which were printed in a local paper, the investigating reporter received a series of threatening phone calls and precipitously left the city.

MANY CHINESE worked for early settlers of the Dungeness and Happy Valley (so called because of the absence of women). Ranchers were glad to allow the Chinese to raise potatoes in payment for clearing land. The Chinese sold potatoes to other settlements, mills, and logging camps, and were overjoyed at the quantity and size of the vegetables the fertile land produced.

Annie Nerbovig said, "We copied their method of potato storage by placing straw on a high area, then the potatoes which we covered with straw, then dirt. We dug a drainage ditch around the mound."

Her family's account book carried names such as Joe Que, Ba Hang, Chinese Sam, and Big Tom. All of them were kind, giving the children oranges and lichee nuts for Christmas.

A favorite Happy Valley tale is of two Chinese digging a well on the Laurenson place. One was at the bottom; the other, on top to haul out the dirt. When the one on top saw smoke from what he thought was his cabin he tore out for home, leaving the other stranded in the well, cussing in Chinese.

John Laurenson finally came home from school and rescued the hapless welldigger — who also tore out for home with Chinese oaths still bluing the air.

Lee Hop, a Dungeness farmer, married a white woman who only wanted to use him, friends suspected when two white men and two more white women moved into his small home. Lee Hop appealed to authorities who figured the whites were dealing in narcotics. After the sheriff ordered them onto a boat sailing up-Sound, Lee Hop delightedly repeated, "All go. All go." He had evidently become almost a prisoner in his own house.

Most settlers appreciated the Chinese, whom they found to be honest, kind and generous. One of them, Bow Shee, lived in a small cabin near Dungeness until his death in 1940. With no family claiming his body, he was to be buried in the potter's field, but the sympathetic cemetery sexton, Sam Emery, buried the gentle Chinese on Emery's own land.

In the late 1800s when some Chinese bodies washed ashore near Dungeness, likely dumped by a smuggling ship, settlers buried them on "Graveyard Spit." Once when Bow Shee discovered a white man digging up a grave, Bow Shee warned, "Stop! You die if you do that." But the ghoulish man kept on digging and he did die a violent death two weeks later by drowning.

Such "coincidences" were not all that uncommon. Some poor losers once chased some Chinese they thought had cheated them at dice, and a Chinese was shot. Neighbors, angered at the senseless killing, felt it was only retribution when shortly after the shooting the murderer went crazy.

While the Clallam County Chinese were living relatively peaceful lives (even having open house at New Year's when they served rice dishes, oranges and lichee nuts), those working in Seattle and Tacoma were being cruelly treated by men wanting their jobs. The more stoic Chinese in the Puget Sound cities braved it out during the troubles, but some of the frightened ones moved to California. Others returned to the land of their ancestors.

In 1902 the Port Angeles fish and clam cannery employed a hundred Chinese as well as some Caucasians, but after it stopped operating the Chinese were forced to seek work elsewhere. Gradually the Chinese population on the Olympic Peninsula diminished, as few men had the means to send to China for wives and young Chinese females in our area were practically nonexistent. The few old-timers who remember the Chinese, recall them with affection. The children were sometimes frightened but more often intrigued by their singsong voices and the way they walked along in single file and tried to communicate in a mixture of their own language and English.

Not forgotten either is their willingness to tackle even the most difficult job; but the most touching quality of the Chinese, old-timers admit, was their simple wish just to "live and let live."

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Troxell

I am looking for information on Jake and Henry Troxell. They were brothers and '49ers born in the late 1820s in Pennsylvania, probably in Union or Centre County. Their parents were Jacob Troxell and Sarah Grimm Troxell. Brothers and sisters were: Elizabeth, Lucy, John Edward, another sister, and William, my great-grandfather. In 1842 Jacob Troxell moved his family to Pleasant Valley, Jo Daviess County, Illinois. Jake and Henry probably moved with the rest of the family before leaving for California in 1849 or '50. It appears that Henry was involved with George Hearst, became rich, and moved back East. Jake evidently stayed in California most of his life.

Any information about either of these men will be appreciated. — Daniel Nightingale, P.O. Box 1101, Burbank, California 91507

Ash

I am seeking information about my grandfather, Alvin Clyde Ash. He was born at Merriltown, Texas in 1871 and grew up at Round Rock. He ran away from home at the age of seventeen and worked in Llano County, around San Angelo, De Leon, and Amarillo as a cowboy. By the mid-1890s he was working on the Buffalo Springs division of the XIT. In 1898 he enlisted in the Rough Riders and served in Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt. After ranching for a time near Raton, New Mexico he was appointed a mounted customs inspector in 1906. Between 1908 and 1914 he was based at Columbus, New Mexico. Between 1914 and 1918 he worked around Silver City as a deputy sheriff, a ranch foreman, and head of a road gang. Between 1918 and 1920 he worked on ranches in southeastern Arizona including the Boquillas and also worked as an army scout at Fort Huachuca. From 1921 to 1941 he was in the El Paso police department. He died in 1946. I would like to hear from anyone who has any material or stories about him. — Dr. Marinell Ash, 42 Woodburn Tce., Edinburgh EH10 4ST, Scotland

Croatia

Purpose: To collect church, cemetary, birth, death, marriage, citizenship-naturalization, ship passenger list, census, society and any other record of Croatians in America. To help in any way possible American born Croatians research their family genealogy and heritage in Croatia. For further information write — Croatian Genealogical Society, 1372 Rosewood Avenue, San Carlos, California

Mahaffey

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ora Mahaffey who moved west from Limestone County in Central Texas in 1920, please call 817-562-5936 collect. — J.L. Kirton, P.O. Box 654, Mexia, Texas 76667

Jackson

I would like information on Elbert W. Jackson and his wife Jane, old pioneers in the Linden and Naples, Texas area of Cass and Morris counties. Elbert was a 32nd Degree Mason and obviously very educated for his time. Does anyone know the birth dates of Elbert (1817) in Georgia and Jane (1822) in Alabama; or their marriage date circa 1839 in Alabama? Where did Elbert attend school? Did he go to the Virginia Military Institute? Where did he serve in the Civil War, or did he go at all? Samuel S., Elbert's third son, was in Georgia during the Civil War. Did he serve there?

Samuel was shot by a sharecropper's wife in the 1880s but we need details. After he was shot, his wife Carie (or Carrie) married a Scott. Who was he? His oldest daughter, Harriette M., married William Newton Brown in 1882.

Elbert and Jane Smith Jackson had extensive land in Smith County. How was Elbert related to John N. Jackson, a fallen soldier at Goliad, Texas in 1836? J.N. Jackson was the son of Burtha Donaldson (or Donnellson) of Gaston, North Carolina. Did Burtha ever come West after John N. was killed? Who inherited his land in Cass, Marion, and Morris Counties in Texas? I would like to hear from any descendants. — Betty J. Lewis, 1032 North Birch, Sand Springs, Oklahoma 74063

Bates — Cripps

I am searching for information on my great-grandparents. W.R. "Bill" Bates was born September 6, 1846 and died June 12, 1919. His wife was Malissa Hinsley, born January 1, 1850 and died December 10, 1915. They were buried in Temperance Hall, De Kalb County, Tennessee. They had nine children. I have read of a town named Batesville. Who was it named for?

John H. Cripps was born February 20, 1837 and died in 1928. He served in the Civil War for three years, enlisting on November 25, 1862 as a Confederate. He had a brother who was a Rebel. John Cripps' wife was Liza Trapp, born January 23, 1837 and died November 23, 1907. They were buried in Hayes Ridge, Temperance Hall, De Kalb County, Tennessee. — Jean Summers, R.R. 2, Box 32A, Watertown, Tennessee 37184

Able-Ables-Simons

I am seeking information on my great-grandparents, Andrew Jackson Ables and Icy Ann Simons who were married in Calhoun County, Alabama in 1866. Four children were born in Gadsden, Alabama: Will M. in 1867, Mary Jane in 1869, Sarah Ann in 1870, and John Thomas in 1872. The family moved to Texas to join William and Lucretia Simons, parents of Icy Ann.

The Ables children born in Texas were: Lucretia Lula, born in 1874 in McGregor; James A., born in 1877; Joe E. born in 1879 in Greenville; Robert Lee, born in Farmersville in 1881; Andrew J., born in 1883; George W., born in 1885; Leonard W. and Leota (twins) born in 1891. Andrew J. and Icy Ann and some of their children moved to the Indian Territory, now Madill, Oklahoma.

The Simons children born in Georgia were John, Martha J. and William. Mary, Sarah, Ann, Susan, Grasilda, Nancy, and Alvira were born in Alabama. It is believed Andrew Ables' parents were Moses and Rebecca but I have no information on them.

Many descendants live in Texas, Oklahoma and California. I would like to hear from any of them and will exchange information. I am the granddaughter of Robert L. (Bob) Ables. — Dorothy E. Jennings, Box 2564, Harlingen, Texas 78550

White

Robert White, a fireman in Shreveport, Louisiana in 1921, married

(Continuted on page 76)

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BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST

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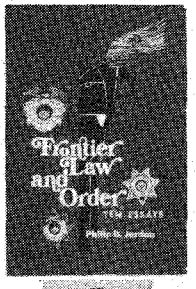

143 — "Frontier Law and Order, Ten Essays", by P. Jordan. As the author writes in his preface: "Unlike the traditional treatment of this subject matter, which is largely concerned to narrate brawls, feuds, and the exploits of famous peace officers, the emphasis here is upon the nature of the law — which the bad man and the evil woman transgressed." **H/C $10.95**

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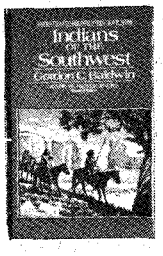
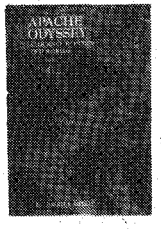


325 — "INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST" by G. Baldwin. It was some 30,000 years ago that the ancestors of the Indians of the Southwest migrated to the New World from Siberia. They settled eventually in the desert regions where their descendants — among them the Navajo, Pueblo, and Mojave Indians — live today. The Indians of the Southwest survived the intrusion first of the Spaniards in search of gold and later of American settlers in search of lands. In time they became the most populous of American Indian tribes. Author Gordon Baldwin tells the dramatic and exciting story of these first Americans who have successfully retained the essences of their native cultures to the present. **$4.95**



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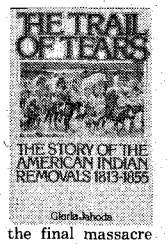

327 — "THE TRAIL OF TEARS: The Story of The American Indian Removals 1813-1855," by G. Johoda. 356 pps. Holt Rinchart Winston. 1975. The forcible removal of those Indian living east of the Mississippi and their resettlement in the West. Using previously , unpublished sources, *Johoda relates the history of Indian courage and shows how the* "Trail of Tears" led inexorably to the final massacre at Wounded Knee. Illustrated. Pub. at $12.95 **H/C $8.95**

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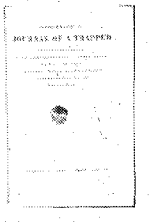

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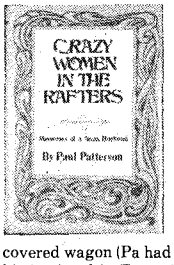

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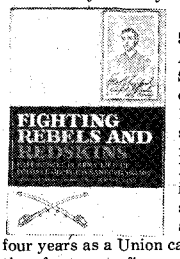

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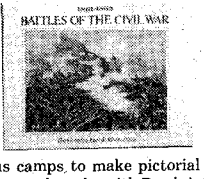

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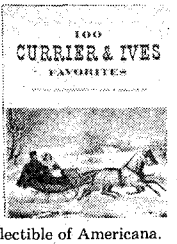

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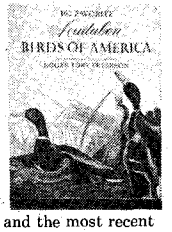

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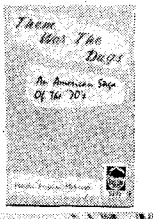

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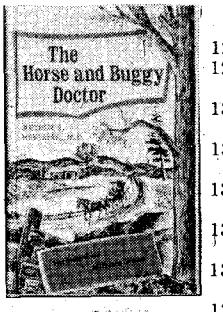

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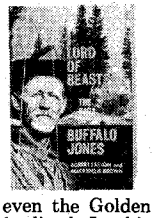

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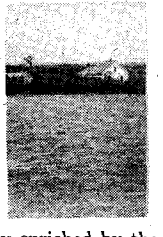

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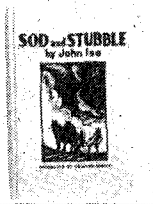

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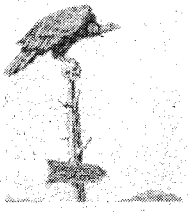
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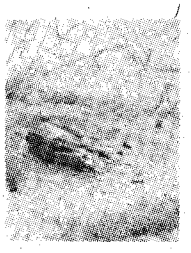
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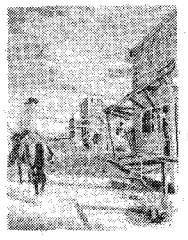
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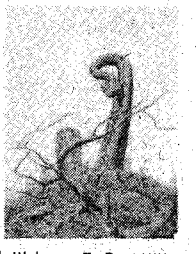
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GRAVEYARD OF VIOLENCE

. . . a place of fat lizards and bleached bones

By
JOHN R. HESLIP
Photos provided by author

THE W S RANCH was once the home of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and their Hole in the Wall gang. It lies just north of Alma, New Mexico on U.S. Highway 180, along the San Francisco River, in Southwestern, New Mexico. The flat river valley is hemmed in by mountains on either side. To the west, high peneplanes quickly give way to the San Francisco Mountains. To the east, the jagged Mogollon Mountains rise steeply like some enormous wall. The river wanders through the ranch, crossing the valley back and forth as if searching for a way out, but held in check by the hills and mountains on either side.

If you visit the ranch on an August morning, the first impression you get — and by far the strongest — is one of life. On all sides is a buzz-and-bustle. The fields are alive with the click of grasshoppers in flight. Fat lizards dart in all directions boggled by a smorgasbord of humming insects. Along the irrigation ditch goldfinches quarrel over a sunflower, while beyond, cattle call back and forth over the drone of a tractor.

Starting to climb a nearby cone-shaped hill to get a better view of all this activity, you are brought up short by the chilling sight of four stark white stones in a little graveyard perched precariously on the steep hillside. Awash in the surrounding sea of life lies a quiet little island of death. Approaching the headstones you read about seven deaths: "Killed by Apaches," "Murdered at Lovney," "Murdered at Moggollon." Here, indeed, is a graveyard of violence, a slice of history left over from the settling of the frontier.

Pioneer graveyards are common throughout the Southwest. Many of the graves tell of epidemics that swept through the area, of high infant mortality, of women dying in childbirth. More headstones by far though, mark the graves of people who died early, simply ground down by the endless hard work which is the real story of the settling of any frontier area.

But some pioneers did die from violence, and the little graveyard at the W S Ranch is a poignant example of how trouble could strike like lightning — unexpectedly, anytime, anywhere.

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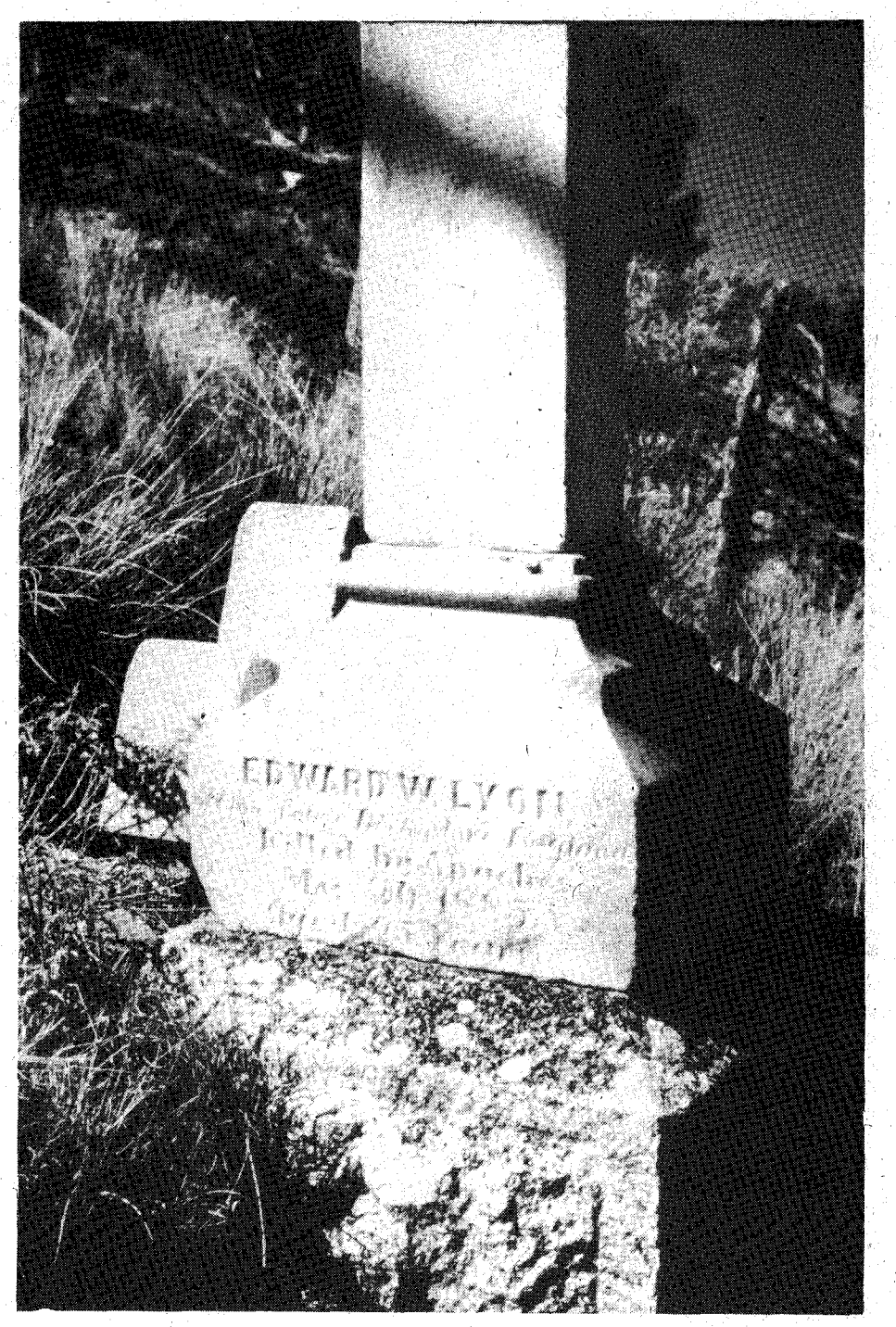
The six men buried in the W S graveyard were each, in his own way, helping to establish a new culture in an ancient land. Struck down by bullets in their prime, they provide the story of the W S graveyard — a graveyard of violence.



MINERS were the first American settlers in Southwestern, New Mexico. They were soon followed by cattlemen and farmers. Some of the first ranchers in the area were young, cultivated, well educated, and usually wealthy British citizens. In Ireland and England they found few opportunities for adventure and investment, but in America there were plenty of opportunities for both. They came to help settle America's last frontier — half British gentleman, half rough and tough adventurer.

In these early days of settlement two Cambridge University classmates, Harold Wilson and Montague Stevens, came out from England and started the W S Ranch on the San Francisco River. A little later Stevens moved up the river about thirty miles and started the S U Ranch with his Cambridge friend, Ned Upcher.

In March 1885 Edward Lyon, another Cambridge graduate, visited Stevens and Upcher at the S U Ranch. Lyon, from Clownholme in Derbyshire, immediately became enchanted by the country. He extended his visit for three months, whiling away the days hunting, sightseeing and visiting with his friends. He did help a little with the ranching, and every other week he rode down the river to the W S Ranch to pick up the mail. But mostly he just relaxed.

In mid-May Lyon decided he had better return to England, settle some financial matters and decide his future. It's quite probable that he was seriously considering coming back to New Mexico to go into the ranching business with Stevens.

May 19 was mail day. It was Stevens' turn to go for it but Lyon volunteered to go in Stevens' place so he could say goodbye to his friends at the W S Ranch. He went on Sunday, May 18, in order to be able to get up early the next morning and do some quail hunting.

At that time a white man could hunt and travel in the Southwest without fear of Indian attack. The Army had finally forced the last of the Apaches onto reservations in New Mexico and Arizona, and the area seemed to be free from the Indian menace. But this wasn't quite true, for on the Fort Apache Reservation in Southeastern, Arizona there were a few of that tribe who simply couldn't resign themselves to the loss of their homeland, their freedom and their independence. These Nednhi, Warm Springs and Chiricahua Apaches looked for the slightest excuse to flee the reservation. On Sunday, May 18, they found an excuse and thirty-four warriors with one hundred women and children galloped off the reservation heading southeast.

After traveling about sixty miles they split forces due to a disagreement between two of the leaders. Nana, Naiche and Geronimo led their group south into Mexico. Chihuahua and Mangas led their group east towards the Mogollon Mountains. Chihuahua felt that Geronimo had tricked him into fleeing and he intended to hide in the mountains until things calmed down, at which time he would lead his followers back onto the reservation. But it was not to be.

Troops and Apache scouts from the reservation had been following the renegades all day. When they came to the place where the Apaches broke up into two groups they went after those who were headed east toward the Mogollons. Chihuahua was now forced to try to escape — and Fate headed for New Mexico to settle Edward Lyon's future for him.

Monday, May 19, was a beautiful, warm day and Lyon spent the day hunting. That evening he stayed at the W S Ranch house swapping yarns with his friends about the good times they'd had together.

Tuesday, May 20, dawned warm and

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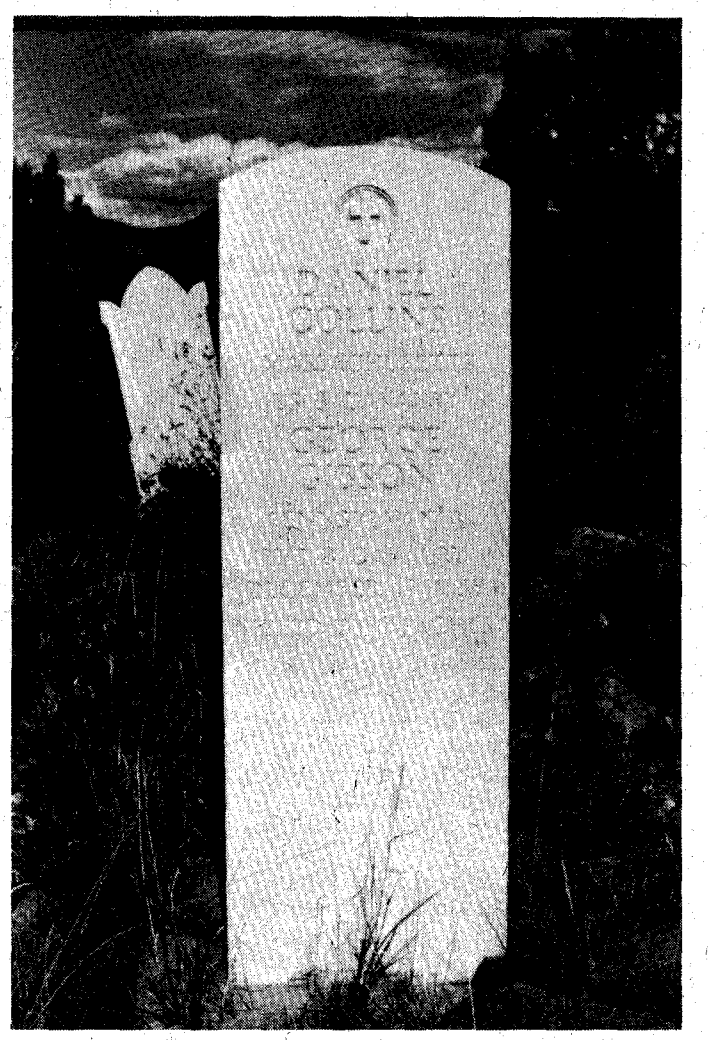

clear. Lyon loaded the mail bags, shook hands all around and headed up the trail for the S U Ranch. One half-hour after he left, a wild-eyed rider came racing up to the W S headquarters on a lathered and winded horse. Dismounting quickly he shouted the dread word: "Indians!"

His camp had just been attacked to the west, on Blue Creek. His two partners were dead and the Indians weren't far behind him. Immediately, he was given a fresh horse and sent to warn the people at Alma. Meanwhile the W S hands rushed to fill burlap bags with sand in preparation for a possible attack. The renegades were already in New Mexico.

UP THE TRAIL a few miles, Lyon rode contentedly in the morning sun enjoying the smell of the pines. Since the old ranch horse knew the way home as well as Lyon did, the young man gave him his head and pulled out a letter to read. As the horse plodded on toward home, Lyon read the latest news from England.

Just as the horse neared a big cottonwood tree at the edge of the trail, a shot rang out. The horse reared in fright, then galloped up the trail. Lyon tumbled out of the saddle, unconscious from the shock of a bullet which had ripped through his body.

Immediately two Apaches rode out of a side ravine to overtake Lyon's horse. From behind the cottonwood another Indian appeared, the rifle in his hand still smoking. He approached Lyon cautiously to be sure he was dead, then stooped and removed Lyon's cartridge belt along with his pistol, holster and hunting knife. The two mounted Indians soon returned with Lyon's horse. Then the three rode away at a trot, heading for the Mogollons much better armed and with an additional pony.

Some minutes later Lyon regained consciousness. He struggled to his feet probably not knowing what had happened or where he was. He began to stagger away from the trail. He managed to roll his shirt up above the wound and he must have been sickened by the ghastly mess where once his breast-bone had been. When he pitched forward onto his face and lay still, flies swarmed about to keep him company.

Stevens didn't worry when Lyon failed to show up at the ranch Tuesday. He assumed that Lyon had stayed over at the W S Ranch for another day of hunting. But next morning a rider came galloping in from Alma warning of Apaches in the neighborhood. Stevens saw to the protection of the ranch, then rode with his foreman down the trail to the W S to check on his friend.

They arrived at the W S Ranch at dark, and learned that Lyon had departed earlier, but it was too late to start a search. Next morning at dawn Stevens and some W S hands started up the trail, spaced ten yards apart in a line-abreast.

They found Lyon about fifty feet from the trail. They located him by the smell before they saw him. His body was horribly bloated from lying for two days in the hot sun. The grief-stricken men decided to take the body back to the W S since it was the nearer of the two ranches. Getting their friend buried quickly was of paramount importance. They hastily picked a spot on the side of a little knoll in front of the W S Ranch house for a grave-site. While several ranch hands started digging into the hard, rocky soil, others constructed a pine box. People at the ranch house were assembled, a few words were said over the coffin, and the W S graveyard had been started.

The frontier could be capriciously vi-

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olent. Edward Lyon might have returned to the refined life of England, or he might have become a New Mexico cattleman. No one will ever know what might have been, for Fate had dealt him a losing hand. His remains rest today in Southwestern, New Mexico, far away from Derbyshire.

CHIHUAHUA and his followers fled into Mexico on June 4. American troops pursued them into Mexico and constantly kept the heat on the renegades.

To help patrol the area around Alma, Troop C of the Eighth Cavalry was sent to the area. These tough veterans of the Apache wars went into camp a few miles upriver from the W S Ranch headquarters. Their commanding officer was Lieutenant Samuel Fountain. Lieutenant DeRosey Cabell was second in command. In all, there were twenty-eight men and two officers in Troop C. Because they expected trouble, Dr. T.J.C. Maddox was assigned to the unit as surgeon.

A surgeon was supposed to stay in camp caring for the sick and wounded, but Maddox would have none of it. He longed for adventure. He went on every foray, armed and ready for action. His zest for life was infectious, and Troop C was a hard riding, durable outfit that didn't shy from battle. They itched for a chance to get at the Apaches. In late November the chance came.

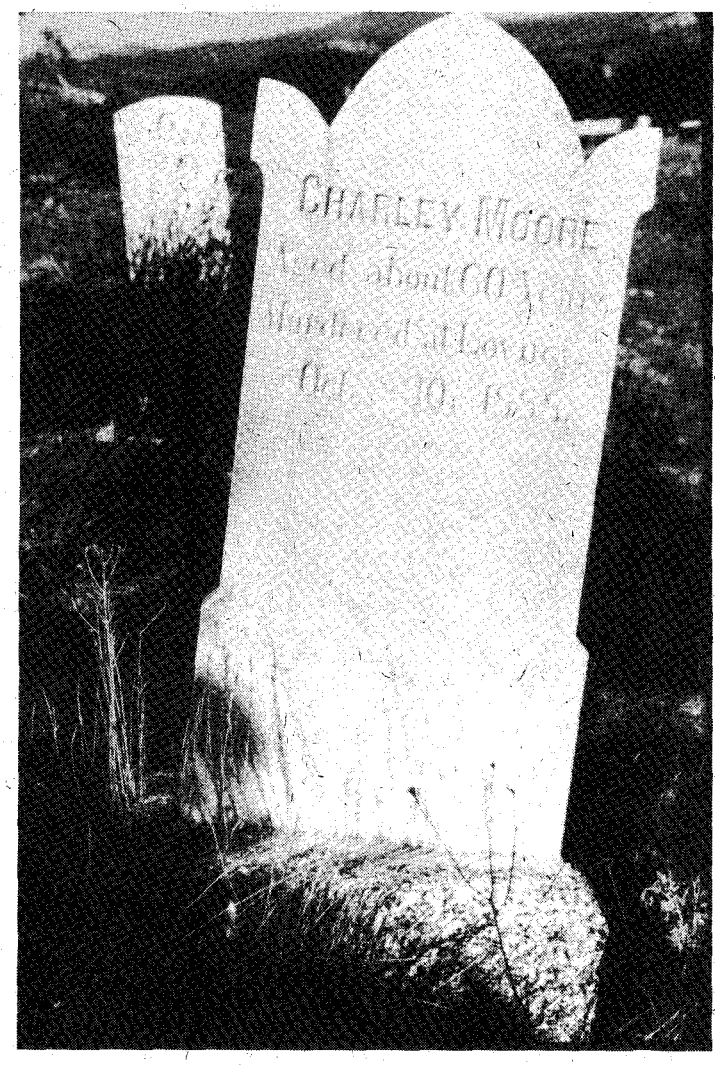
In Mexico the renegade Apaches had fought constant battles with American troops and Mexican militia. Their supply of ammunition was low. This meant a raid into the United States since all of the Apaches' weapons were American made. In November 1885 Josanie, the younger brother of Chihuahua, selected ten men and rode into New Mexico.

On November 23, Josanie's riders were spotted near Fort Apache in Southeastern, Arizona. The next day the renegades attacked an Apache village on the reservation killing twenty people and capturing several women. Apparently this attack was in retaliation for the reservation Apaches' refusal to join their renegade tribesmen in Mexico and because some of them were acting as scouts for American troops.

Posts throughout the Southwest were immediately alerted and more and more troops closed in on Josanie and his ten braves. Apache scouts from the reservation succeeded in getting close enough to kill one of Josanie's men, but then the renegades disappeared into the nearby mountains. With nearly one-quarter of the military might of the United States arrayed against him, Josanie and his band of nine warriors proceeded to run rough-shod over Southeastern, Arizona, stealing livestock, killing settlers and burning their homes. The troops simply couldn't catch up to the Apaches in the rough terrain.

In early December, Josanie struck into New Mexico, killing two people near Alma, and then fled into the impenetrable Mogollons. But the Apaches weren't alone. Lieutenant Fountain with part of Troop C and ten Navaho scouts were on the Apaches' trail. In the rough, snow-covered mountains the troops experienced hardships which should have turned them toward home, but they simply refused to abandon the chase.

Josanie didn't expect such dogged pursuit in such rugged country. Late



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in the afternoon of December 9, he struck a ranch on Snow Creek, killing the two people at the ranch. The Indians kept their horses in a nearby corral while they looted the cabin. Then they set it on fire and stood back to watch it burn.

Hidden on a ridge overlooking the cabin, Troop C watched also. Fountain felt that the Apaches would remount at any minute, that there wasn't time to surround them. Also, it was growing dark. As one, the troopers jumped from their tired horses and charged down the rocky slope firing as they ran.

The Indians were completely taken by surprise. They bolted for a nearby hill. Two of them fell, apparently hit, but they were soon up and running again. Only two of them managed to get horses.

Fountain had his men put out the fire, then bring their horses down from the ridge. Meanwhile the Apaches prepared an ambush at the top of the nearby hill. But Fountain was too experienced to send troops charging up an exposed hill against hidden Apaches. The losses would be too great. His troopers took up a defensive position near the cabin and waited out the night.

Next morning the Apaches were gone without a trace. The scouts and troopers scoured the mountains for miles around and never saw a sign. Nonetheless, the surprise attack had been a real success. They had the Indians' horses, their food and blankets and their extra clothes. The Apaches were now on foot in the snow with no food. Troop C felt justifiably proud. They had run down the Apaches in the most difficult of country; they had met the Apaches in battle and they had beaten them. The troopers were now short of food themselves so they returned to the W S Ranch to re-shoe their horses and repair their gear.

On December 18 Fountain broke camp and started for Fort Bayard (near Silver City) to replenish his supplies. That night he camped at Siggins Ranch on Big Dry Creek, near present-day Highway 180 about ten miles south of Glenwood.

Next morning was gray and overcast. A sharp, cold wind blew fitfully, and snow threatened. The troop started up the trail, which rose sharply from a side ravine, to the ring of hills which divided Big Dry Creek from Little Dry Creek. The Navaho scouts seemed strangely reluctant to leave camp, so Lieutenant Fountain had to go back and stir them up. Dr. Maddox, Lieutenant Cabell, and a civilian scout rode at the head of the troop.

DESPITE nasty winter weather, the troopers were in a cheerful mood and they broke into song. Leaving the ravine, the trail cut up the side of a hill mounting steadily to the top of the pass. At this point the trail grew so narrow that Fountain and the tardy Navahos couldn't pass to regain the head of the column, so they followed along at the rear, waiting for a chance to move up.

When Maddox was about two-thirds of the way up the hill a shot rang out. Fountain at the rear of the column was furious. He had expressly forbidden his men to discharge their weapons at deer or any other game. But suddenly a volley of shots crashed out from the top of the hill just ahead.

The first shot caught a horse in the head. The next volley hit Maddox and Private Hutton. Cabell dismounted and directed his men up against the side of the hill for cover, but suddenly shots roared out from the ridge to the left. Shots rained down from both front and left. There was no cover. Cabell's little finger was shot off. Corporal McFarland's horse was killed. As the Corporal tried to reach his rifle in its scabbard a bullet tore through his leg.

Bullets whined and ricocheted everywhere. The crack of rifle fire echoed back and forth between the hills. Apaches yelled defiantly from the top of the ridge. Wounded horses screamed in terror. Soldiers shouted back and forth. There was pandemonium everywhere. Blacksmith Collins fell badly wounded. Privates McMillan and Gibson were shot down as they ran across the trail for cover. Trumpeteer Hirshfield was wounded as he retreated down the ravine.

A green troop would have panicked and been slaughtered, but Troop C dismounted and retreated in an orderly fashion down the trail pursued by a hailstorm of bullets. The Apaches soon darted from cover and removed the guns and ammunition from the dead men and horses.

While the surviving troopers took cover in the ravine, the Navaho scouts, followed by Fountain and a few troopers, worked up a side canyon to the west and came up behind the Apaches' position. Their fire soon drove the Apaches off the hill.

The Indians simply melted away. Their trail led to the west, down a rocky dry-wash toward the San Francisco River canyon. Their tracks showed that they were on foot. Some of them were barefoot, and there was blood on the snow. Then in the rocks near the river the trail disappeared. The Apaches were gone — and they were a long way from being beaten.

Fountain returned to count his casualties: four men dead and four wounded; three horses dead and four wounded.

Private Collins was critically injured. They moved him back down to Siggins Ranch and did what they could to make him comfortable. Fountain read to him from a book of prayers. Collins remained calm and died an hour and a half later.

Since the soldiers felt like the W S Ranch was their second home, they got permission to bury the dead at the W S graveyard. It was expected that Dr. Maddox's kin would want his remains returned to his hometown cemetery, so he was buried in a separate grave. The other four soldiers were buried in separate coffins, in a single grave.

The graves were marked in the traditional Old West style with a board over each giving the name of the man and the date of his death. By this time a marble cross had been erected over Lyon's grave.

A few days after the burial, a detachment of troops from Fort Bayard disinterred Dr. Maddox's body and sent it home to Virginia.

In mid-March of 1886 a Reverend S.E. Wishard came to the W S Ranch from Indiana to get the body of his son, Harvey E. Wishard. Harvey had enlisted in the army as H.E. McMillan from a town in Michigan. In the battle at Soldier Hill (which was the name soon used to describe the fight) whatever reason there had been for an assumed name was brought to an abrupt end by an Apache bullet. Harvey's body was sent back to the family cemetery near Indianapolis.

In the 1950s local historians persuaded the U.S. government to supply a marble gravestone for the soldiers at the W S graveyard. The boards had long since rotted away. The historians knew that an H.E. Wishard had been disinterred but they didn't know that Wishard and McMillan were the same person. Consequently, the new gravestone listed the names of four privates. Thus today the headstone stands in memory of four dead soldiers even though only the bodies of three are in the W S graveyard.

The battle at Soldier Hill (commemorated by a sign along the highway at the site of the battle) was the last ever fought between Indians and American troops in New Mexico. Josanie stole horses in New Mexico on December 25, rode into Southeastern, Arizona with troops of cavalry in close pursuit, and under cover of a fierce blizzard rode

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safely on into the mountains of Mexico. He had covered 1200 miles in a little over a month, killed at least 38 people and stolen over 250 horses and mules. He had lost one man in the Fort Apache raid. Those Apaches injured in confrontations with Fountain's Troop C recovered and fought in Mexico until the early fall of 1886 when the Apache troubles were ended once and for all by American troops.

Troop C stayed in the Alma area for a total of sixteen months until it was clear that Southwestern, New Mexico had been made safe for settlers.

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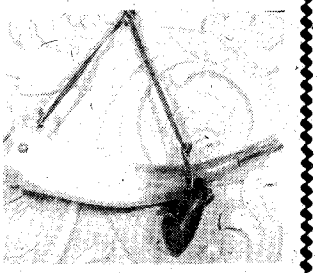

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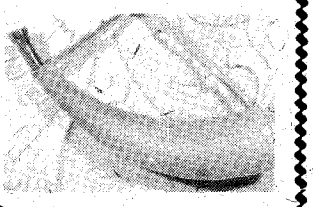

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WHEN Charley came to work at the W S Ranch he was a veritable antique by frontier standards. He was in his fifties. Naturally everyone called him Old Charley.

Charley Moore was a competent, self-reliant man. He had been in each successive frontier area in the taming of the West, always getting restless when a new area opened up. Charley was built from sturdy stuff and could take care of himself in any situation — yet he wasn't a bully. People found it easy to like Old Charley and to rely on him. If you faced trouble, Charley Moore was one of the people you wanted by your side. Many people owed their lives to his actions during the Indian trouble.

In October 1888 an incident occurred which didn't seem too important at the time. Charley was in the habit of grubstaking miners all over the area and sharing in their claims. One of his mining partners was Mike Tracey who was prospecting in the new mining camp of Mogollon. Being nearly out of money Mike decided to see Old Charley about another advance. He rode through the mining town of Cooney on his way to the W S Ranch. It was a hot day and Mike decided to "drink lunch" at a saloon owned by a Mr. Penny and a Mr. Shelton. One drink led to another and day turned to night and night to early morning. By that time Mike was broke but insisted on more to drink. Penny, who had little patience with customers who were out of money, whacked the quarrelsome Mike over the head with an empty bottle and threw him out into the muddy street.

With daylight, Mike wrapped his bloody head in a rag and proceeded to the W S Ranch to tell his troubles to Charley. The whole incident was really rather routine for a frontier bar, but Charley took offense at his partner being treated in such a manner.

Next morning Charley and Mike rode back up Mineral Creek to the Penny and Shelton saloon. There Charley roundly denounced the owners for their treatment of Mike. A riled Charley was no one to contradict, so Penny and Shelton took their tongue-lashing in silence (but not with pleasure).

But Charley wasn't the vindictive sort. After his lecture he felt the score was pretty well settled so he bought a round of drinks for the house. After several rounds Charley and Mike went to a hotel for some food, then returned to the saloon for a few more drinks.

By late afternoon Charley was falling-down drunk. Mike went off and got into a card game and Penny persuaded Charley that he ought to get on home. Charley went out and mounted his horse with Penny's assistance, but then he insisted on one more drink with Penny to seal their undying friendship. Penny, who was sober, was exasperated by this maudlin display, but Charley insisted.

They went back into the bar and sat at a small table. Shelton brought them drinks. Charley leaned forward on the table, supporting himself with his forearms and hands, trying to keep from falling on his face. He and Penny exchanged some words which no one heard. Suddenly Penny reached under his jacket and pulled a small pistol from his belt, aimed it point blank at Charley's heart, and pulled the trigger.

Charley slumped forward on the table, falling on top of his bent arms which still rested on the table top. He was dead. Billy Antrim, step-father of Billy the Kid, heard the shot and immediately ran into the saloon where he saw his good friend Charley lying across the table.

Penny, gun still in hand, was calling on all who were present to witness the fact that he had shot in self-defense. Antrim was incredulous. How could Charley have been going for his gun if his hands were on top of the table? He walked over and checked Charley's gun. (Range cowboys ran a loop of rawhide over the hammer of their pistols to prevent them from jouncing out as horse and rider bounced along over the range.) Charley's gun was tied into its holster; the rawhide loop was secured with a knot.

Yet the town agreed it was self-defense and went about its business. Antrim sent word to the W S Ranch. By next morning a group of heavily armed W S cowboys arrived and convinced the townspeople that there was some doubt in the matter and Penny had better be arrested and tried. When Penny saw the ugly mood that Charley's friends were in, he too felt he would be safer in jail than out. He was sent to Socorro for trial.

Old Charley Moore was laid to rest in the little W S graveyard next to Lyon and the soldiers. Veteran of every Western frontier, he was finally brought low in Southwestern, New Mexico by whiskey and a bullet.

Penny stood trial a year later. Shelton testified that he saw Charley go for his gun and saw Penny shoot in self-defense even though several witnesses confirmed Charley's gun was tied in the holster and his hands were on the table when he died. The jury deliberated twenty minutes and found Penny not guilty.

People in frontier days, understandably, didn't have much faith in the courts. If they didn't agree with a verdict they might take the defendant on a short ride and re-try him with the aid of a rope and a stout oak tree. Penny decided not to return to Cooney. He was last seen in Bisbee, Arizona.

William French, the manager of the W S Ranch, had a marble tombstone

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placed over Charley's grave. He had it inscribed "Murdered at Lovney." Old-timers today don't recall that there was a camp or area attached to the Cooney site called "Lovney." Why French put Lovney instead of Cooney has yet to be determined. But call the place what you will, Charley was just as dead.

French hired Billy Antrim to assay Charley's mine holdings. Billy declared them worthless and the holdings were vacated. Several of them later became the fabulously rich Last Chance Mine in Mogollon. Other holdings in Arizona were declared worthless because they contained nothing but copper. The Phelps Dodge copper mine at Morenci, Arizona now lies on Charley's "worthless" claims.

The second generation in a frontier area builds on the sweat, blood and bones of the first pioneers. Old Charley helped make the mining and ranching of today possible in southern Arizona and New Mexico.

LUKE had been foreman of the W S Ranch for ten years. Christened "Lake" Flanagan in Roscommon County, Ireland, his friends all knew him as Luke. He was a quick-tempered man who was kind and generous to those around him, but quite able to take care of himself when trouble occurred. He was well thought of and admired throughout Southwestern, New Mexico.

In November 1899 Wilson and French bought a ranch in northern New Mexico and asked Luke to be foreman. On November 9 he rode up to Mogollon to pay off a few debts and to say goodbye to his friends in that mining camp.

Earlier, the townspeople of Mogollon had become upset at the Old West habit of everyone carrying a gun and shooting it off in town for any reason whatsoever. The second generation of pioneers had begun to settle in the town and they wanted the place "civilized." They passed a law requiring everyone to check in his gun at a hotel or saloon while in town.

George Sanders was appointed town sheriff. Sanders was a timid little mouse of a man, frightened of his own shadow. He was generally despised by the cowboys and miners of the area who were by and large a very self-reliant bunch. But Sanders was pliant and that suited the powers who operated the town from behind the scene.

Sanders was a bad combination — a frightened insecure man with a gun and a badge. He swaggered around acting tough and flaunting his authority, hiding his weaknesses behind the power of the law.

When Luke came to town he paid a few bills and stopped at Landerburgh's saloon to have a farewell drink with some friends. Sanders was in the saloon at the time at a nearby table playing cards and having a few drinks. Seeing that Flanagan had a pistol in his right pant's pocket, Sanders took him aside and told him to check in his gun while he was in town. Being told what to do by this sham of a man galled Luke and he refused to remove his gun. He said he was about to leave town anyway.

Sanders saved face by telling Luke he had fifteen minutes to check in his gun or get out of town. Luke shrugged off the incident. He finished his drink, said goodbye to his friends, left the saloon, mounted up, and turned toward home. As he rode down the main street an old friend stepped out and asked Luke to climb on down and have a farewell drink with him. Luke Flanagan was not the kind of man who ever turned down a drink.

Together the two friends went into nearby Johnson's saloon. (There was never any shortage of saloons in a frontier mining town.) Meanwhile, back at Landerburgh's saloon, George Sanders was seething. A weak man who hides behind a badge doesn't like to have his self-importance shrugged off. Sanders' mind wasn't on his cards. He kept looking up at the clock over the bar and mumbling about how he would give Flanagan ten more minutes and then he was going to go take the gun and fine him too. When ten minutes passed, Sanders jumped up from the table and agitatedly pulled his pistol out of its holster. He spun the cylinder around to be sure there were cartridges in each chamber, put the pistol back, jammed his hat on his head and hurried out the door.

He went to nearby Coffee's saloon but didn't find Luke there. Then he crossed the street to Johnson's saloon and entered. He saw Luke at the bar raising his glass in a toast. Sanders rushed up behind him and grabbed for Luke's gun with his left hand. Luke shouted out in surprise, tried to wrench away, and told Sanders to let him go. Sanders drew his gun and in the tussle shoved it up behind Luke's left ear at the base of the skull. Then — probably as much to Sanders' surprise as to everyone "else's" — he pulled the trigger of his double-action revolver and blew Luke's brains out.

Sheriff Sanders immediately went into a nervous collapse, crying and wringing his hands and saying he hadn't meant to fire the gun. Probably he hadn't. A frightened man with a gun is a dangerous thing, an unpredictable thing. He was later tried in Socorro for murder and found not guilty.

Luke Flanagan was a complete man, who died needlessly. The W S foreman was the last to be buried in the graveyard of violence. As the frontier became more settled and secure, men no longer had to settle every dispute with a gun.

The Graveyard Today

But now, morning turns to afternoon and rainclouds begin to build over the rugged Mogollons. As the ominous clouds blow over the San Francisco River valley, the birds and insects become quiet. Lizards head for cover, expecting rain. The graveyard lies lonely and forlorn under the darkening skies. In the calm before the cloudburst, all is still around the graves. They lie forgotten. All of the old-timers who once knew them and cared for them have long since departed. The rain begins to fall, striking against the cold headstones. Droplets build, then run down like tears over the names of those who died before their time. No one today cares. There is no one to remember them. No one.

Explanatory note;

Since we make our share of typos no matter how hard we try not to, and since commas have long been famous for slipping into nice clean type-set copy in the dead of night and jumping around from one line to another until they find a place to bed down where they can really foul up the meaning of a sentence — whereas these two truths, we offer this note of explanation:

In the story above, you will find mentions of Southeastern, New Mexico; Southwestern, New Mexico; Southeastern, Arizona, etc. The author explains that in his part of the country the identification of a broad area is handled as a place name would be — capitalized and set off by a comma.

In all the many manuscripts that have come *True West's* way we have never seen that style; it was Western (or western) Kansas, North (or north) Texas, Central (or central) Utah, but always written as a whole.

Therefore, if we've failed to conform with traditional usage in New Mexico and Arizona, we apologize to the residents of Southeastern, and Southwestern, and wish that somebody had set us straight sooner.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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NEW DOBIE BOOK

Wild and Wily Range Animals by J. Frank Dobie (Northland Press, P.O. Box N, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86002, 123 pages, $16.95 hardcover, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This new book contains six stories by the late Texas author. It is the second volume in the publisher's new Southwestern Classics series.

Although all six stories have been published individually in Dobie's earlier books, this is the first time they appear together. The stories tell of eighteen-foot-rattlesnakes, outlaw Longhorns, a legendary mustang that lies down and dies when faced with captivity, roadrunners, and other subjects.

The book is beautifully produced by letterpress, and the nice illustrations by Boyd Hanna are printed directly from wood engravings. Collectors of Dobie's writings will consider this book a must. For readers not familiar with Dobie's writings, it is a beautiful introduction. Highly recommended.

WESTERN FICTION

Critical Essays on the Western American Novel, edited by William T. Pilkington (G.K. Hall and Co., 70 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass. 02111, 275 pages, $25.00 hardcover, 6½ x 9½ inches).

If you enjoy reading Western novels, you may find this new collection of essays about such fiction of more than passing interest. The editor has gathered more than twenty essays, interviews, bibliographies, letters and other criticism on Western fiction writers and topics.

Essays on such early writers as Emerson Hough and Owen Wister are included. And there is material on more recent western writers like A.B. Guthrie and Larry McMurtry.

The essays are divided into two groups — the first is called general criticism and it includes assessments by Andy Adams, W.H. Hutchinson, Mody C. Boatright and others. The second group focuses on essays concerning individual Western novelists including Hough and Wister, A.B. Guthrie, Louis L'Amour, Frederick Manfred and others.

The collection is indeed unique, and for the serious student of Western literature, the book is a valuable contribution. A good index is included.

ERNEST BERKE

Ernest Berke Paintings and Sculptures of the Old West by Walt Wiggins (Pintores Press, P.O. Box 1597, 209 West First St., Roswell, N.M. 88201, 144 pages, $50.00 hardcover, 12 x 12 inches).

Ernest Berke, like Charlie Russell and Frederic Remington, was self-taught. And like Russell and Remington, both easterners by birth, Berke was born in New York City in 1921.

He never graduated from high school. After four years in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II, he began a career in art. During fourteen years as a commercial artist, he maintained his childhood love of the Old West. He produced Indian craft and began painting Old West scenes.

By the early 1960s Berke began to emerge as an outstanding Western artist. Since that time he has carved his niche in the world as an outstanding Western artist whose art brings handsome prices.

This large and beautifully produced book contains examples of his paintings, sketches and bronzes. Most of the illustrations are reproduced in color. The reproduction is excellent. And the captions provides background for each of the illustrations.

A lengthy introduction by Walt Wiggins tells the reader much about Ernest Berke, who now lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Included are many candid photographs of the artist at work and rest.

Of special interest are seven pages of photos showing how Berke produced one painting — a step-by-step process. And a bibliography tells the reader where they can find other source material on this 20th century Frederic Remington. Highly recommended.

WESTERN ART ANALYSIS

A Brush With the West by Dale Burk (Mountain Press Publishing Co., Box 2399, Missoula, Mont. 59806, 135 pages, $19.95 hardcover 9 x 11½ inches).

As Western art books go this one is unique. It contains the story of Western art especially in the northern Rocky Mountains. Beginning early in the 19th century artists such as Catlin, Bodmer and later Russell, Remington and many others implanted an era and a region of the country in the minds of Americans everywhere through brush and canvas.

Burk traces what happened to Western art early in this century, and how in the 1940s, '50s and '60s new Western artists began to emerge.

This nicely produced book, however, is not simply a history. It is an analysis. As Vivian Paladin writes in the book's introduction, Dale Burk "sets out to explain the trend, trace its growth and assess its impact today."

Burk has produced a book that anyone interested in Western art should read, especially the person who would like to purchase original Western art. Even if the reader has only passing interest in such art, the book is enjoyable. Burk includes many anecdotes about artists and people associated with Western art.

There are numerous illustrations not only of Western art — in color and black and white — but photographs of artists and people associated with Western art including now retired Old Bookaroo Fred Renner, the Charlie Russell authority.

The book fills a void. It is highly recommended.

TWO ENGLISH BOOKS

Cowboy: The Man and the Myth by Robin May and Joseph G. Rosa (New English Library, Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London, England EC1N, 144 pages, hardcover, 7½ x 10 inches) and *Gunsmoke: A Study of Violence in the Wild West* by Joseph G. Rosa and Robin May (same publisher, 144 pages, hardcover, 7½ x 10 inches), $15.00 each.

These two handsome books recently published in England were written by two Englishmen well-known in Ameri-

(Continued on page 73)

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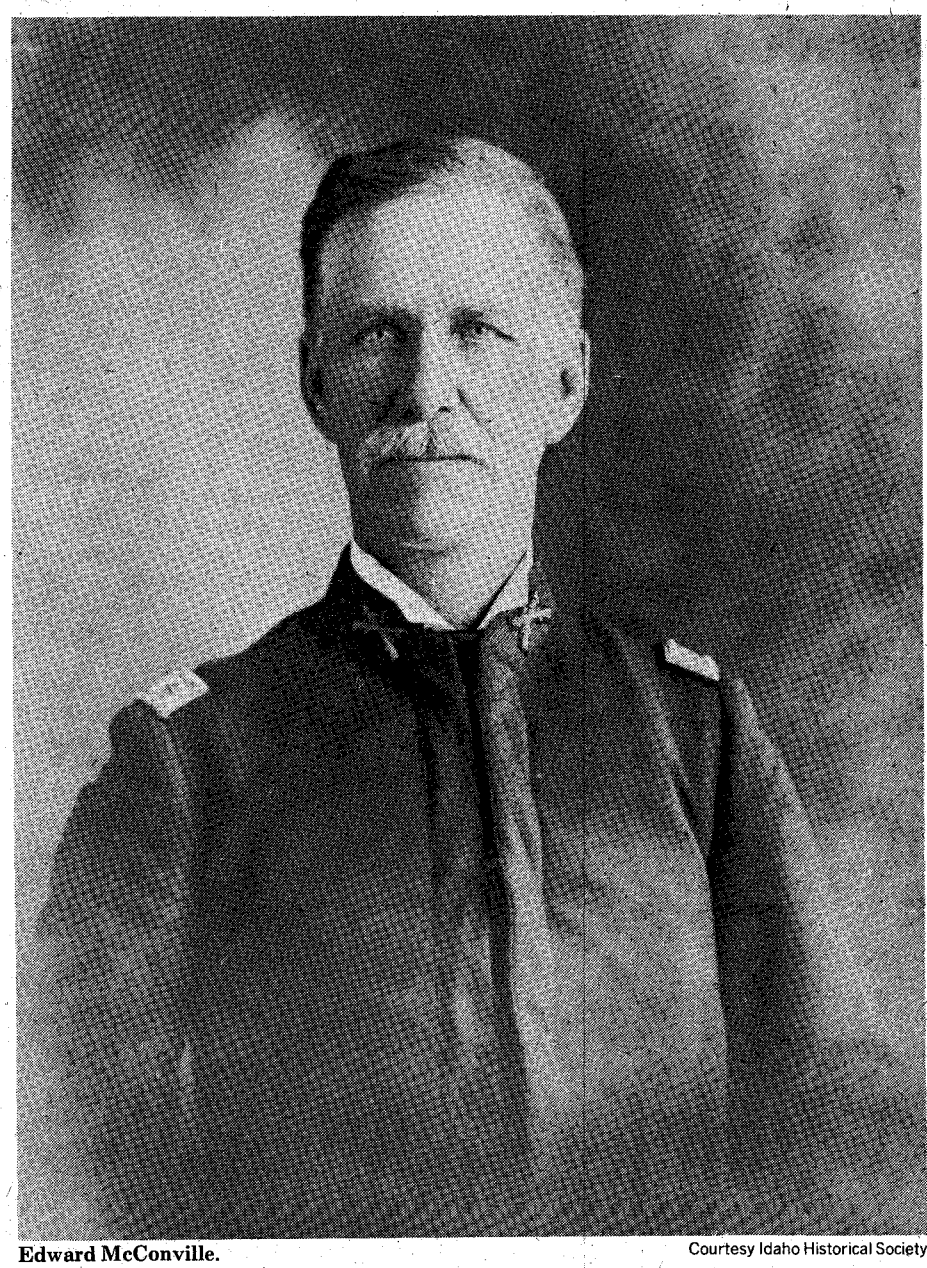

Edward McConville. Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

By COL. EDWARD V. McCONVILLE
submitted by
WAYNE CORNELL

Introductory Note: Much has been written over the years concerning the performance of United States Army troops during the Indian wars in the last half of the 19th century. An area often overlooked has been the performance of irregular troops — volunteers from communities near the scene of the conflict.

In many cases the deeds of the volunteers have been ignored because they were better forgotten. Untrained militia units led by unskilled officers often caused more problems than they solved. In other cases, the exploits of volunteers were ignored because they were never documented. Regular Army commanders made detailed reports of their units' actions. Volunteer commanders seldom filed such reports.

There were, however, exceptions: In 1877 the Nez Perce Indians, led by Chief Joseph, took to the warpath after tribal land guaranteed them by treaty, was taken away. The Nez Perce War began in north-central Idaho and moved into Montana. Joseph and his followers were finally halted just short of the Canadian border by regular Army troops.

During the opening days of the Nez Perce campaign, volunteers played an important role. But unlike most volunteer actions, this one was well-documented through the efforts of their commander, Colonel Edward V. McConville.

McConville came to Idaho after serving as a Union officer in the Civil War. He settled in Lewiston where he organized a volunteer militia unit. In

IDAHO VOLUNTEERS AND THE NEZ PERCE

An uncovered report reveals how professional some local militia units could be

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1877, when hostilities began, Idaho Territorial governor Mason Braymen authorized the raising of a volunteer regiment to protect the lives and property of citizens in the affected areas.

On June 16, 1877, McConville's Lewiston unit, designated as Company I, 1st Regiment, Idaho Volunteer Militia, was mustered into service and took to the field. For two months the Idaho unit served with regular troops commanded by General Oliver O. Howard. When the Nez Perce fled across the LoLo Trail into Montana, the volunteers retired from the chase and returned to their homes.

Colonel McConville kept notes during the action. Upon returning to Lewiston, he wrote a detailed report to Governor Brayman. For nearly a century the McConville report lay unnoticed in the state archives. But in the mid-1950s it was uncovered by a National guard officer, the late Major Vestal Baker. The report, now in the hands of the state historical society, has been published only once to the best of my knowledge. It appeared in the National Guard newspaper *Fieldstrip.* — Wayne Cornell.

Camp Raines
Cottonwood House
August, 1877

Governor:

I have the honor to report, that in compliance with G.O. #1, Territory of Idaho that I have been on duty in the field, co-operating with General Howard since Thursday June 28, '77 leaving Lewiston as an escort to Majors Mason and Weeks U.S.A. escorting them to General Howards Camp . . . .

General Howard ordered me to report with my Company to Maj Trimble 1st Cav. at Slate Creek to re-enforce him, and to scout the country from that point, arrived at Camp about 7 o'clock P.M. June 30th — distance travelled (12) miles. We marched the whole distance through a heavy rain storm and upon arriving in Camp and having no tents — the company was directed to an unoccupied house belonging to a Mr. Rhett in which they sheltered themselves as best they could — whilst I went to look after my pack animals and horses — upon my return I found that the men had been ordered out of the house by the owner (Rhett) and as the company was formed to protect the people not to impose upon them, we moved peaceably out of the house and away from the premises belonging to the above named person. The Mt. Idaho Volunteers kindly shared their shelter with us for the night.

I thought that this was not a very hospitable reception to be given us by one of our own citizens — and especially to a company of Idaho Volunteers raised expressly for their protection and sent from Lewiston for that purpose so far as it laid in our power . . .

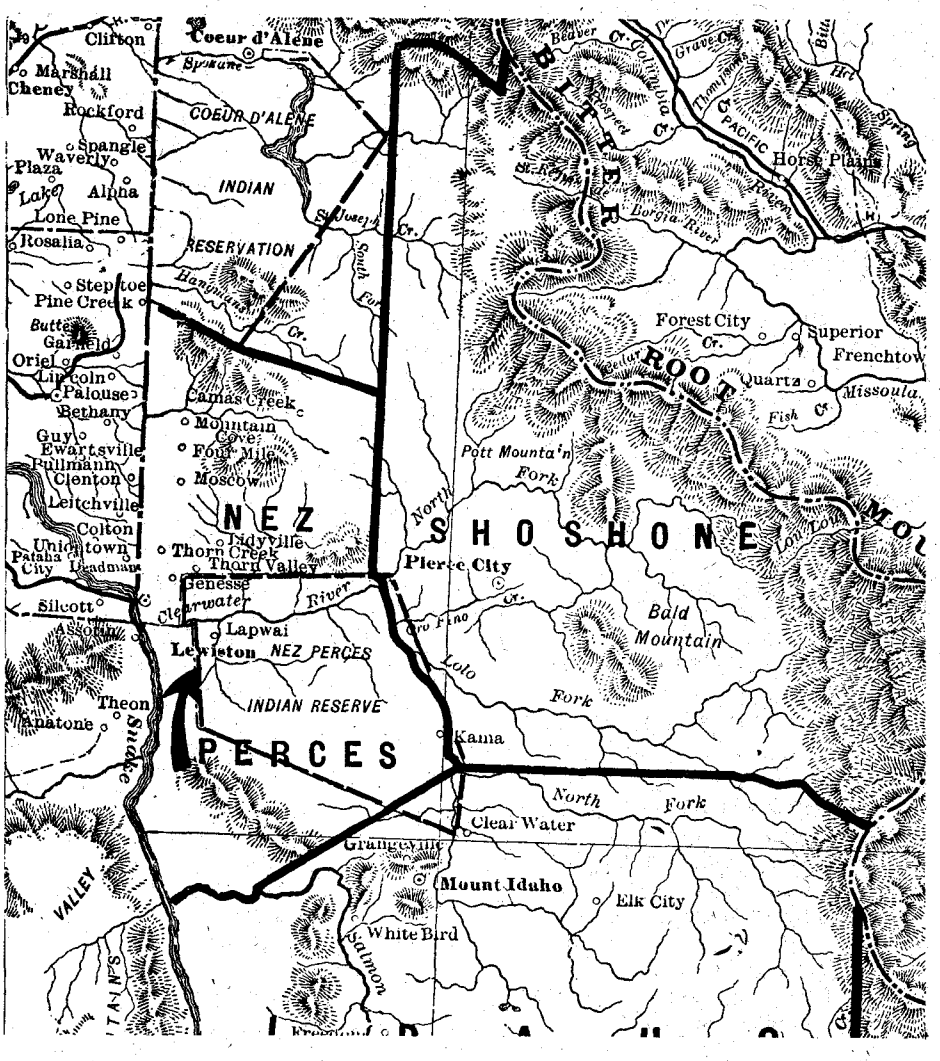
July 4th 1877. Was ordered to be a rear guard of the Column camped at the intersection of the Canoe Encampment and Rocky Canon trails . . . had been in Camp about an hour when Gen. Howard sent for me, and gave me a dispatch from Col. Whipple, U.S.A., to read, stating that the Indians had crossed the Salmon River, and had attacked him, and killed Lt. Rains, ten (10) soldiers and two (2) citizens and asked for re-inforcement. I was then ordered to march to Whipple's assistance, taking with me the Lewiston company and Hunter's Dayton Volunteers numbering about fifty (50) men.

We took the trail to Salmon River and arrived at the river about 8 o'clock P.M. having traveled about five (5) miles. We found that there were no boats or canoes to cross the men over the river, they not having arrived from White Bird. Made camp for the night to await the arrival of the boats. The boats having arrived about daylight, I immediately crossed the river with ten (10) men and placed lookouts on the different points. I then had the animals of the command driven into the river and swam them over without losing an animal. By 7 o'clock A.M. I had all the men over and saddled up when one of the scouts reported Indians watching our movements.

I then started a party up Rocky canon, upon seeing which, the Indians started away on a run. I then had this party to join the main party, and determined not to go up the Canon, but to take the trail to Johnsons. I had not marched over half a mile from the river before I met (2) two Couriers who had come to stop me from going up Rocky Canon, as the Indians were lying in ambush, awaiting my approach.

Upon reaching the summit of the mountain, I saw the Indians through my glasses, watching us until the column began to move. They had in the meantime set fire to Mr. McFlinn's house, this being a signal to the Indians at Cottonwood, that they had failed in their attempt to surprise this column, the place they had their ambush being very steep and rocky, and only room to move on the trail in Indian file

From *Cram's Family Atlas of the World*, 1888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Waverly
Plaza
Alma
Lone Pine
Rosalia
COEUR D'ALENE
INDIAN
RESERVATION
Stephoe
Pine Creek
Garfield
Oriel
Lincoln
Palouse
Bethany
Guy
Ewartsville
Pullmann
Clenton
Leitchville
Colton
Uniontown
Pataha City
Headman
Silcott
Asotin
Camas Creek
Mountain Cove
Four Mile
Moscow
NEZ
Tidyville
Thorn Creek
Thorn Valley
Genesee
Clearwater
River
Lapwai
Lewiston
NEZ PERCES
INDIAN RESERVE
Theon
Anatone
Snake
PERCES
VALLEY
BITTER
ROOT
Pierce City
Kama
Clear Water
Grangeville
Mount Idaho
Elk City
White Bird
Salmon
Forest City
Superior
Frenchtown
Quartz
Missoula
Fish Cr.
Pott Mounta'n
Fork
North
SHOSHONE
Bald Mountain
Lolo
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Fork
Horse Plains
Borgia River
Beaver Cr.
Grave Cr.
Columbia Cr.
Thompson
Bill
Hirt
Spring
Raven
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with no chance of advancing or retreating. We would have been completely at their mercy to shoot down upon us at their pleasure . . . .

July 6th 1877. Left Cottonwood as an escort for the dead and wounded of the Mt. Idaho Volunteers escorting them to Mt. Idaho. On our march we saw two (2) fires which we ascertained were two (2) barns, one belonging to Clearly and the other to Howsers, which the Indians had set fire to for signals . . . .

July 7th 1877. Sent a party out to drive in a band of hostile Indian ponies to remount my command, and for the purpose of scouting around the settlements to prevent any more destruction of property. I got the command pretty well mounted, but waited until the following day to bury the brave Capt. Randall and Evans. After the funeral, a regimental organization was formed composed of the "Mt. Idaho," "Dayton" "Grangeville," and "Lewiston" Companies. The officer proceeded to an election of Field Officers with the following result: Edward McConville, Colonel; Hunter, Lieut. Colonel; George Shearer, Major; and B.F. Morris, Adjutant.

I on being notified of my election gave orders for the Companies to be in readiness to move on the trail of Joseph the following morning . . .

July 8th 1877. I moved out of Mt. Idaho in the direction of the "Butes" until I struck the trail of the Indians; stopping about half an hour at the Cottonwoods below Chapmans for dinner, we then marched towards the Clearwater, following the trail to within one (1) mile of the River when we camped for the night. Distance travelled twenty-five (25) miles. I in the meantime had a dispatch from Gen. Howard confirming my movements, and directing me to keep him informed of the whereabouts of the Indians. After posting my pickets, and seeing that the men had everything in readiness in case of an attack, I laid down, but, had not slept long before the Officer in charge of the picket awoke me, and told me that the Indians were close by having a war dance and Pow-wow. (This was about 10 o'clock P.M.)

I went with and ascertained that by the sound the Indians were within a half a mile of our camp. I immediately returned to camp and consulted with Capt. Cearly and Lieut. Wilmont to ascertain if in their judgement, it would be advisable to attack them. But these officers, knowing the nature of the country said it would not, as we could not tell the exact position of the Indians so therefore as my force was not strong I did not attack them, but wrote a dispatch to Gen. Howard informing him of the whereabouts of the Indians, and said I would keep as quiet as I could until his Troops got up unless I saw a good chance to attack them, but, asking that I be re-inforced. . . .

I then placed ten (10) men on Guard on a high hill in the vicinity of my camp with instructions to hold the hill at all hazards, and to give the alarm in case of the approach of the Indians.

July 9th 1877, Capt. Cearly and Lieut. Wilmont went out scouting alone to ascertain the exact position of the Indians, and after being out about four (4) hours, returned to Camp with the information that the Indians were encamped at the mouth of the Cottonwood on the opposite side of the River. Shortly after their return one of the men accidentally fired his rifle, and in a few minutes there were several Indians in sight. I then saw concealment was useless and directed the Company Officers to bring their men on top of the hill and dig rifle pits. . . . I soon had enough thrown up to protect the men during the whole day the Indians kept up their fire.

July 10th 1877. Indians attacked us this morning about one o'clock and kept up a strong fire on us till daylight and succeeded in stampeding our horses. We losing (43) but had no men hurt. About 7 o'clock A.M. the following morning the Indians came up in strong force and formed line to attack us. But after holding council among themselves they came to the conclusion not to try it and took up their march toward the Clearwater.

In the afternoon about 5 o'clock about thirty (30) Indians rode out of the canon, and went in the direction of the Butes. We soon saw what their object was; a small party of Volunteers from Mr. Idaho coming to our assistance had been seen by them, and they were going to try and cut them off. As soon as I saw this, I ordered Capt. Cearly and Lieut. Wilmont and twenty (20) men to cut off the Indians and bring in the Volunteers. Lieut. Wilmont soon stopped them by firing and killing the leading Indian and shooting the horse of the second. Our men returned safely, bringing in the small party which turned out to be Maj. Geo. Shearer and a party from Mt. Idaho. . . .

[The following day, McConville led his unmounted company back to Mt. Idaho to obtain fresh mounts. The Idaho Volunteers were then ordered by General Howard to proceed toward Kamiah in the hope of cutting off Joseph and his followers before they reached the LoLo Trail, leading into Montana.]

July 17. Left Kamiah at 4 o'clock A.M. and took the LoLo trail for the Camas ground or Weipe after marching some twenty (20) miles. The Indian Scouts accompanying the column ran into an ambush of hostile Indians, who wounded two (2) and killed one (1). Myself and Mr. Chapman were riding at the head of the column at the time. We immediately halted and waited until the troops came up.

Chapman returned to inform Col. Mason of the condition of affairs and the position of the hostile Indians, it being his duty to do so, being employed by Howard as Scout and Guide. His going to the rear was misconstrued by some that he wanted to get out of the way of danger, but this was not the cause. He was only doing his duty. . . .Myself and Capt. Winters marched through the dense underbrush and fallen timbers until we found one (1) of the wounded Indian Scouts. We there with our own command skirmished through the woods until we found the body of "Levy" (also one of the Scouts).

[On July 20, McConville and his volunteers returned to Lewiston to refit. Within a week the unit was back at Kamiah with Gen. Howard's command.]

July 28th 1877. Went on a scout with Gen. Howard in person taking with him only an escort of (15) men to the "Little Camas" ground to see if there were any caches, stock or Indians there. We found about sixty (60) head of horses belonging to friendly Indians. We then returned to Kamiah. I only state this to show what implicit confidence Gen. Howard placed in the Volunteers to go so far from his camp, with so small an escort. . . .

End of Report

The Idaho Volunteers at this point left Howard's command as it was preparing to follow the Nez Perce into Montana. For the next two weeks McConville's men performed various escort and scout duties. On August 28 the company returned to Lewiston. McConville sent his men home after collecting the weapons that had been issued to them at the beginning of the hostilities.

In 1898 America declared war on Spain and the Lewiston Volunteers, led again by McConville, answered the call. McConville was appointed head of the Idaho Volunteer Regiment which formed in Boise. The Idaho troops headed for the Philippines, via San Francisco.

Edward V. McConville was killed while leading his troops in a charge on Spanish positions during the Battle of Santa Ana. He is recognized as the founder of the Idaho Army National Guard.

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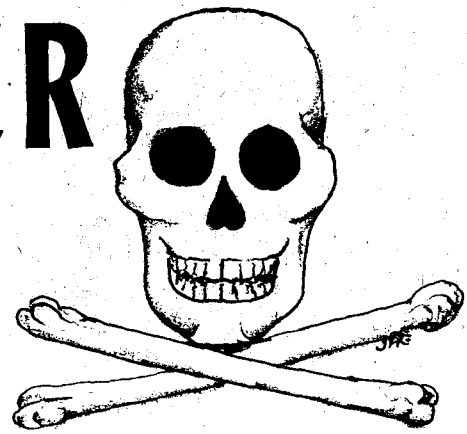

Byrnes was happiest with a gun in his hand and a bounty in sight

By
LORENA ANN OLMSTED

EARLY California records describe many amazing characters. One of the most ruthless was Captain William Byrnes — or else he had a very bad press. He killed, apparently, not for revenge or self-preservation, but simply because he enjoyed killing. He didn't mind being paid for it, either.

Byrnes was born in Indian Town, Maine in June 1824. Little is known of his childhood. But at the age of twenty he joined the ranks of the infamous.

When he learned that the Mexican government was paying a bounty for Apache scalps, he was intrigued. This was an opportunity to kill legally and receive good money for doing it. On his way to Texas he assumed the flamboyant title of "Indian Slayer," a title which in time proved appropriate. It wasn't difficult to assemble a gang of men with ideals matching his own; men who regarded an Indian much as a farmer regards a predator of his stock.

For two years Byrnes and his gang of cutthroats lived at the expense of the Indians. That the Apaches had only bows and arrows with which to defend themselves made no difference to the hunters. Each scalp meant fifty dollars in their greedy hands. There is no authentic record of the number of Apaches they killed, but there is little doubt that it ran into the hundreds.

The gang worked out a system. During the day they would locate an Indian camp. Then after nightfall they would creep stealthily upon the unsuspecting sleepers. At a given signal the slaughter would begin. The Indians never had a chance.

One of the most vicious and unprincipled members of Byrnes' gang was Jim Lansing. He had been a lieutenant for the pirate Jean LaFitte. When LaFitte was pardoned by President Andrew Jackson, Lansing went to St. Louis and was engaged by a French fur company.

Later he was discharged for some misdemeanor, possibly theft. In retaliation, he murdered fourteen of his former companions. He fled to Mexico where he married a young Apache. With this background it isn't any wonder that he was willing to join Byrnes' hunting party. He helped ambush the very Indians who had befriended him.

FOR TWO YEARS Byrnes made more money than he'd ever seen before. Then one night he had a dream; a terrifying dream in which he claimed he was warned that unless he quit persecuting the Indians, he would die. Perhaps it was whiskey talking, but it was very real to him.

He awoke, trembling and frightened. Scalping helpless Indians was one thing; facing an unpleasant death himself was quite another. He recalled with a shudder some of the stories he'd heard of Indian torture methods. As soon as it was daylight, Brynes rose and announced that he was quitting. No one in the gang appeared to care very much. Probably they were glad to see him go, for he kept the lion's share of the bounty money. So, leaving Lansing in command, he set out for his parents' home in Missouri.

For a time, memory of his dream was vivid enough to keep Byrnes in line. But after the excitement he'd known for years, he couldn't remain satisfied for long. When he grew restless he joined a company of Missourians who were entering the war with Mexico.

Following the war he moved to California where he mined for a short time near Hangtown, or Placerville as it is now named. Then once again the thrill of the chase drew him. The Indians had been stirring up trouble and Byrnes applied for the job or was offered the job of heading a company of California volunteers to punish them.

Again it was a case of strength against weakness. Byrnes and his companions were armed and the Indians were not. There were no bounties this time, however, and he soon lost interest.

In 1853 Byrnes was selected as one of the California State Rangers, led by Captain Harry Love. They were formed to wipe out Joaquin Murietta and his gang of outlaws who had been terrorizing California's mining country.

The Rangers were successful; Murietta was killed, and most of his followers were killed or captured. Byrnes was one of the Rangers who presented the head of Murietta and the hand of the notorious outlaw Three-Fingered Jack as proof that the bandit leader had been eliminated.

BYRNES FINALLY married and settled in Carson Valley, but he didn't lead a quiet life for long. He was employed by the State of California under the controversial "Estelle" regime, where he remained for two years. He was then commissioned to lead a foray against the Indians in Carson Valley.

The assignment was of short duration. Byrnes' murderous career was ended. He was struck by a musket shot near his heart. The bullet passed completely through his body. Although it didn't kill him, it made him a semi-invalid for the rest of his life. During his years of violence, he reportedly had received thirty-one wounds, none of which had seriously disabled him; but the musket shot was different.

With all physical activity curtailed, Byrnes had hours each day in which to think about his past, and his actions may have begun to haunt him. Eventually, under the lash of conscience, or under the lash of anger at his helplessness, Byrnes' mind gave way. At the age of forty-nine he was committed to an insane asylum after, as the San Jose (California) paper stated, "he had given way to excessive indulgence in the use of liquor." Perhaps that was the only way he could escape the ghosts of his victims.

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Unfortunately, deputies were merely window dressing for the real law of the land — politics

Deputy Marshal -JOE MORGAN-

By DOROTHY EMERSON YEAGER
Photos provided by author
Courtesy Mahlon Everhart

JOE MORGAN was a U.S. Deputy Marshal at the time he met Julia Sequist in the Dona Ana (New Mexico) county jail. You might say he did meet her in the line of duty. Mr. Sequist had not been a good husband to Julia. During one of his absences she took her son Morris and a plow and went up into the mountains where she figured he would never come, and he never did. As far as is known, and according to Julia, he just stayed "left."

Julia was short, sturdy, brown-haired, brown-skinned, and mechanically inclined; a worker with a lot of common sense back of her steel blue eyes. Julia, it seems, added even more to her practical knowledge in the mountain hideout. Among other things she rode well. She herded goats, busted broncs. She raised all kinds of fruits and vegetables and did a little experimenting, in a manner of Luther Burbank. She knew snakes, their poisons and their remedies, and plants likewise. When short of money she was versatile enough to do a bit of counterfeiting. At this she must not have been too good, for she got caught and lodged in the Dona Ana county jail. Through this misadventure, Joe Morgan met her.

Joe felt more than a passing sympathy for the widow. In fact Joe told her he thought he could hire out a team of her mules and soon raise enough money for her fine. So it was that the fine was paid and Julia Sequist was released. She went back to the mountains and took up her activities again — with the exception of making money backed by neither the gold nor silver standard.

Letters and visits from Joe Morgan followed. At times Joe's visits were delayed because of court proceedings when some hapless soul had to be tried and sentenced. Often lack of stationery was the reason a tender note was written on the back of paper which loudly proclaimed a remedy for "bloat" or an advertisement for a good linament.

Joe with his brother-in-law, Albert B. Fall, had come West by way of Old Mexico. They were two young men seeking adventure. Then they crossed the border into New Mexico Territory where, out of funds, they stopped to find work. The miners took them for gamblers and put them to work at the hardest jobs in camp. Both stuck it out. They made enough money to take them along the Rio Grande and back

At left: U.S. Deputy Marshal Joe Morgan.

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At right: Morgan with his sister Emma Fall.

to Texas. It was on this trip that they first saw New Mexico's Mesilla Valley where Albert was determined to live.

In 1887 Joe accompanied his sister, Emma Fall, with her two children when she moved from East Texas to Las Cruces, New Mexico. Up until that time Emma had kept the home together in Clarksville, Texas and waited for Albert to strike it rich. But Albert hadn't reached that comfortable state when Emma ran out of time. The doctors said she had "galloping consumption." Albert decided to move his family immediately and hope that New Mexico's climate would effect a cure. Joe offered to escort his sister and her children to Las Cruces.

Once settled in the new climate, Emma seemed better but Joe continued to help her with the family. The bear-like Joe wrapped his bulky frame in a flour sack and did the cooking and other household chores. At this he was very competent.

THE WEST at this time had its own particular code. It was the survival of the fittest — the quickest with the trigger or the mind. Drinking was a man's own business and shooting was, too, providing differences were settled face to face. Shooting a man in the back was something else. Politics was played for keeps and six-shooters were ever present at elections; often arguments were punctuated with shots. Bravery, straight shooting with arms and otherwise, self-confidence and guts were qualities most admired in the West and Albert Fall had all of these — except that he never learned to hit a target and, as far as is known, never tried but once.

That incident occurred when there was acrimonious warfare between Ben Williams (strong man of the Fountain political faction of that part of New Mexico) and local deputies — who were allowed to wear guns.

At election the sheriff's office was being contested. This was a crucial office and a key to many things. Political tensions had become apparent. Federal lawmen of New Mexico had to deal with national issues yet local problems continued to take up most of their time. Bands of rustlers operated in the southern counties after the Lincoln County War.

Because of the Posse Comitatus Act the regular army was unable to assist and, in accordance with a precedent used by Lew Wallace, units of militia were organized. The Dona Ana County contingent, the Mesilla Scouts, was commanded by A.J. Fountain and was most active.

Within the judiciary of New Mexico, the marshals worked closely with the judges. Albert Fall who was now a judge in Las Cruces, seat of the Third Judicial District, had constructed a Democratic empire at the expense of the Republican leader of Dona Ana County, A.J. Fountain. Each man sought support among the residents of the county. Fall led the newly arrived cattlemen from Texas, represented by Oliver M. Lee. Fountain counted many Hispanics among his followers. Fall slowly wooed the native population and successfully defended his ranching friends from Fountain, who prosecuted them for rustling.

This was a time of transition with clashes between men who preferred the old lawless way of the range and men who advocated the regular processes of the law. Cattlemen had begun to register their brands, and rustling had become a crime. Change was coming. It might require a long time with casualties, scars and wounds that would be slow to heal. But it was coming, and as one old-timer reflected, "We didn't rustle no more'n was customary!"

The deputies were plainly a political tool. Fall considered the control of the law enforcement positions to be essential to the exercise of political power and placed his friends accordingly. He was instrumental in getting Joe Morgan deputized.

On September 15, 1895, about 10 p.m. Ben Williams was walking homeward on the main street of Las Cruces. Unexpectedly for everyone, he was suddenly face to face with Albert Fall and Joe Morgan was leaning against an awning post. There was no preliminary action; the shooting began on

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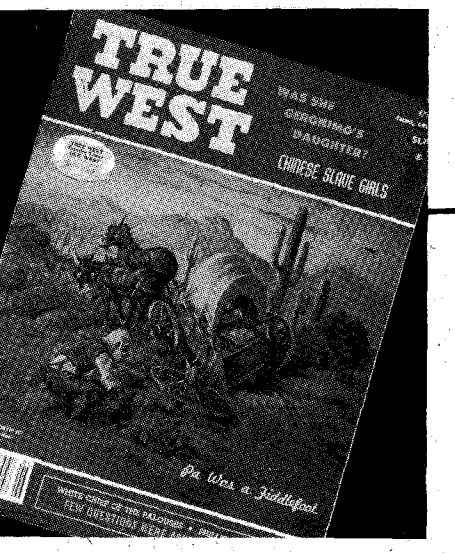
BACK ISSUES



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sight. Who shot first is disputed, but from behind the awning post Joe shot Williams at close range. Almost at the same time Fall took a potshot at Williams. The bullet penetrated his left arm near the elbow, injuring the bone and inflicting a serious wound. Williams fired two or three shots at his opponents. Joe Morgan caught a bullet in the arm. Fall and Morgan were arrested but were released on their own recognizance.

Emma was at home, and hearing the shots she was worried about her family. She rushed out, with the children following, and asked a passing Mexican what the shooting was all about. He replied in Spanish (and she did not understand any of it), but she did catch the name of Fall. By now Emma was almost in a frenzy. Fortunately at almost the same moment her husband, Albert, came up the road. Emma anxiously asked where Joe was.

"He's all right," said Albert. "He got shot but it just grazed his side and he is getting bandaged up at the drugstore."

When Joe came home a little later his comment was, "Emma, don't tell a damn soul but Williams didn't hit me. He missed. Albert is the one who hit me. He's got the damnest aim I ever saw!"

MANY STORIES have been written about this incident. There were those who said Williams was trying to arrest Joe Morgan to send him back to Texas on an old murder charge (totally unfounded); there are others who said it was a scheme to remove Albert Fall from the political scene.

A grand jury later indicted Williams for attempted murder and A.J. Fountain as an accessory after the fact, but nothing was ever done about the indictment. Williams, although he figured further in the political battles, later became friends with Albert. Eventually he ran a detective agency in El Paso and Albert hired him to investigate some shortages that had occurred on his Tres Ritos Ranch.

On February 1, 1896 A.J. Fountain and his young son Henry disappeared near the White Sands. There were no known witnesses to any crime and the bodies were never recovered. The buckboard in which they had been riding was found by search parties soon after the disappearance. Tracks of three men in cowboy boots were said to have been beside the buckboard. But no tracks were found to give any clue to the whereabouts of Fountain or the child.

Warrants were issued for the arrest of Oliver Lee, William McNew and James Gilliland but were not served immediately. Officially, the case slumbered for two years.

On April 3, 1898 Sheriff Pat Garrett arrested McNew and put him in jail in Las Cruces without bail, and there he stayed. Arresting Lee and Gilliland was another matter. They skillfully avoided being served with warrants. Men of each faction traveled in pairs and laid up stores of cartridges.

Pat Garrett, Sheriff of Dona Ana County, and A.J. Fountain were Republicans. Albert Fall, at that time, was a Democrat and a leader in the party. Oliver Lee was also a Democrat and an active supporter of Albert Fall; they were close personal friends and remained so for the rest of their lives.

Albert waited for the creation of Otero County (created out of Dona Ana and Lincoln Counties) which placed Oliver Lee's property in Otero County. This took the trial out of Dona Ana County, but Albert felt that enough damage had been done to prevent Lee from getting a fair trial even in the newly-created county. He got a change of venue to Hillsboro in Sierra County. In the summation Albert Fall charged the presiding judge, Tom Catron, and several others present with perpetrating a political scheme to ruin both him and Lee. Many feel that this was absolutely true. This maneuver resulted in the history-making trial of which Albert got a verdict of "not guilty" for his clients.

In 1896 Joe Morgan had married Julia Sequist. During the troubled times it was Julia who, always undetected, rode horseback across the Tularosa Basin and in the mountains carrying messages from various members of Oliver Lee's group who were in hiding.

The capable Joe Morgan took care of Julia for thirty years. Because of her failing health, he nursed her for three years before he died himself of a heart attack in 1926.

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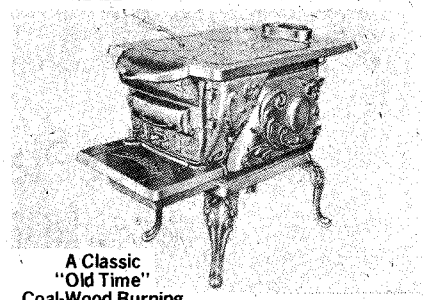

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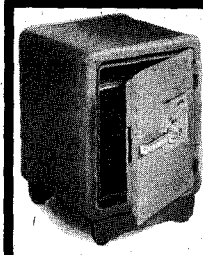

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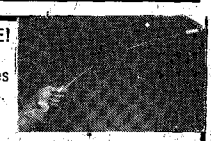

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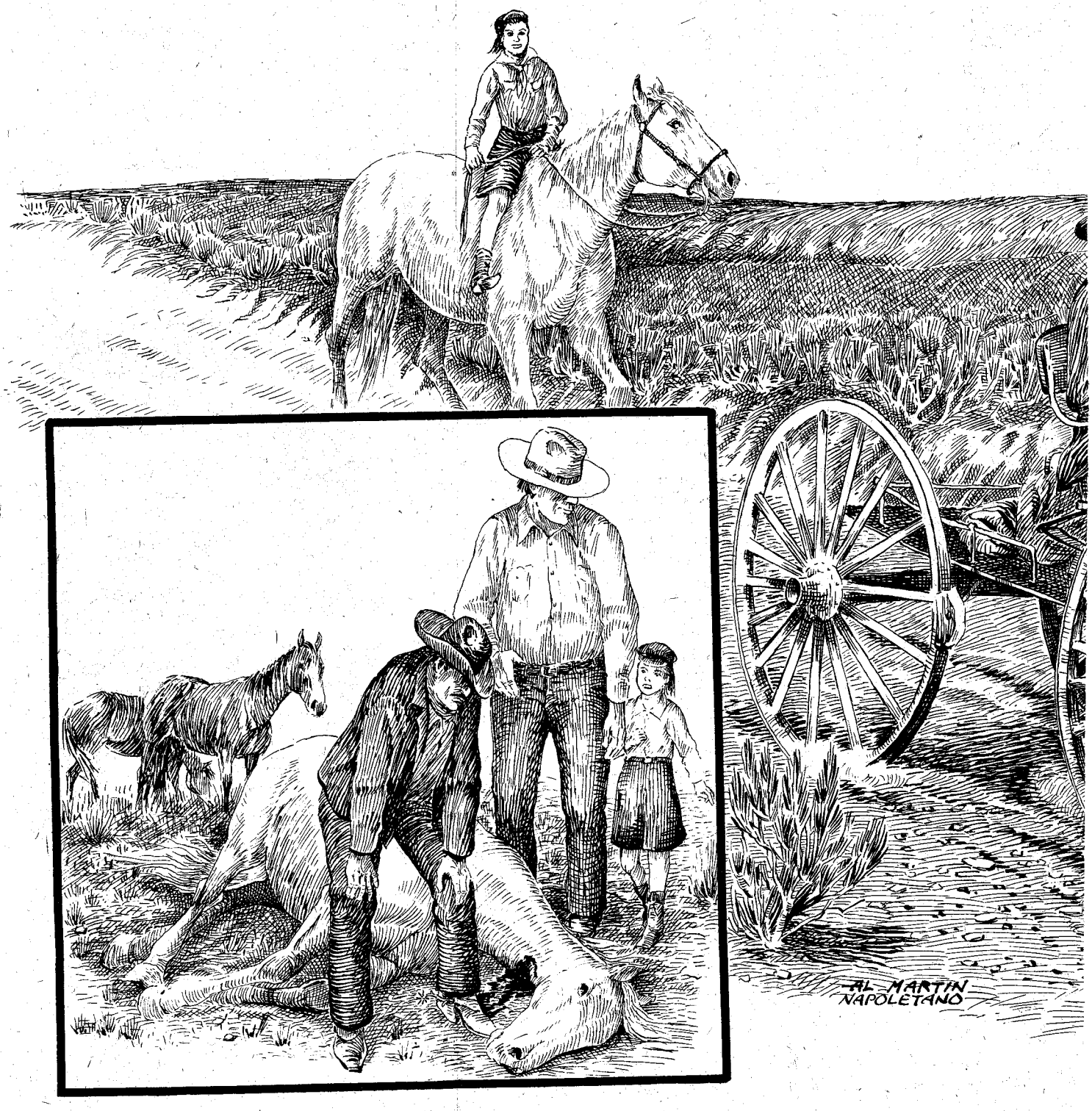
A GIRL AND HER HORSE

Chief Plenty Coups invited young women to race, but they weren't supposed to win



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By
CLARICE A. STEWART
Photo provided by author
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Explanatory Note: Sixty years ago I lived for a time with my family on the prairies of Montana. I remember it as a unique chapter in the life of a girl who was half tomboy, and naive concerning any part of the world other than the one about her — the plains, the wind and the tumbleweed.

When I was almost thirteen I inherited a horse — a beautiful white mare. At least, I thought she was beautiful. I named her Pet and most of this story has to do with our short time together. — C.S.

PERHAPS I HAD BETTER hark back to the year 1909 when my mother, dad, sister and I lived in Rapid City, South Dakota. Mother became ill, died and was buried in her home town of Exeter, Nebraska.

After Mother's death, Sister and I were separated. She, who was seventeen months younger than I, went with relatives to Iowa. I stayed with an aunt in Rapid City. Dad went to Montana where he found employment.

In due time he bought a stock ranch near Billings, married a local girl, and brought Sissy and me to live with them. The ranch was new and strange and a period of adjustment began for each of us. I was reluctant to accept my stepmother as readily as had my young sister.

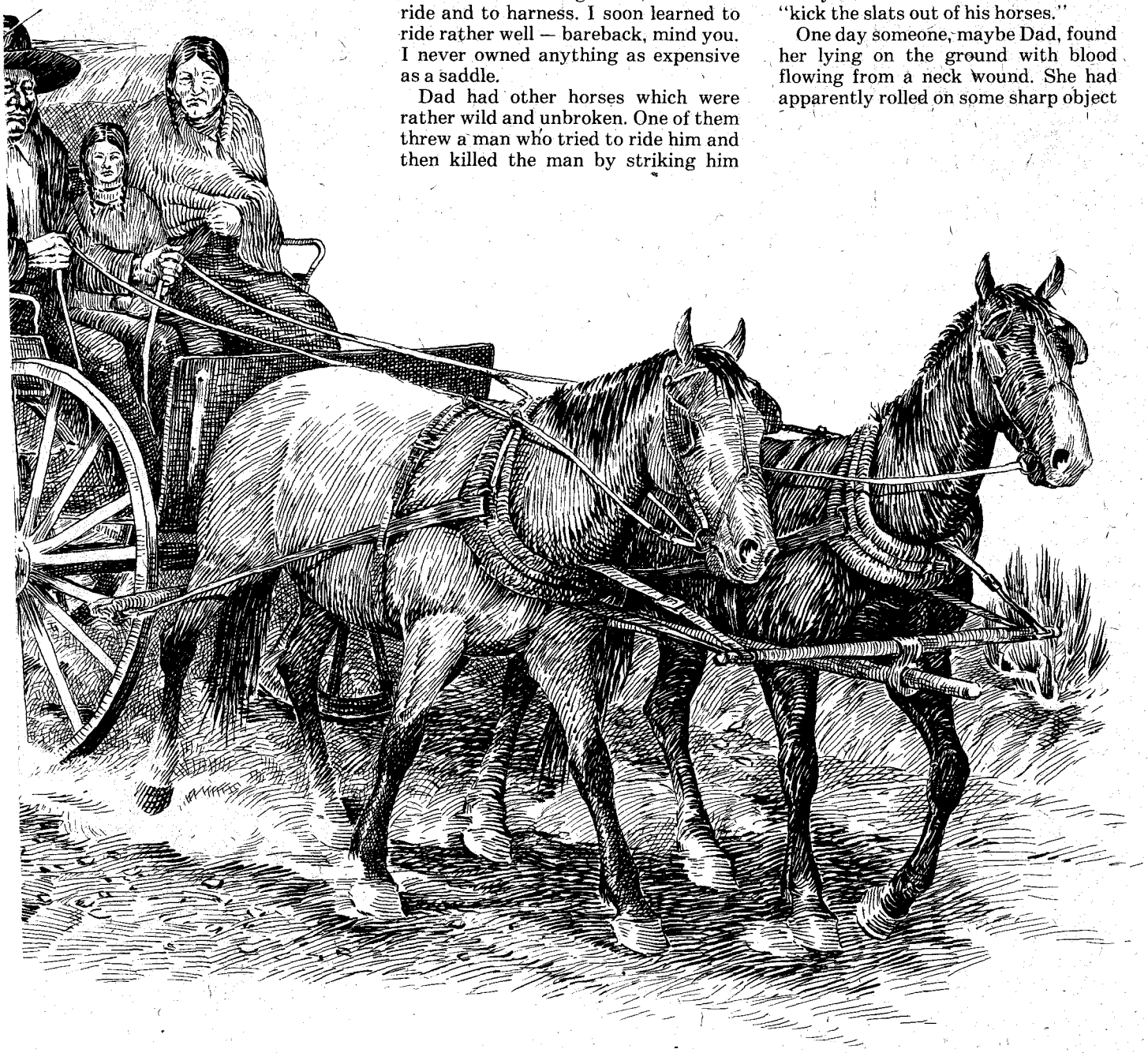
Dad had sheep on the place and horses. Some were gentled, broken to ride and to harness. I soon learned to ride rather well — bareback, mind you. I never owned anything as expensive as a saddle.

Dad had other horses which were rather wild and unbroken. One of them threw a man who tried to ride him and then killed the man by striking him with his front feet as he lay on the ground. Dad and some others, including the local sheriff, held a sort of trial and condemned the animal to be shot. This, as you can imagine, was an unforgettable experience for a child.

About this time, Dad took a horse to board or graze for a man named Grant. I was drawn to this animal in a way, even though she was thin and underfed. Her ribs showed and her coat was scraggly and badly in need of attention from a curry comb and brush. I guess I appreciated her color. She was the only white horse anywhere around, as I remember. With her long white mane and tail, she was different to say the least.

She also had spunk. With ears laid back and teeth bared, she could hold her own with the best of them. This annoyed Dad as he said she liked to "kick the slats out of his horses."

One day someone, maybe Dad, found her lying on the ground with blood flowing from a neck wound. She had apparently rolled on some sharp object



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Above: Clarice Powell with Pet and some friends.

and punctured her jugular vein. It was evident that she was in a weakened condition from loss of blood. My dad and Mr. Grant decided after some discussion that she was too far gone to do much about.

Mr. Grant said, "Might as well let her go, "A" (he called Dad "A" for "Alva"). She's kind of a mean old soul, not good for much anyway."

I was standing by all the while and when I heard this verdict I immediately set up a howl. "Please let me have her," I begged. "If I save her, can I have her?"

Thinking, of course, that she wouldn't survive, to humor me they consented. It didn't take me long to jump astride one of our nags and head for town and the livery stable. I contacted a man working at the stable who was handy at doctoring stock and explained my predicament.

I think he felt sympathetic toward this anxious, gangling girl and was good enough to saddle a horse and hurry back to the ranch with me. He cleaned and sewed up the wound, applied a disinfectant and with some doubt expressed the hope that she could make it. Then he departed.

I sat up with my patient far into the night, forcing water between her jaws by trickling it from a bottle. Next morning I arose early to find her slightly improved but unable to get to her feet. I gave her more water and tender, loving care.

It was late the third day when I coaxed her up and into the stall. I gave her some hay, carried water in a bucket and swiped some oats that were reserved exclusively for my stepmother's matched pair of sorrel buggy horses.

From then on Pet recovered rapidly with more hay and grain when I could sneak it, and lots of brushing and currying. We were on our way to developing an association that amazed my dad. It was, in fact, the wonder of everyone who thought they knew this ornery old mare to be mean as sin but who now was docile and did my every bidding.

As the days went by, I rode her every chance I had. She was a beautiful horse. Her coat was smooth and shiny. What was more important, she could run. We had an open area by the local baseball park where races were held. Pet really did herself proud most of the time.

As a jockey, I must have been some figure. I generally wore a divided skirt, middy-blouse, corduroy hat and a bandana kerchief around my neck. I always rode bareback with nothing to hang onto but a handful of mane.

Lots of times I let go full speed on the open prairie just to feel the zest of the wind in my face and the freedom of it all. Pet seemed to like it as much as I. Once she shied at a snake and then lunged, leaving me on the ground with the snake. However, she was never panicky. I caught her easily and rode

At right: Chief Plenty Coups

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Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

Above: Heading down the trail to the finish line.

home with slightly bruised hind parts.

OUR RANCH was not far off the road from Hardin, Montana on the way to Billings. Sometimes we were visted by Indians traveling to and from the Crow tribal headquarters near Hardin.

Dad would give them dead sheep to haul away. We wondered what they did with them. They certainly weren't for eating. Later we learned they worked the skins into a soft, pliable material for many uses.

My dad had a way of visiting with most everyone, including the Crow people. He eventually developed a friendship with Chief Plenty Coups. This name was so corrupted in pronunciation that to me it came out "Penny Cuse" and it was not until many years later when I visited a museum in Billings that I learned its true spelling.

The Crows were a frugal, rather poor tribe. Game was no longer plentiful on the reservation and they could only raise the cattle and horses their range would support. Yet they appeared to do well with what they had.

They sometimes put on a sort of celebration — a fair or powwow. It was usually a two- to three-day affair and included riding, races and such. It was on the eve of such an occasion that Chief Plenty Coups came by our place and stopped to visit. He was driving a team of ponies to a buckboard. With him were his wife and a little girl.

He was telling Dad what they were having and I was standing by taking it all in. Right then I started putting the pressure on Dad to allow me to go and enter my horse in a race. At first he considered it unthinkable. To my surprise, however, the Chief put in a word on my behalf explaining that they would look after me and I could ride following them the whole way. So Dad gave in and told me to get ready.

You may wonder what my stepmother thought about all this. Well, actually, she didn't approve of much that I did. But Dad made most of the decisions in my case and she let it go at that.

When I finally got ready to go we took off on a rather lengthy sixty-mile trek to the Crow Agency. The Chief traveled at a dogtrot and I kept pace at a steady jog behind the buckboard. It was well after dark when we arrived at a way station, the Clark ranch. Mrs. Clark put me safely in bed for the night.

I never knew just where or how the Chief and his companions were accommodated. I think Mrs. Clark provided someplace for them to spread the lap robes or blankets they had with them.

Quite a few Indians stopped overnight at the Clark place on occasion. Some slept on the floor or in the barn, depending on the weather.

Next morning I sat at breakfast with the Clarks. At another table across the room sat the Chief and other Indians who were there.

Soon we were on our way again. We stopped around noon to water and rest the horses and eat a bite of lunch the Clarks had sent along. We finally reached the agency headquarters as the sun was going down. I was tired and dusty and could have used a bath but had to be content with a damp wash rag.

Chief Plenty Coups seemed to be recognized as the boss around the place. He spoke in the Crow tongue and a youngster came and took my horse, while a woman emerged from the crowd and took me in tow. She was named Katy Lodgepole. She was instructed by the Chief to look out for me and was attentive and nice during the two nights and one day that I was there.

Katy showed me to a room in a small house nearby that contained a bunk bed with two ancient buffalo skins and little else except a bench, as I remember. So far as I could tell there were no doors on the front or back openings, which concerned me a little as this was a strange environment for me.

I think Katy sensed that I was sort of ill-at-ease. She explained to me by gestures and in her pidgin English that she would be sleeping in an adjoining room with an open door between us. She was a young woman, not bad looking and rather personable. I never knew whether she was married.

I turned in right away as I was too

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shy to mingle with Katy and a group of women who were visiting nearby. I slept fitfully, off and on, through the night. When I awoke a short time before sunup, I found out that what had pestered me during the night were bedbugs in healthy numbers. They had bitten me in dozens of places. I suppose they found a paleface diet tasty for a change. I dressed and went outside to find where they had put Pet. She was in part of a pole corral munching hay.

Not many Indians were stirring at this early hour, but I did find a white man at the corral tending the stock. A white man being there rather surprised me as it must have surprised him to see me. I asked what he was doing there, and he said he had wronged an Indian girl. He did not elaborate beyond that, so I presume he was serving some kind of sentence or penance.

The camp began to come alive by this time. I could see smoke from the cabins floating lazily on the still morning air. I didn't know what I was to do for breakfast. There was a store or commissary not too far away so I wandered over there and purchased some crackers and a piece of hard cheese. By this time Katy was up and about and seemed amused by my idea of breakfast food. In her side of the house she had a table and small wood stove. She dug out some meat, cold bread and coffee. She drank coffee which looked strong as lye while I drank water.

I went outside and noticed a group of men under some trees. They seemed to be getting a barbecue under way. Women were there too, helping with preparations. Men, women and children were milling about, all looking forward to the day's events.

IT WAS ALMOST mid-morning when I saw the Chief emerge from a house some distance away. Seeing me, he came over and greeted me with a sort of "How" or "Hi" and asked, "You sleep good?"

He then said to me, "Come." I went with him and we entered the building he had just left. He opened a door into a room off the hall. It was starkly impressive — a large room with no furniture. Buffalo hides and other skins adorned four walls, leaving only the door and windows exposed.

Against the back wall, among various trophies, was a life-sized statue the color of bronze. It appeared to be an image of the Chief. It was plain that he treasured the statue for some special reason. At the time I didn't give much thought to its origin but in retrospect, I have wondered if perhaps he received it on a trip East for his representation of Indian interests to the government. I have also wondered about what disposition was made of it after his death.

Plenty Coups was an extraordinary friend to the whites and quite a bit has been written about him; even so, discrepancies exist, some I have read.

One said, quote, "He could neither read, write nor speak English." This is not true. He visited with my dad, talked with him, and he talked with me.

I have found little written information about his family except that he had more than one wife. The wife I saw traveling with him was perhaps less than half his age. The child with her was not his daughter because reportedly Plenty Coups had no children.

The Chief must have been in his mid-sixties at the time I visited the agency. He was vigorous, of stately bearing, and had good conversational ability. In English he spoke in staccato fashion, with a clear, distinct voice.

The Chief walked back with me to the area near the barbecue where most of the crowd was gathered. He turned aside to talk to someone. I walked on toward a group of women, including Katy Lodgepole, who were visiting together. Katy came to me and managed to explain that I should eat something as we would have the races soon.

I went in the house where she and I were quartered and munched a few bites of the same fare I had had for breakfast. I learned that their big meal would be in the late afternoon when the meat was done and the events were over for the day.

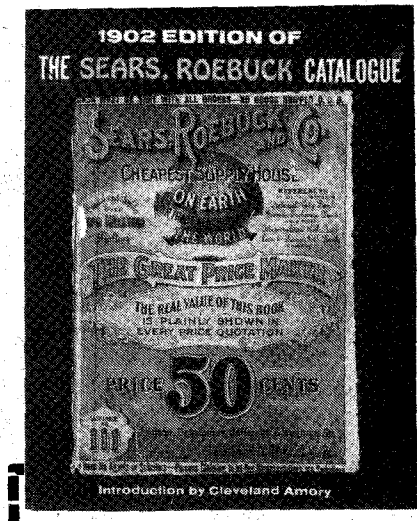
I went out and looked Pet over. She whinnied when she saw me. An Indian man came to me and brought Katy with him. They talked back and forth. She, acting as interpreter, told me to take my horse out to the road as they were lining up for the race.

There were seven entrants besides me for this bareback race. They were all young men, some almost boys, and were dressed in whatever took their fancy. Some wore Levi-type pants though a couple of them wore something like buckskin breeches. With maybe two exceptions, all were bare-chested.

How incongruous I must have looked in my divided skirt and waist, brown high-topped shoes and a bandana handkerchief tied over my head and under my chin.

I felt that all eyes were on me. But if the boys thought it unusual for me to be there, they hid their concern and looked the other way any time I glanced in their direction.

Anyhow I was the most scared and timid one of all and said little or



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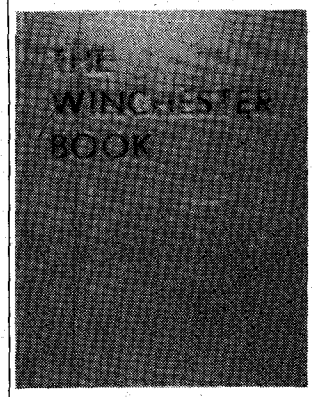

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nothing to anyone. As I sat my horse I did look around at the Chief who grinned and pointed down the road. The riders as a group had started away from the crowd and down the road — a long open area stretching between scattered rows of houses.

I followed slightly behind them until we had gone about a quarter of a mile to where a couple of older men awaited us. With much fast talking and gesturing, they lined us up abreast, with me on the far left. Then a man with a big black hat moved out in front and to one side to give the starting signal. I was balanced on Pet, tensed and with knees tight against her ribs. I had the reins gripped in one hand and a handful of mane in the other when the starter dropped an outstretched arm, let out a loud "yahoo" and we were off.

I remember hearing shouts along the way. A horse or two got off slightly ahead of us at the start but Pet responded beautifully to my urging and began to move up. As we crossed the finish line, my mare was over half a length ahead.

I heard some cheering coming out of the general clamor but not a lot. My win was not likely to create much enthusiasm when I, as a guest, had won the race so handily. They would not show rudeness, but women just didn't compete as a rule and my win was a new one the men would have to think about.

I slowed my mount in a wide turn beyond the finish line and rode her back to where the Chief stood. He took the bit and held her for a moment as I slid to the ground. Handing me the rein, he stood beside me and turned and addressed the crowd. Whatever he said, though short, succeeded in evoking a lusty cheer, some yelps, and whistles.

Then it seemed their reserve thawed. Men came up and looked Pet over from head to foot, discussing her good points as if they hadn't ever seen her before even though she had been in a corral in plain sight for a day and a night.

The Chief had been talking to Katy and an older woman. He left them and came back to me and said, "Wait." Katy and the woman hurried away. As I waited the Chief said, "You make good race, you have fine horse."

As I stood by, some of the boys who took part in the race came up and looked Pet over. One of them looked at me and gave me a wide grin, which made me feel a lot better.

Then I saw Katy and her companion returning with some things. The Chief came over, gestured toward me and they began handing me the prizes I had won: a beaded buckskin purse; a pair of buckskin gloves, fringed and beaded; an Indian doll about a foot tall; and an Indian tomahawk or hand axe.

I thanked the Chief and held up a free hand in salute to the crowd, who responded with a bit of applause.

Katy took my loot to the house for me while I went to the corral with my horse. An attendant saw that she had feed and water and I returned to the house to wipe off the dust. I washed up and stretched out on the bunk to rest for awhile.

I lay and looked at the assortment of things they had given me. It dawned on me that probably they had been in a quandary, temporarily at least, about what to give a young girl for a prize, hence the errand the Chief sent the women on. As it was, the tomahawk had, no doubt, been one of the regular presents intended for the men.

OTHER EVENTS were going on outside but I preferred to rest for a while as I would have a long ride home ahead of me the next two days. I must have dozed for awhile for when I awoke the shadows were long and I heard considerable noise from outside. I returned to the crowd and saw Katy. There was a makeshift sideboard of boards on supports for the food. Some Indians were already eating from a huge wooden slab that was sort of hollowed out and did duty as a platter.

They were in an amiable mood and made way for me to get nearer the feast. This was when I recognized the main course as a well-cooked cow's head, minus the horns and ears, grinning grotesquely up at me. One man obligingly offered me his knife so I

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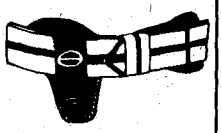

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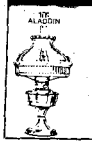

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might help myself. But I recoiled at the idea of cutting meat off this gargoyle and backed away, much to the amusement of my Indian friends.

A short distance away they were serving other portions of the barbecue which were more to my liking. Just why these people preferred meat from the animal's head, I never knew.

After most everyone had eaten, a group of women congregated in a house nearby and put on a kind of powwow — I guess that is the term. It developed into a stomp where one comes down on the toes in springy, rhythmic beat, letting the heel down last.

Katy took some pains to have them show me how to do the step. But I wasn't very apt, so they went ahead without me. They became pretty absorbed, humming a chant which provided the rhythm. I watched for a time, but as they got more under the spell of the dance they grew louder and began to attract an audience. I slipped out and went to my room.

As the revelry continued I became a little frightened. By the way, I never saw anyone take a drink of anything that looked like whiskey or even beer, but I can't be sure they did not. Chief Plenty Coups was very much opposed to drinking and the use of the peyote bean, and I have heard he succeeded in controlling those two stimulants quite well.

I slept soundly despite the hungry bedbugs and awoke to hear the Chief talking to Katy Lodgepole. She came and told me a man and his wife were leaving for Billings and would see me home. I put my belongings together as fast as I could and she escorted me to the store where a team and spring wagon was parked. The Chief was talking to the man and woman, I suppose instructing them about me.

He and Katy said goodbye to me as warmly as they were able to express themselves. I thanked them for everything, put my hand satchel and bundle of prizes in the wagon, tied Pet to the end of the rig and we took off. I rode in the wagon box with a blanket over my lap. We stopped late that evening at the Clark ranch. I showed them what I had won and they were glad I had done so well in the race.

Next morning I tried to pay Mrs. Clark for the two nights lodging from money Dad had given me. But she would have none of it. She said they were happy to have me. I felt much better that morning, having cleaned myself up a bit. Also I enjoyed the first good, clean food I'd had in a while.

I rode my horse most of the way home that day and we arrived in late afternoon. I thanked my escorts, even though they understood very little English. They smiled and nodded and drove away toward Billings.

I went to the house expecting to see my Dad but he was someplace else. Little Sissy was tickled to see me and wanted to know all about everything at once. My stepmother appeared and said, "Well, home at last. First thing you better do is get a bath and get rid of the Indian smell." This I did while Sissy listened to the highlights of the trip.

After I changed into a clean dress Dad showed up and greeted me with, "Hi kid, glad you're back! How did you do?"

I laid out my trophies for all to see and told my story. Dad was real pleased and my little sister was carried away with it all. But my stepmother offered no comment. I sensed she wasn't pleased that I had been away and no doubt thought it was a useless escapade.

I WENT BACK to the routine of the place with its many chores. In the days that followed I gradually came to the sobering realization that things weren't very right around the ranch as far as our family was concerned. My stepmother talked very little to me, nor I to her. It was plain that she was not happy taking care of us kids and I could notice that the pressure was telling on Dad. She seemed to accept Sissy better than me.

As I look back over the years I have developed a measure of understanding that I could not have had then. I loved my real mother so much that I never really ackowledged Dad's marriage to her as my mother's replacement. When seen in this perspective I have to admit part of the fault was mine.

One day in early fall, Dad sat down and talked to me and went over the whole situation. The next day he loaded me up, bag and baggage, and across town we went to some friends of his. Their names were Williamson. I stayed for about three months and could take it no longer. I ran away to an aunt, my mother's sister, in Laurel, Montana.

In the next five and a half years I moved from one family or relative to another four times. Between working for my keep, sometimes late into the night, and trying to get my schoolwork done, I managed to graduate from high school. With the aid of friends I went to Seattle to business school. After graduating I found a job, and in due course I sent for my sister to come live with me.

This brings me about to the end of my story except for one incident. During my stay with a family named Burt in Deer Lodge, Montana I worked as a clerk for a department store during school vacation. The merchant dispatched me to the state prison to get the order for crochet thread the prisoners used on certain needlework projects they had learned to do.

The guard went along and I talked with some men who were like trusties. One little man, thin, bald and with a distinct pallor, took a special interest in me. When I turned to him, he came closer and in a voice that was almost a whisper, asked, "Are you A. Powell's daughter?" I replied with some surprise that I was, and then asked who he was.

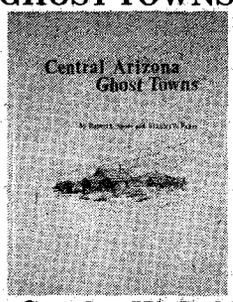
He said, "I am the livery stable man who took care of your white mare the time she stabbed a hole in her neck."

I could hardly believe it; he was so changed. I asked why he was in there. He replied, "Horse thievin'."

I left quite sad, as it brought back a flood of memories of that day years before when I was carted away from the ranch, benumbed and almost in a state of shock, leaving my family and Pet behind. I had cried quite a lot, all to myself, over it all and wondered so many times how my old horse was. I heard from Sister when she came to Seattle that Pet was still at the ranch. Long after that I heard that Pet died there.

My horse and I were together that one season. I can truly say that in my early girlhood Pet was responsible for the most cherished interlude of my otherwise drab existence.

CENTRAL ARIZONA GHOST TOWNS



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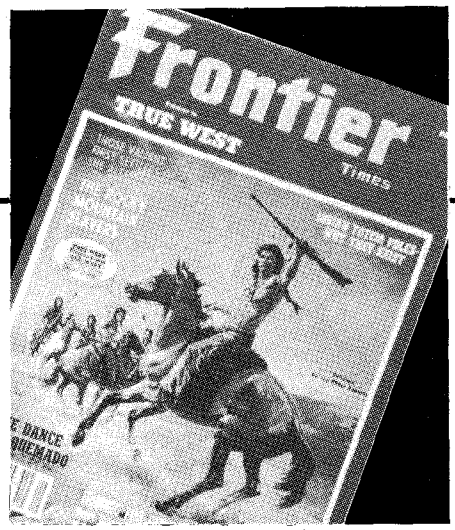

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By Roy F. (Cap) Carpenter

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Spanish settlements had been on the banks of the Rio Grande only a hundred miles to the west for three hundred years. But the primitive Guadalupes had remained an Indian haven in spite of onrushing civilization during California's gold rush. A few survey and military parties had probed the foothills after 1849. Ill-fated army guide, Jose Polancio, was ambushed in Guadalupe Canyon on February 1, 1855. His arrow-riddled body was found less than five miles south of Manzanita Springs.

In September 1858 civilization again brushed the area when Butterfield Overland Mail established a station at nearby Pine Springs (then called "The Pinery"). However, the mail route moved south in less than a year, and Civil War confusion left the mountains an Indian refuge for another ten years. Post-war days found the army trying to pacify Southwestern tribes. Cushing, upset when his friend Lt. Franklin Yeaton was killed by Apaches in the fall of 1869, became a

Below: Ruins of the station on the Butterfield Overland Mail Route at the base of the Guadalupe Mountains. The station was nicknamed "The Pinery."
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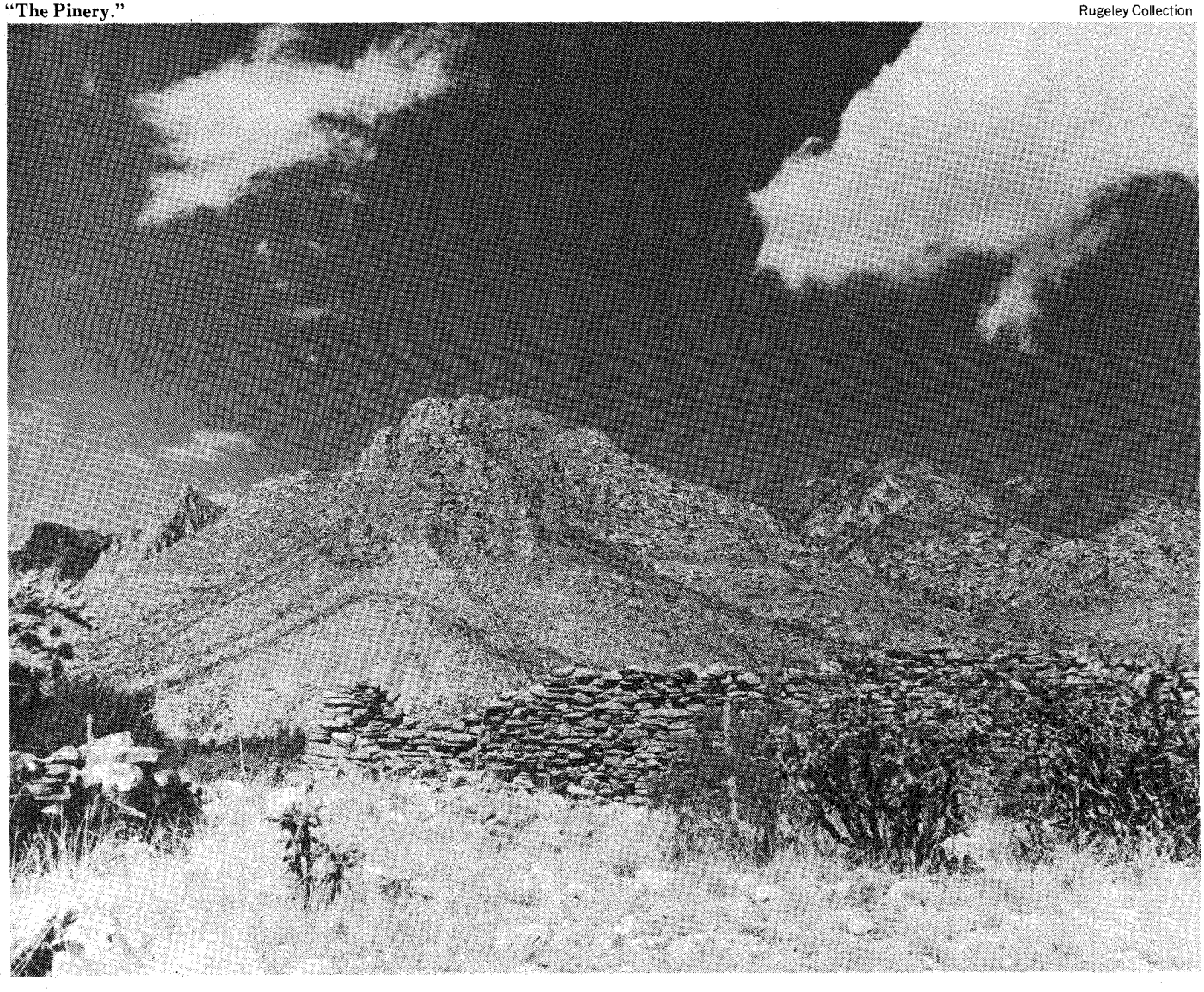

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Above: Monument erected at the station-site.

dedicated Indian fighter, tracking and killing with a vengeance. The December raid at Manzanita Springs was one of his first battles after Yeaton's death and Cushing gained a reputation as one of the army's deadliest desert campaigners. Less than two years later, on May 5, 1871, Cushing led twenty-two men on a planted trail left by wily Apache Chief Cochise, into Bear Springs Canyon, Arizona. In spite of a last-second warning from an alert sergeant, Cochise's warriors killed Cushing and several of his men. Before military help could arrive, the Apaches crossed the border into Mexico. Manzanita Springs and a dozen other raids had been avenged! Today, when you read the plaque at the springs, raise your eyes to nearby Nipple Hill, and try to imagine the ghost of an Apache sentinel on the peak, waiting to signal another attack. If you do not understand why the Guadalupes offered Indians security for so long, try hiking the rugged canyon and crags. Try avoiding catclaw, prickly pear and rattlesnakes. You will come away a believer.

"Watch for the Wagons"

By Daniel Woods

A GATHERING of the wagons. From miles around they came to get water, the wagons to Tonalea, the Navajo Trading Post, to Casa Grande, the white man's town near the great Papago Reservation, and to Chandler, near their homes on the Gila River.

A piece of vanishing Americana, the wagons the white man brought to the Indians. The wagons the white man rejected when he climbed into the automobile.

But the Indians did not have the means to make the change quickly. The affluence was with the whites. For years the wagons pulled by little Indian mules and ponies rocked across the vast reservations in northern Arizona and on the southern deserts and valleys.

Then the Indian became more prosperous. They found work with the government at trading posts, in tribal enterprises, and sometimes got jobs off the reservations.

They bought pickups. Their family and all their relations could ride together. The wagons were too slow, too uncomfortable and too Indian.

Today it is difficult to find a gathering of the wagons. They exist but are scarce. They are only in remote places on certain days at the right time.

After World War II in the 1940s, many Indian wagons in this area still came from the Papago villages to Casa Grande.

They tied up and left their teams and wagons on the south side of town near the Southern Pacific tracks.

Night driving was very hazardous on the roads the wagons traveled as they usually had no lights. Fifty-some years ago young Johnny Zelewager, from Florence, was killed on the Florence-Blackwater road enroute to Chandler to a dance. Zelewager was in a new roadster with his girlfriend when they ran into an Indian wagon. The wagon had no lights.

A few years before that, Fred Ebberheart, driving his special built Stutz Bearcat, had a one-car one-wagon accident on the old Florence highway. Ebberheart reportedly swerved left to avoid hitting the wagon that had no lights, and ended up overturned in a bar pit. A quick stop was difficult to make on a gravel road. Ebberheart's car went into a long skid before rolling over in the ditch. He was picked up and brought into Casa Grande to Jack Rimol's pool hall where Dr. James E. Redden was playing billiards. He was then rushed to the doctor's office across the street.

Eddie Westmoreland, a swamper at Jack's Pool Hall, acted as the doctor's assistant during the examination. He was a Godsend, Redden said.

The doctor took Ebberheart's head between his hands and pressed it like a watermelon, checking to see if it was cracked. Westmoreland put some cotton and a handkerchief over the patient's nose and poured chloroform on it, while the doctor dug the rocks out of his skull over the left eye. "He'll have a headache tomorrow," Redden mumbled to himself as he worked by the small light in his office.

Ebberheart survived but he was never the same. His speech was very slow and he walked differently from then on.

Dr. Redden was a good doctor and a kind man. He seemed to know that his patient needed help at once and couldn't be moved over the rough roads to a hospital so far away. He let a couple of high school kids (I was one) watch the operation in his little office, telling us to stand back and if we got sick to step outside and get some fresh air, which we did.

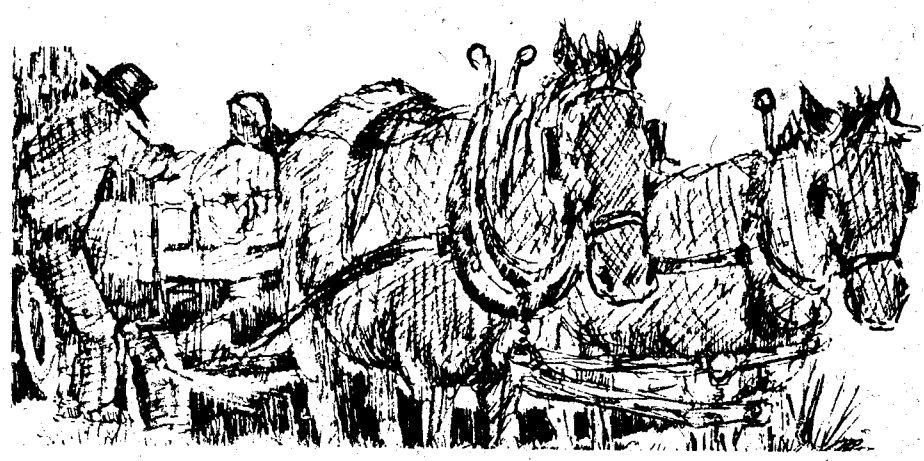
"Watch for the wagons" was a saying the old-timers used often — especially when one traveled at night.

A MAGNIFICENT BARN

BARNS are a vanishing feature of the Nebraska landscape today and the large limestone type is a rare sight indeed. One such barn stands in Gage County where it has been a landmark since its construction in 1874.

Elijah Filley built his barn following

Below: Dan Woods' drawing of horse and wagon.



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two summers of devastating drought, grasshopper invasion and crop failure, Conceived as a local relief project, Filley hired many local farmers to help quarry, haul, dress and lay the stone for the barn as well as for the extensive carpentry work involved, thus assisting many farmers through hard times. Upon completion, a barn dance was held for the community. Filley invited the editor of the *Beatric Express* for an inspection, and he filed this report (December 10, 1874):

"It is 44 by 54 feet on the ground, with an elevation of 27 feet to the plates. The walls are built of fine, hammer-dressed stone from Mr. Filley's own quarry on Rock Creek, nearby; their thickness being two feet as far up as the ground floor, and 18 inches above that. The cornice is heavy, and surmounting the roof is a cupola, with blinds, on the summit of which is impaled a mammoth model of a steer. There are virtually four stories in the barn. The basement is divided off into stalls for cattle, and here can be put up sixty animals without crowding. Chutes from the hay loft bring down hay and feed with little trouble. This room opens into a large corral in the rear, and is well-lighted."

"Above this is the main floor, which has stalls on either side for horses and cows to the number of thirty, and in the center an open space for teams with hay and feed to enter. Convenient hay racks and feed boxes, all built in substantial style, are built in each stall, and the floor is three inches thick."

"Over the stalls on each side is the hay loft, which has a capacity of about one-hundred tons. Over one end of the passageway is a floor for stowing tools and implements. Above the hay loft is a floor for feed and grain, which is to be divided off into bins. There will be a tackle block rigged in the cupola, by which grain wil be lifted from the floor below into the wagon box and emptied into these bins."

"The whole barn is well-finished, and of course is a very solid structure. The frame inside is very heavy, the main timbers being a foot square. The building is well-lighted throughout with arched windows that add much to its appearance. It is a complete barn, and we do not believe there is a better one in the state. Elijah can afford to be proud of it."

Since its nomination to the National Register of Historic Places, the barn has been willed to the Gage County Historical Society. Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

THE BLIZZARD OF '88 OMAHA HORSE CAR DRIVER REMEMBERS

NEBRASKA winters have always been the bane of cold-weather transportation. Modern planes and autos sometimes seem as helpless against the elements as the horsedrawn vehicles of early days. James H. Hessenflow during the 1880s and 1890s drove horse cars for the Omaha street railroad through deep snow and freezing cold. The November 13, 1932 Omaha *World-Herald*, published Hessenflow's memories of the historic January 12, 1888 blizzard:

"Hessenflow worked for the street car company from 1884 to '95, driving horses for the first five years and then operating a trolley car. The company was owned by [William W.] 'Cap' Marsh. Hessenflow's run was from away out north on Saunders Street (as Twenty-fourth from Cuming on was called) to downtown and to the Union depot. Later in line was extended. Afterward the company was merged with the competing cable company whose tracks ran on some of the same streets with the horse cars. Then the combined systems were consolidated with the newly-formed electric traction line.

"At first there was no heat in the cars, but later small stoves were put in use in winter. The driver stood in the vestibule which was open except for a wall rising three feet from the floor. Later the legislature compelled the company to enclose the vestibule. Hay was scattered on the floor to keep the feet of drivers and passengers from freezing."

Hessenflow's story of the blizzard of 1888: " 'A northeaster was beating down on us that night. [The blizzard actually moved into Nebraska from the northwest.] It was 30 below zero. The snow seemed to be whirling and swirling from every direction and making terrible drifts everywhere. There I stood on the open front of that car with a mask on against the storm, in a fur coat lined with wool, in felt boots, mittens, and all the other clothes I could get on. Yet I nearly froze to death.

" 'It was late at night and a man, his wife and their little girl were all the passengers in the car. The storm was raging so furiously and the snow was so deep that I couldn't go any farther. You couldn't see more than a couple of feet ahead. We were away out north. The man said he just lived a couple of blocks away but it wasn't safe to leave the car. I told him to just stay in the car all night as we had plenty of coal.

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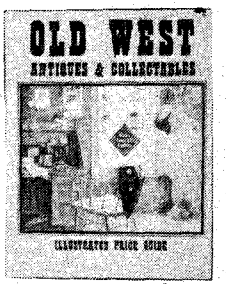

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" 'Then another horse car pulled up alongside of us. The other driver and I turned the horses loose as they would freeze to death harnessed to the cars. One horse of each team had a little bell tied around his neck so it would be more easily found when wanted. That night, horses were heard all over town making their way to the car barns. Other drivers had turned their horses loose when the cars couldn't be moved any farther. The horses all got back to

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the barns. The family stayed in one car and the other driver and me in the other one and we all kept warm.'

"It took the street car men two days to get the tracks open, but that wasn't an unusual experience, as all hands often were called on to shovel a way out for cars stalled in drifts that were over the fences and almost to the tops of trees."

Hessenflow also recalled " 'One Sunday morning a squad of drivers was shoveling out the line near Hanscom park after a big storm the night before. The drivers voted to go to church and they trudged clear to a church on St. Mary's avenue and walked in on the congregation in their fur coats and felt boots. An usher escorted them right up under the pulpit and the man of God gave them a big hand. It certainly was an inspiration, he said, as well as an example to the congregation, to have those secret car boys tramp through the snow to church when a lot of people couldn't walk a block or two to hear God's word just because the weather was bad. . .

" 'That made us a lot of friends among those church people. They used to always speak to us when they saw us after that.'

"As a passenger would enter the car — a one-man car like today's — he would drop his nickel in a small wooden tube which carried the coin below to a wooden box, which would be emptied of its contents at intervals by duly constituted authorities. In cold weather the passenger would often drop his nickel form his mittened fingers in the hay. Rather than hunt for it he would put in another. At the end of the run the driver would shake the hay and gather up enough nickels for tobacco money. A driver's pay was $1.75 a day."

James Hessenflow during his lifetime not only drove Omaha horse and trolley cars, but for more than twenty-three years delivered mail through Nebraska winters in rural Cass County. The *World Herald* rightfully designated him an "authority on winters." The January 12th 1888 Blizzard Club was organized in 1940 by W.H. O'Gara of Laurel, former Speaker of the Nebraska House of Representatives. The club meets annually to commemorate not only the 1888 storm but other blizzards which have occurred since 1888. For information on the April meeting contact club historian Doris Jenkins of 4827 Hillside Lincoln. *Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

Hosstail's Small Talk

(Continued from page 5)

management at The Pennsylvania State University in University Park, noted that for many centuries there were no coyotes in the eastern states until the early 1900s. Before then wolves, which preyed on the smaller coyote, were predominant. But settlers had leveled many of the forests for farmland, killing beaver, martens and fishers in the process. Thus the wolves were deprived of both their food and their environment and they were extirpated in the East.

"When the wolves disappeared," Dr. George explained in an interview, "they left an ecological niche that the coyotes filled." The coyotes filled it by migrating across frozen rivers in the winter and by overland routes in all seasons.

And though there are no hard data that indicate why coyotes have spread so far so fast, most researchers of wild canines agree on the routes the animals took during their trek. A comprehensive study of the history and ecology of the eastern coyote recently completed by Helen McGinnis, a wildlife biologist at Penn State, indicates that the eastward range expansion of the western coyote was accomplished by a variety of methods and routes.

In addition to directly crossing frozen rivers in the Midwest, the coyotes also dispersed north around the Great Lakes into southern Ontario and from there into Quebec and into New York, New England and New Brunswick, the study shows. And the reseacher noted that some coyotes that had been imported from the West, perhaps as pets, were released or escaped at scattered localities.

Studies by Dr. George and others indicate that during their migrations coyotes would occasionally breed with wolves and dogs as well as other coyotes. But the so-called hybrid coy-dog has been found to lack the breeding vigor of pure coyote, wolf and dog strains, he said. The present subspecies that has evolved, believed to have inherited some genes from the Algonquin wolf, has been shown to have good breeding qualities — including high fertility and a preference for bearing pups at environmentally favorable times — that have enabled it to survive and multiply in the East.

Coyotes are regarded as pests by many farmers and ranchers in the West and in some eastern areas where they may occasionally raid a chicken coop. They are known to prey on unprotected lambs as well as small animals in the wild. But wildlife groups point out that their diet, which consists mainly of insects, mice, rats, rabbits, carrion and fruits and berries, is much more varied than that of wolves.

Wildlife protection groups maintain that the coyote is not the menace to ranchers, farmers or other wildlife that it is often claimed to be and note that coyotes, which do not travel in packs, rarely kill deer but will scavenge deer carrion.

The Defenders of Wildlife, the Washington-based wildlife conservation organization, has made a study which indicates that proper livestock husbandry by western farmers and sheep ranchers would reduce coyote predation to one or two percent a year.

"I suppose you boys want to add this to your account?"

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This could be accomplished, they believe, with the use of protected lambing sheds by sheep raisers, use of electric fences or coyote-proof barriers and the greater employment of trained guard dogs.

Dr. George said there was a paradoxical situation that might eventually be a threat to the eastern coyote. He pointed out that much of the land that had been cleared by 1900 in the East had been allowed to return to its original wooded state, once again offering cover and food for wolves. This, he said, has already resulted in the recent sighting of wolves in eastern Canada and New England, indicating that they, too, may be returning.

The wolf, of course, is the mortal enemy of the coyote. — Bayard Webster.

I GUESS that pretty well takes care of the coyote for the time being, so we'll let him rest for awhile. One thing for sure, we won't have to worry about this animal being put on the endangered list for quite a few years — like three or four million at least!

See you later. — Hosstail

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 51)

can Western writing circles for their frequent research visits to the United States and their books on the Old West.

Cowboy: The Man and the Myth examines the myth vs. reality in the 19th century American cowboy. The fast moving text captures the flavor one normally associates with the hired man on horseback, but the authors seek to tell it as it was with the cowboy and not as dime novels, Wild West shows and Western films have sought to portray the cowboy. More than a hundred photographs and line drawings are included along with a list of suggested readings and an index.

Gunsmoke: A Study of Violence in the Wild West also views myth vs. reality but in the area of Western gunfighters. The authors examine the legends and then look at the truth. And they pay much attention to the weapons used by the gunfighters. The study is based on contemporary newspaper accounts, official documents, and court records. The authors point out that statistics suggest that between 1866 and 1900 some twenty thousand men died of "lead poisoning." Many old photographs and illustrations are included along with a list of suggested readings and index. Both books are highly recommended.

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SMOKY HILL TRAILS

Trails of the Smoky Hill by Wayne C. Lee and Howard C. Raynesford (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho 83605, 235 pages, $12.95 heavy paper wrappers, 8½ x 11 inches).

This handsome book focuses on the colorful history of the Smoky Hill River region of Kansas. It is not limited, however, to Kansas but touches on related events in neighboring states.

The book has five parts. The first looks at the early explorers who traversed the region. The next follows the gold seekers to the Kansas gold fields (now Colorado) and pays much attention to the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express and the first white men to use what became known as the Smoky Hill route. The third part looks at the events of the 1860s including the Butterfield Overland Dispatch. The fourth part is an account of the arrival of the railroad and related events, while the fifth part examines the cattle towns and the last Indian raid in Kansas.

In all there are thirty-seven chapters, epilogue, bibliography and index. Readers will find special interest in the many historic photographs and illustrations included. Several maps add to the book's worth. Recommended.

GOLD RUSH JOURNAL

Seeking the Elephant, 1849 by James Mason Hutchings, edited by Shirley Sargent (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, Calif. 91209, 209 pages, $30.00 hardcover, 6½ x 10 inches, limited to 750 copies).

This handsome new book is the journal of James Mason Hutchings, an Englishman who came to America in 1848. He became a California journalist, Yosemite pioneer, and innkeeper.

Hutchings' journal begins with his journey to America in 1848. He tells of his adventures, of his arrival in New Orleans, and the trip north to St. Joseph, Missouri. At the age of twenty-nine he became a "Forty-niner" and sought the gold fields in California.

He left St. Joseph, Missouri and crossed the plains and mountains, arriving in California in October of 1849. Although his journal stops after his arrival, the publisher includes the text of several letters written by Hutchings from California. And included is a lengthy list of names on grave markers viewed by Hutchings between St. Joseph, Missouri and the gold fields of California.

Hutchings' writing catches the flavor of the overland journey more than 130 years ago. And he paints a vivid picture in the mind of the reader. The book is Volume XII in the publisher's American Trails Series. A fine index is included. Highly recommended.

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BATTLE OF THE DESCHUTES

Sabotage prevailed in the railroaders' war for the key route to San Francisco

By
PATRICIA INGRAM
Photos provided by author

IN the Central Oregon of the early 1900s, a locomotive whistle had never blown. The frenzied roadbuilding of the nineteenth century had never reached the desert rangeland. Anything that couldn't be trailed to market had to be hauled many long miles to The Dalles, a community on the Columbia River. From Farewell Bend to The Dalles was 165 miles, and produce hauled those many miles could not offer competitive prices.

Horses and wagons were the main transport. Cars were scarce and undependable over the rocky roads. The Deschutes River, flowing from Farewell Bend to The Dalles was too swift and treacherous for practical navigation. One of the world's best stands of ponderosa pine was located in the Bend area, needing only a way to get to market.

Figuratively, Edward Harriman, head of the Union Pacific Railroad, had Oregon "fenced" off by 2,500 miles of triangular fence, consisting of the Southern Pacific from Portland to Roseville, California; the Southern and Union Pacific east to Granger, Wyoming, across Idaho on the Oregon Short Line; and the OR&N from Baker to The Dalles to Portland.

James J. Hill, head of the Great Northern, recognized the untapped resources of Central Oregon. He also saw the possibility of a direct route to San Francisco and the possibility of monopoly. Bill Hanley, a Central Oregonian, was known as "The Sage of the Harney County Rangelands," and he was strongly in favor of a railroad. He was invited to Minnesota to confer with Jim Hill, who had just finished the North Bank road down the Columbia River.

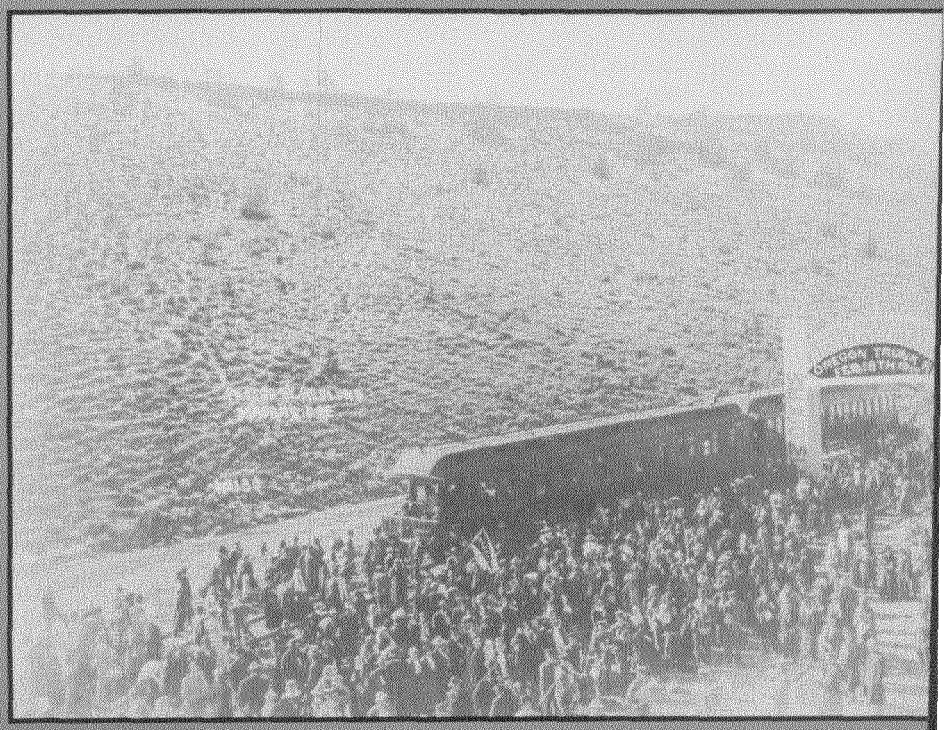
Many surveyors had mapped out routes into Central Oregon, dating from 1855 and the Williamson party. The Deschutes River Canyon was the key to a good route but the Williamson surveyors declared it impassable. The Union Pacific surveyed the route in 1899 before Harriman took control, but did nothing about building. The UP route went from The Dalles down the White River to the Deschutes to Bend. The Columbia Southern made location surveys to extend its Shaniko line on through Antelope and Madras, but the grade was declared too tough.

In 1906 a paper company called the Central Oregon Railroad filed for the Madras-Bend stretch over the Crooked River Gorge, a distance of forty-five miles, and was formally incorporated on July 18, 1908.

That company was taken over by another paper company formed in Nevada on February 24, 1906, known as the Oregon Trunk Railroad, owned by Bill Nelson. The Oregon Trunk had surveyed a route similar to the OR&N route, omitting the Dufur-White River stretch. Instead it went up the Columbia River from The Dalles to the Deschutes Canyon mouth, up the canyon to Willow Creek Canyon and Madras. This was filed in 1906 and 1907. The OT owned no track or land.

Then a quiet, unobtrusive fisherman traveled through the Deschutes area on a holiday trip, carrying an unusual amount of tackle. Mr. John Sampson, a conservationist, was considering a fish hatchery at the mouth of Trout Creek, and wildlife preserves in other areas. He bought and paid for his land

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



At right: The first train to travel the completed railroad brought the first circus to central Oregon for a massive celebration that drew people from many miles away. The section of track shown here comes through Willow Creek Canyon and was eventually abandoned in favor of the Gateway route.

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in personal checks that were good as gold. After his sojourn was over, he went over to Portland to see Bill Nelson, and purchased the Oregon Trunk for the sum of $150,000. That was the happiest day of Bill Nelson's life.

The "fisherman" dropped all guises and became John Stevens, Hill's chief engineer, who had just made arrangements for a railroad south from the Spokane, Portland and Seattle line to Bend. This electrified Central Oregon and Harriman, who knew Bend was only a point on the route to San Francisco, which supposedly belonged to his Southern Pacific. Nothing definite happened.

Then Harriman formed the Deschutes Railroad, which filed the route up the Deschutes and Trout Creek to Madras. He announced to Governor Chamberlain that he was going to build, but did nothing, although the newspapers reported that he was grading the route. Central Oregon began to wonder if they would ever get a railroad.

The Oregon Trunk stated it was ready to go, but it was promptly stopped by the Reclamation Service, who had planned for power dams on the river — a manifestation of Harriman influence. A petition by Central Oregon residents helped gain permission to begin in April of 1907, provided that the grade was relocated well above water level. That created additional costs that endangered financing. Nothing more happened at this point. Perhaps each railroad was waiting for the other to stick his neck out first.

THE OREGON TRUNK seized key areas, ousting the Union Pacific from the North-South Junction stretch, where the west bank was impassable, leaving room for only one rail line. Other strategic claims were lost, but the UP still held the vital Crooked River crossing.

Labor to build the roads came from Portland and Spokane. Common laborers earned twenty to thirty cents hourly; carpenters and concrete men, thirty-five to forty cents. Well drillers made seven dollars a day; teamsters, six dollars. Lodging was furnished, and meals cost from twenty to thirty cents.

Hill engaged John Stevens to head his crew. Stevens was the former chief engineer of the Panama Canal and locator of strategic passes for the Great Northern mainline, one of which was named for him. He also hired Ralph Budd, later to become famous in railroading, and contracted with Porter Brothers for labor.

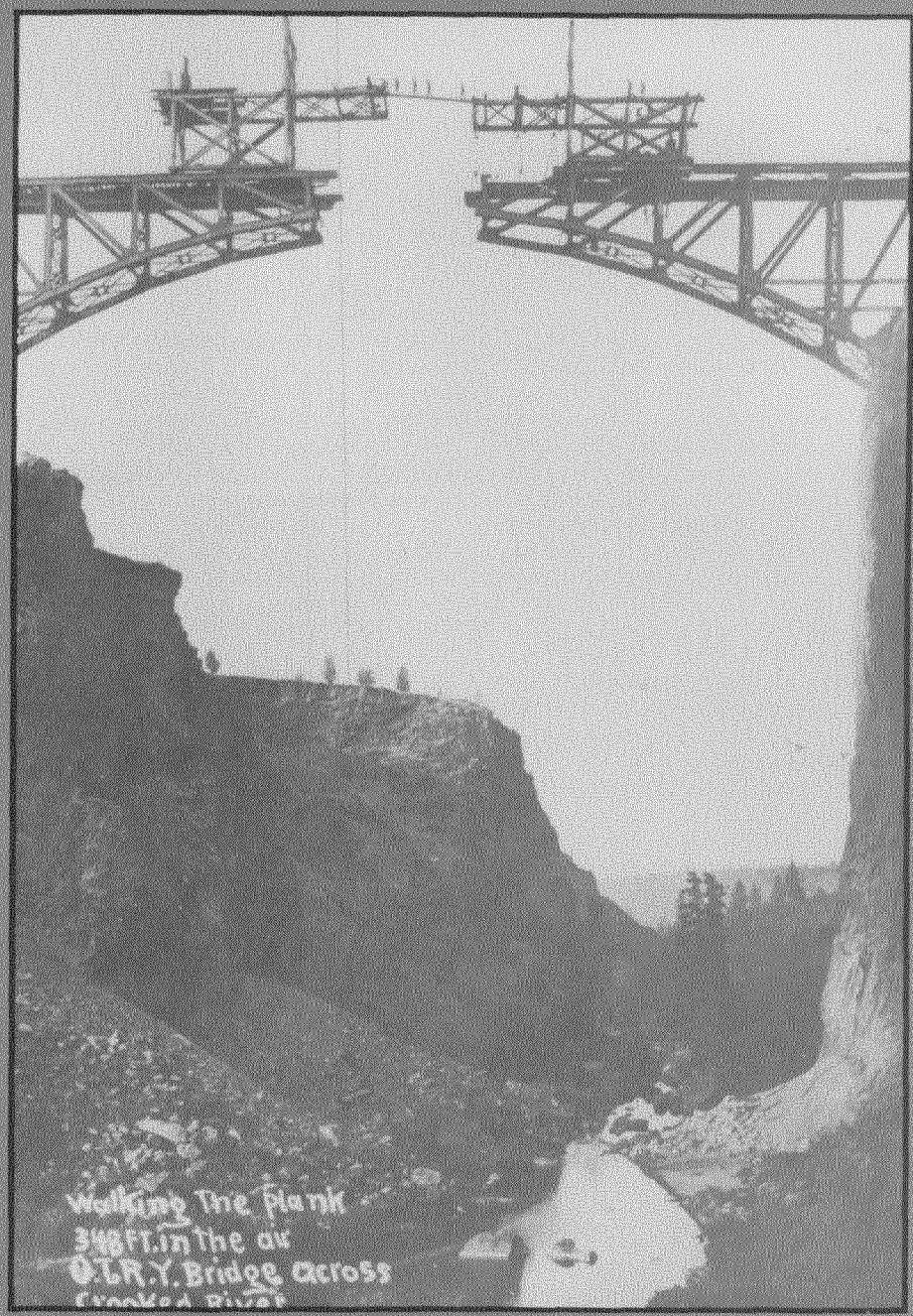
Harriman selected George W. Boschke to fight his war. Boschke had just finished the Galveston sea wall. Brandon was second in command, and Twohy Brothers supplied the laborers.

Austrians, Italians, Swedes, Greeks, Slavs, and Americans all worked together in numbers reportedly ranging from one to three thousand. Camps were scattered throughout the canyon, with work going on simultaneously all over to prevent claim jumping by the opposition.

Harriman used the Columbia Southern for his supply line. Hill had the steamer *Norma* ferrying from Wishram to The Dalles. All supplies were hauled about one hundred miles.

The battle began, along one hundred miles of canyon that was hundreds of feet deep in places. With the Deschutes Railway crews on one side, and the Oregon Trunk on the other, guerrilla warfare was inevitable. A surveyor noted that both sides were firing at each other, "but fortunately no one seems to be much of a shot." Porter Brothers had twenty contractors under them and one thousand men. Twohy Brothers had twenty-six carloads of men, all ready to fight.

Porter Brothers moved the first dirt, just before midnight on July 26, 1909,



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Above: About twenty miles from Madras the railroad had to cross the massive Crooked River Gorge. Workers are shown here "walking the plank" to go to work in the morning. A missed step meant a 348-foot fall onto rock.

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across Harriman's new wagon road, cutting them off from their line of construction. Porter crews camped all over the Harriman building site.

Most camps were in the central gorge area between Grass Valley and Shaniko, with equipment assembled in The Dalles and hauled in. When things got underway, ranchers in Axehandle and Ashwood could hear the blasting — and there was plenty. Spies watched for powder caches, then sneaked over after dark and detonated them. A lighted can of powder was supposedly found in the Deschutes camp. This not only caused damage but also a shortage of needed powder. The gangs fought hard, and the killed and maimed were shipped back to The Dalles each day. There was a standing order for one hundred replacements a day. Boulders were rolled onto work trains, crushing cars.

At Mile 75, Boschke received a telegram supposedly from Galveston, saying, "The sea wall has broken; come at once." He ignored it for the fake it was, because he knew that he had built that wall to last.

Grade stakes were uprooted and thrown in the river. Steam shovels and work trains were sabotaged by emery dust in the bearings and journal boxes. Even when in running condition the shovels were nearly useless because of the hard rock.

Finally the builders reached the Smith ranch, which proved to be the biggest of the title and survey mixups. Harriman had the option on Smith's right of way, but Hill contested it. The courts upheld Smith's right to assign the right of way, and Hill capitulated. Hill agreed to arbitrate, and from this point on, the routes were one.

THE railroad magnates agreed to go no farther than Bend, Oregon. Harriman would have use of the Metolius-Bend line. The Union Pacific allowed the Oregon Trunk to build the North-South Junction stretch, and the OT permitted the UP to use the Crooked River crossing.

The bridge span over the Crooked River gorge was a marvel of its time, being one of the highest bridges then. During construction, workers climbed 320 feet of rope ladder from the river below. The finished bridge was 350 feet long.

On February 15, 1911 the first locomotive steamed into Madras pulling the first cars over the Oregon Trunk line. Six thousand people welcomed locomotive No. 702 with waving flags and an arch over the tracks, proclaiming "Welcome" on the supporting pillars and "Madras, the Gateway of Central Oregon" on the arch.

Hill had spent ten million dollars on this construction. Harriman spent eight million. That was a tremendous amount at the time. As a welcoming celebration the citizens of Madras collected fifteen hundred dollars for a giant picnic. Two tons of beef were roasted in a pit with vegetables, with salad served by the barrelful and nine hundred loaves of bread baked.

Three months after the picnic, Harriman had his day. The Deschutes Railroad was completed through Gateway instead of using the Hill route through Willow Creek Canyon. This route was probably chosen because there was more potential shipping business in the farmlands than in rocky desert and Indian reservation.

For the celebration, the Al G. Barnes Circus came to Madras, with four thousand people paying a dollar apiece to see the show. People came from as far away as Lakeview and Burns. Barnes had feared a money-losing engagement but found this stop highly profitable.

October 5, 1911 saw the end of the line in Bend, and the ending of the last great outdoor railroad war. Henceforth any battles would be fought with paper and pencil in the board room. Harriman was dead and Hill was spent.

Lovett, president of the Harriman lines, conferred with Hill in 1910 to call a truce, with the Deschutes Railway (never an operating line) granted use of the Oregon Trunk lines for 999 years.

In Bend, October 5, 1911 was designated "Railroad Day." Hill rode his private railroad car to the brand new depot. Residents planned activities ranging from bronc riding, horse races, foot and canoe races, a baby show, boxing, a dance and several lectures, all to run over a two day span.

The big event aside from the ceremonial final spike was the parade. Banners and flags were hung everywhere as two thousand people crowded into town. The first passenger train to arrive brought in three hundred visitors. Some of those on hand had not seen a train in many years and some never at all.

When Hill drove the golden spike, the crowd had to be pushed away to allow room for the hammer. Two blows did the job, and Hill gave a speech.

"You have a nice start for a town and an ambition to be a city, and I know of no reason why you shouldn't have a city here."

Other remarks told the local residents that he had faith in the productive wealth of Central Oregon, or he would not have come.

What happened afterward is questionable, but the nicest tale is that Jim Hill gave the golden spike to Bill Hanley after it was pulled up, telling him, "I was building the railroad to come and see you."

The finished route ran as follows: Oregon Trunk crossed the Columbia River from Wishram, Washington on a high bridge which for years was the only crossing between Portland and Wallula. A ferry was used until the bridge was finished in 1912. All track eventually lay on the west bank of the Deschutes River, with the duplicating trackage taken out. The only exception was four miles north of Sherars Bridge, where the road crossed on two high bridges to avoid a gooseneck in the river. Track crossed to the east bank at North Junction, on to South Junction, to Pelton, up Willow Creek Canyon to Madras and Bend. The average grade was 1.3 percent.

The Deschutes Railroad stayed on the east bank, using Oregon Trunk track between North and South Junction and going up Trout Creek to Madras. The Deschutes line was built closer to the river and was more cheaply built, being more winding and having a 1.5 percent grade.

After the line was complete, the two railroads offered day service. The OT went to night runs later.

Today the old Oregon Trunk line from South Junction through Pelton to Madras is merely abandoned grade. There were three tunnels in that section. One, located at Warm Springs, is now used for potato storage. The other two were blasted shut so that they would not collapse and trap someone. Children used to hike out from Madras to play in the tunnels. Old rotted ties and collapsed trestles litter the right of way, best seen from the highway between Warm Springs and Madras, going down into the canyon. Much can also be seen from Pelton Park, site of a hydroelectric dam and a favorite recreation area.

After 1920 the Interstate Commerce Commission would never have permitted such waste in the form of duplicate road buildings.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 39)

Maude _____, around 1920. Can anyone who knew him provide information? Who were his parents? When did he die? Did he go to Texas? — Mary J. Ryan, P.O. Box 2578, Norman, Oklahoma 73069

Albright

I would appreciate any information on my grandparents, the Jake Al-

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bright family. They had four sons that I know of: Robert (Bob) E. Lee (my father), Ira, George, and Leevi who was killed in a gunfight in the 1800s somewhere in or near the Rock Springs, Texas area.

I believe my grandparents also had three girls: Ida who married Ode Graham; Lella, who married a Cook; and another girl who married T. Brown at Rock Springs.

My father married Phronia (Fronie) Cargle and they had twelve children: Anna, Bell, Burl, Cal, Joel, Raymon, Hattie, Ethel, Willie, Gertrude, and Macy who died in infancy. — G.V. Stewart, 223 Rio Vista Street, Junction, Texas 76849

McCoy

My grandfather, Clint McCoy, was married to Dovie Johnson. They had three sons, two who died young and my father Carl G. It is said that a daughter, Mattie, ran away and married a Holiday, Probably in the 1940s, and was never seen again.

Clint McCoy supposedly died about 1914 in Ardmore, Oklahoma. After his death Dovie married Lawrence Edward (Seymore) Deschamp.

I have never met a McCoy relative other than my father and grandfather and would like to hear from relatives or from anyone who knows of them. — Sue McCoy Crandell, P.O. Box 95, Midland, Arkansas 72945

Pile-Wilcox

I would like to hear from anyone having information on my grandfather, S.D. Pile, born in Jamesport, Tennessee on September 28, 1831; and my grandmother, Frances Wilcox, born in Scott County, Virginia on September 3, 1830. They came to Missouri in the late 1850s. — Glynn Pile, Rt. 1, Box 121, Houstonia, Missouri 65333

Cates — Davenport — Laughlin — Zimmerman

I would like information on Edwin R. Cates who was born in 1850 and died in 1928; and Sarah J. Cates who was born in 1869 and died in 1940. Also Florence, Lielian, and Hazel Davenport who may have lived in Milano, Texas at one time and were in Porterville, California during the 1920s and '30s.

I would also like to hear from anyone who knew Vance Laughlin of Augusta, Kansas who was a manager with a supply house, or Alfreda Zimmerman a telephone operator of Wichita, Kansas who was around Winfield, Cowley County, Kansas about 1918. — Mrs. Melvina Dutschmann, P.O. Box 201, Terra Bella, California 93270

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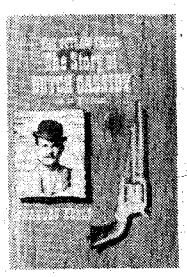

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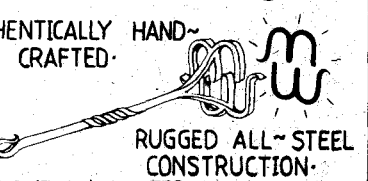

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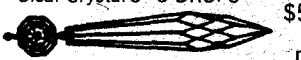

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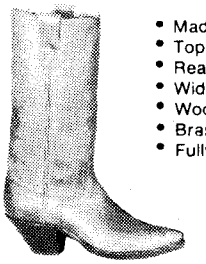

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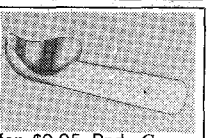

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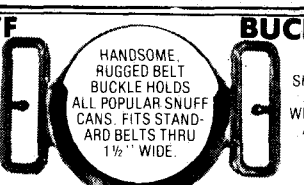

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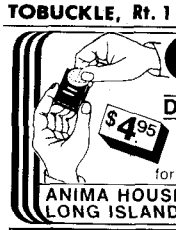

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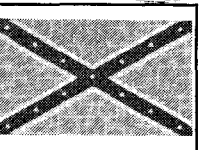

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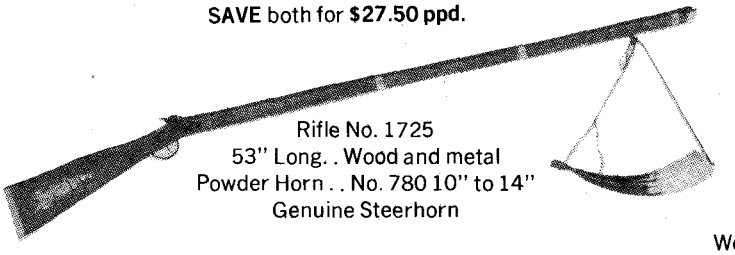

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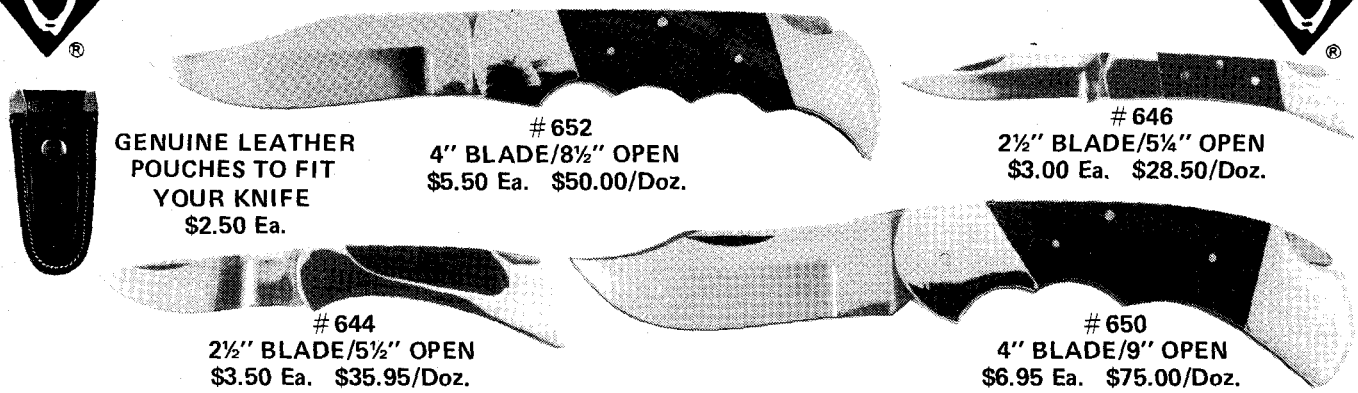

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149 NATIONAL BARN DANCE
1) 2/5/45 M.C.: Joe Kelly
2) 10/2/43 M.C.: Joe Kelly plus Pat Buttram

151 SPIKE JONES SHOW
1) 6/18/49 Guest: Diana Lynn
2) 6/25/49 Guest: Don Ameche

152 TOMMY DORSEY
1) 6/18/42 Guests: Frank Sinatra & Jo Stafford
2) 6/24/45 Guest: Paulette Goddard

168 MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
1) 5/19/48 "Case of Spring Fever"
2) 5/26/48 "Case of the Deadly Snowflake"

174 DEATH VALLEY DAYS
1) "The Burro Who Had No Name"
2) 2/8/38 "The Sheriff"

176 HOPALONG CASSIDY
1) "The Failure"
2) "The Bandits of Ridge Creek"

177 RED RYDER
1) 1940's "The Pint Size Pinto"
2) 1940's "The Roar of the River"

178 STRAIGHT ARROW
1) 3/24/49 "White Outlaws Terrorize Settlers Dressed as Indians"
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1) 3/9/52 "Dream Farm" starring Joel McCrea
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1) 8/1/48 "The Dry Martini Caper"
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199 THE THIN MAN
1) 7/6/48 "The Case of the Passionate Palooka"
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205 ESCAPE
1) 11/15/49 "Three Skeleton Key"
2) 12/17/48 "Wild Oranges"

209 INNER SANCTUM
1) 11/6/45 "The Wailing Wall"
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1) 9/12/49 "The Vengeful Corpse"
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241 HINDENBURG DISASTER
May 6, 1937 Complete Radio News Coverage

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1) 7/15/45 2) 11/9/47
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245 GABRIEL HEATTER
1) 12/7/42 "One Year After Pearl Harbor"
2a) 5/8/45 V-E Day Nazi Surrender
2b) 8/13/45 Japan About to Surrender

246 BILL STERN SPORTS
1a) 3/22/46 Guest: Babe Ruth
1b) 11/25/49 Guests: 4 Horsemen of Notre Dame
2a) 10/20/50 Guests: Joe Louis, Babe Ruth, 12th Anniversary Show
2b) 6/29/51 Last Show of the Series

247 BULLDOG DRUMMOND
1) 1940's "A Jockey Calls for Help"
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